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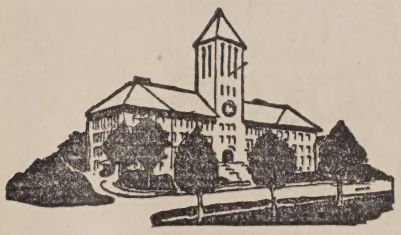
Volume 14 NOVEMBER, 1907 Number 1

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.



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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV NOVEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 1

Editorials

THE SAGAMORE once again extends its hearty greeting to the faculty and members of the BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL. In particular it takes this opportunity of welcoming, in the name of the school, the new teachers who have come among us this fall, assuring them of our cordial support and co-operation. The class of 1911 also deserves a word of congratulation on its large numbers, being the largest class that has ever entered the school, a fact of which not only the class but the school should be justly proud. Let us then enter upon the new year with energy and enthusiasm, and let us show our appreciation of the efficient management by doing all in our power to promote the best interests of the institution to which we belong.

THERE will be a new plan this year concerning the election of reporters to this paper, which will give everyone an equal chance of getting the positions. That is, they will be chosen by the board after the first of December from those in the three lower classes who do the best work during the next two months, the decision being based on the number and value of the contributions received, from each one. In this way the positions will go to those who really have ability to hustle and not to those who are merely popular with their class. All bits of news, jokes and stories from those who intend to enter this contest should be signed so that they may be placed to the writer's credit.

WITH the opening of the athletic season, that old bugbear, scholarship, again makes its appearance. The failure of the members of the various teams to keep up in studies has more to do with our defeats in the sports than any other cause. We have good material and we have good coaching, but both are useless when two of the best men on a team are barred from the game on the eve of an important contest. There is no time to fill their places and consequently the team enters the struggle, weak in two or three places. And yet the remedy is apparently simple. The standard set for scholarship in this school is well within the reach of all, but still there are many who fail to reach it. The reason for this then must be lack of study. If those who are out for the teams would only bear in mind that it is much easier to keep up than to get up, we should have better scholarship and therefore better athletics.

WE were all glad to hear the announcement made by Mr. Hitchcock that the Friday morning talks were to begin once more. These talks are always interesting and they also form a pleasant interruption to the regular school routine. Two addresses have already been made to the school, one by Mr. Carrell, and another by Mr. Mason, the physical director of the new gymnasium. Both speeches were enjoyable and THE SAGAMORE feels justified in extending the thanks of the school to the speakers.

Heard in I Latin A:
"They did not fight as they usually did in foot-battles."

Dr. Roberts: "Was it a foot-ball game?"
Another from the same class: "Their hands were otherwise engaged." Fussing again!

This is not poetry.
The printer just
Set it up this way
To fool you.

THE PAPER AND THE CLUB

The Club for debate, and that Paper of ours
Are worthy of admiration;
They both need me and they both need you—
Hence this modest exhortation.

The Paper desires that you write your themes—
The editors, every one, ask it;
Or write a story, a poem or two—
If good, they'll not go in the basket.

The argument's clear in this Club for debate
(This fact is not yet widely known)
They'll print now and then in the Sagamore,
And so kill two birds with one stone.

Yes, this Club for debate, and this Paper of ours
Are excellent institutions:
They want your voice and they want your words
To develop the best constitutions.

N. S. '08

IN THE FROZEN NORTH

'Twas a miserable night outside—cold, windy, and snowy, but one would hardly have imagined it from the warmth and cheer of our club room. Jack Reynolds, Paul Kimball and I had drawn the great leather chairs up to the open fire and had just settled back comfortably for a smoke when Bill Peterson sauntered into the room. Bill was a mighty fine fellow, a bachelor like the rest of us. At the age of thirty Bill had become known as one of the best miners in Alaska, owned a mine himself and was worth no paltry sum. Always jolly, ready with a good story, he was ever welcome and we drew up another chair to the fireplace.

"Mighty raw night out!" said Bill. "Reminds me of a night up north and a little experience I had before I bought 'Snow-Shoe.'" (that was his mine).

"That's right, Bill. Tell us!" we all said at once.

Nothing loth Bill began at once: "Well; it happened this way: I had a commission from 'Maynard and Sturgis' of Philadelphia to make a report on a proposed mining property sixty-five miles north of Katacha. The land lay between Break Neck Gorge and Mill Creek. I'd been that way once and had some idea of the country. Starting sometime in May, as soon as it was possible to push north, I arrived at Sanderson's Corner on the first day of June. Sanderson's Corner was buried among the northern hills, fifty miles from a railroad, and consisted of one grocery store and six shanties. The grocery store was kept by 'Jake' Farn—a good man till the curse of Alaska, drink, ruined him. It happened that Jake was just getting over one of his sprees when I arrived.

"'Any dinner, Jake, for a fellow?' I cried.

"'Nor—cook yourself some'ing,' he answered surlily.

"You may be sure I complied and went to the kitchen at once. Soon I had a good square meal inside me, but before I had finished Jake strode into the room. He was just intoxicated enough to be confidential.

"'Want ter show yer some'ing, Mr. Peterson.'

"'Yes, Jake!'

"'Want ter show yer Sam Blake's grocery bill. Don't expect ter get nothing. Sam struck it mighty hard these parts, but here's his

bill.' He turned over sheet after sheet of items and came to the footing at last.

"'How much is it Jake? How much?'

"'Eight thousand and sixty-three dollars.'

"'Whew!' I whistled. 'I'm going by Sam's this afternoon and I'll give him a hint.'

"'Nor—ye needn't trouble—I don't care. He's poorer than I be. Got some'ing else ter show yer.'

"'Yes? What is it, Jake? Where?'

"'In my bed-room,' he answered and led the way into a little room, nearly empty, save for a bed, a cupboard, a table and one chair. He pulled from under the bed a medium sized iron box, took a key from the cupboard and opened it. I could hardly believe my eyes. That box was completely filled with gold dust! Between thirty and forty thousand dollars' worth I should say.

"'Whew!' I whistled again half smiling. 'Not so bad off, Jake.'

"Jake paid no attention but fumbling at the other end of the box, he drew out a tiny tin box. He opened that and showed me a gold ring and a twenty dollar gold piece. With a shaking hand he took out the ring.

"'Ye see that ring?'

"'Yes.'

"'My mother gave me that. It used to be hers.' He put the ring back and picked up the coin.

"'Ye see that twenty-dollar gold piece?'

"'Yes.'

"'My mother gave me that the day I started north and told me if I ever got in a tight place to use it. I've seen many a tight place and—well, I've just kept it. I was wondering as you drove up if you'd be kind enough to see if this little bit got to my mother. I've never heard from her from that day to this—near fifteen years now. Her address was—(here he mentioned a little town in an eastern state)—if you can't find her—why keep the stuff in pay for yer pains.' Jake stopped, he seemed completely overcome. However, I gave him my hand, promised to do my best to find his mother, packed into my sled and started off. I left Jake in his bed-room putting back the iron box.

"About nine o'clock that night I pulled up at the 'hundred and fifty-mile house,' my destination. It was then a little over fifteen

miles from Sanderson's Corner. George, the house cook, had just laid a bit for me to eat on the table and I was about to begin when we heard a sled draw up outside. A minute later Tom Flanders, the constable of Sanderson's Corner, strode in.

"'Hello, Tom; that you this time of night?' I cried.

"'Yes,' he answered, I thought a bit soberly. 'Howdy, Peterson!'

"'What's up?' says I. 'Come and get warm.'

"'Nor—guess I won't stop long—nasty business—'twan't my fault, but—'

"'What is it, Tom? What's happened? Quick!'

"'Well, I hate to tell ye—but "Jake" Farn of Sanderson's Corner was found dead, ten minutes after you left—and—and—you were the last one to see him alive and—oh hang! You see my point—I've come to arrest you—mighty sorry!' There was dead silence in the room for a moment. Then I whistled as the meaning of the affair struck home. I had been the last person to see 'Jake' Farn alive; the constable told me that it was a well-known fact that 'Jake' was rich and that his money was kept in the store. The iron box—which many had seen and which 'Jake' always had pulled from under his bed when showing off the gold—had disappeared—utterly disappeared. I had been with him ten minutes before his death! I shuddered—I would be arrested and tried for robbery. Perhaps murder! I—I was not able to prove my self innocent, if I could not find that forty thousand dollars, I would then be a prisoner no one could say how long. It was no happy prospect I can tell you. In five minutes I was ready for a return trip to Sanderson's Corner.

"While we had been talking the wind had freshened, the thermometer had dropped to 43 below zero and snow began to fall. It was just such another night as this, boys, raw, cold, and nasty out. However, I started off with Tom Flanders, but ere long Tom was left far behind me.

"I've had many a night ride, both here and in Alaska, but that one stands most clearly in my memory today. On that fifteen-mile ride I felt nothing—saw nothing. My one aim was to reach Saunderson's Corner before daybreak. Instead of freezing to death as I might have done, I arrived at the Corner a little before eight the next morning, with beads of perspiration standing on my brow.

"I threw Jim the reins and strode into the little bed-room. It

was just as I left it except for 'Jake' there on the bed. The iron box was gone! We hunted everywhere for the rusty key but search proved in vain. I was becoming nervous! Glancing along the wall I saw an old carpet-bag hanging there and I thought perhaps the key might be there. Half way across the room I stumbled. On looking down I saw nothing but the rude piece of matting on the bare floor—then I stopped—felt of the matting and gave a cry of surprise. Although the matting was closely nailed down I felt the distinct outline of the lost key underneath. In a second I had the carpet from the floor and held in my hand the key. I was about to put the matting back as much puzzled as ever when I saw at one corner under the matting a tiny brass ring.

"By this time two or three men stood in the room and Tom Flanders, the constable, had arrived. They were all watching intently. I took hold of the ring and pulled—nothing happened. I could see that a square opening had been cut in the floor. That might be a trap-door. I pulled again—this time the floor creaked and the boards moved. Once more I pulled, hard as I could, and the little trap door came half out of the floor.

"'Here, Jim, help me pull!' I cried.

"Jim put his arms around me and waited.

"'Now!' I said.

"We both fell in a heap on the floor but the victory was ours. The trapdoor was out, revealing beneath—the lost iron box!

"Guess that's all, boys—all clear enough now. 'Jake' had put the box away in a new place, nailed the matting over it, and, unknown to him the key had dropped under the carpet. The exertion had been too great, and he dropped on the spot—that was the coroner's verdict. As to the gold; well, after a bit of a hunt I found his mother when I came East six months later, and now,"—Bill smiled—"she thinks she is rich." Here Bill picked up his watch charm. "See that gold-piece?" he said. "That's the twenty-dollar piece 'Jake' Farn started out on. His mother gave it to me for a keepsake. Well, so long, boys! Got a date for 10.30 at Sturgis' so good-night!"

Bill got up, stretched himself, pushed back his chair and sauntered from the room. The clock chimed 10.15, the wind still howled at the windows, but the room was still. X.

A SUNRISE

BY ANNA HOLMAN

"Get up! Get up! It's half past four!" I turned over rather stupidly and looked at my companion who, muffled up in warm blankets, was shivering a little as she tried to wake me. Then I remembered.

The night before we had been seized with a desire to see a sunrise; we had looked up the "weather observations" in the paper, and, although we had found that the sun rose a good while before five, we had decided to do it—it consisting of getting up before sunrise on a cold September morning and walking a half a mile to the top of the island to see the sun appear from behind the Ossipee Mountains.

"It's cold," said Elizabeth, "but—hurry up." I hurried; and in the grey cold light, so different from that streaming in through our windows at seven o'clock in the morning, I scurried into my warmest things, bobbed my hair up the quickest way, took a few cookies for our refreshment, and set out with Elizabeth.

"Ugh," said I, as we scrambled up the steep hill behind the cottage, "how soaking everything is, and how cold. Really, I am almost sorry I got up!"

"Oh, no you're not!" returned Elizabeth who, I am sure, could get up at three in the morning and never know the difference, "You are an awfully lazy person: but, now that you're up I am going to make you enjoy it." I said nothing; for the climb to the top of the island is such a steep one that it is not a good plan to waste any of one's necessary breath in talking.

The woods arched over us and around us, shutting us from the outer world with a green wall of fragrant branches; then suddenly the trees opened and we stepped out on a rocky, uneven field. Then the big rock loomed up below us, and with quick footsteps we ran to it and climbed to the top.

All around stretched the lake, grey in this early light, surrounded by its wooded shores above which rose the mountains; to the north, the White Mountains; to the east, the Ossipees; to the south, the Belknaps. The only touch of color was the rose pink flushing

the sky just above the Ossipees, whose mass in a dull wonderful purple stood out clear against the delicately tinted sky.

Gradually, as we sat watching, the rose pink grew darker, darker; and then a note of yellow slipped in, warming the tone to a deep red orange. As the sun drew nearer the horizon the strength of the yellow kept gaining until a brilliant orange glowed above the mountains, whose wonderful purple was slowly becoming a more wonderful blue. From the orange the color began to fade, growing yellower, lighter, until the intense yellow disk of the sun peeped over its barriers to touch once more the lake and land with brightness and with warmth.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL," ETC.

There were four of us,—father, two friends and myself,—who stood at the foot of the gang-plank, looking longingly up at the deck of the battleship Iowa, which, it might be added, was anchored in the channel of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, Virginia. A sign stood near which read: "Open to the public from 1 to 5 P. M." Father looked at his watch! Only eleven-thirty! Near by a sentinel passed.

"Is there no possible way of going aboard, captain?"

"None, sir!"

"Couldn't these young people step on board? They are very anxious to tell their friends they have stood on the deck of the battleship Iowa. We've come a long way, clear from Massachusetts, and we'd like to have the pleasure."

"Sorry, sir, but I'm stationed here to see that no stranger goes over that plank!"

That settled it! On the deck above a knot of sailors were smiling down at us. Doubtless we were not the first to plead "time" and "distance" to the sentinel, but it was of no avail; so slowly we edged away, casting longing looks at the great guns, the captain's quarters and (I may as well confess) at the splendid looking sailors.

At the further end of the ship was another gang-plank, but unguarded! Would we try it? Did we dare? A sailor came down the plank. Father hailed him:

"There-er-wouldn't be much harm if we just stepped on the deck would there?"

The sailor smiled, gave a fleeting glance over his shoulder at the retreating form of the sentinel, and answered smiling:

"Hurry, and you're safe!"

Did we try it? Well we wouldn't be from Massachusetts if we didn't! In a minute all four of us were rushing up the gang-plank. A few sailors leaned far over the rail to watch us. Reaching the deck we stood there a moment, laughed and walked lively back down again. Nor were we any too soon, for looking back we saw the captain hurrying toward us, and the sentinel in command had discovered our plot and was also coming to us at double-quick time. We were quicker than he, however, and when he reached us all four of us were on dry land, safe and sound. He smiled, finally laughed, and said:

"'Where there's a will there's a way,' and I guess no harm's done. Anyway," he added, "I'm glad you did, but you see I couldn't disobey orders." '09.

A SHORT CAMPING TRIP

It was just the place we were looking for—that huge, moss-covered cliff where we might build our fire, and the pine grove a little back from the shore where we might pitch our tents for the night—so the "enjineer" of the expedition ran the launch aground, and we prepared to go ashore in the small boat. We were all aboard but brother, who was just about to step from the launch to the skiff with numberless boxes containing our provisions in his arms. For some reason, unknown to even him, he slipped, and the next thing, we watched him as he sank from sight, fondly pressing the boxes to his heart. Of course, the boys got him out without much trouble, and—as we had come on a wager—we were bound to stay; so we soon found ourselves on shore with some very wet bacon and hopelessly soppy bread—the other things could not be rescued.

Of course, the boys were wretched in their dripping clothing, but they all declared they were happy as larks, and set off for some brush wood. Hardly a minute had passed when a huge black cloud burst in the fury of a thunderstorm. We girls huddled around the trees until a nearby crash caused us to rush, pell-mell, to the bare surface of the cliff. The boys came leaping back through the underbrush, and went to work to put up the tents. Alas! they had forgotten the tent-poles, and cutting new ones was, of course, out of the question. Nothing could be done; so we sat there on that hard rock in the pouring rain, wet, cold, and happy. Finally those banks of black clouds broke, and scurried off to make the people in some other part of the world wet and cold. When the wind calmed down, and left the lake smooth and still once more, we all boarded our tender and paddled out to that dear old launch. The engineer refused to start until at last some of the water had been pumped out, but we finally did get home again, and were glad enough, though we lost our wager. '09.

IN HER NATURAL ELEMENT

It was her eyes which attracted my attention. As I let my canoe drift, the moon rose slowly above the treetops and cast a circle of light upon the calm of the lake, and silence of the great dark forests. She was a cow-moose, and as she sensed my approach she raised her head quickly from the lily-pads and strained every nerve to learn what had disturbed her. There she stood, not twenty yards away, rigid as death, with those two glowing balls of fire fixed on me and my canoe. Hanging from her mouth were some lily roots and stalks which she had been plucking before I had disturbed her. As she stared, still immovable, my canoe drifted slowly inshore until I was but ten yards away. My "Winchester" was behind me, out of reach, and I knew any attempt to get it would frighten my wild visitor away.

I sat still and watched. Suddenly a thought struck me, and I reached carefully forward and with a quick movement whipped off the mask of my lantern, but as the light shone in her face she started, gave one frightened but fascinated look, and then, with a crashing of twigs and branches, she charged away through the forest, breaking the peace of the world as she fled. Slowly the noise diminished and finally died out altogether; and again masking my lantern, I paddled slowly up the lake with the memory of those glowing eyes still upon me.

H. P. C.

THE FATAL NUMBER

"Gee, but it's dark!" said Harold Lesley to himself as he stood gazing at a row of brick houses—each of which was exactly like its neighbor. "Where is that card? I've lost it! By George I'm in a pickle! I don't even know whether I'm in the right street or not! Still she said there were five red brick houses—there are five of 'em here, but I'm sure I don't know whether they are red brick or not. Well, I'll try each one. It's early and that's the safest thing to do. Besides, we won't be very late even if I don't find the house in a short time."

No. 15.

"Ding-a-ling!" The summons was answered by a neatly dressed maid, who opened the door rather gingerly at first (it was Hallowe'en and the girl was very much afraid of ghosts); but at the sight of the young man's face she opened it wider and stood with smiling countenance to await his word, for young and handsome men came seldom to this house.

"Does Miss Wood—Miss Marianne Wood—live here?" he asked. The girl giggled.

"No one but Mr. Thayer, sir, and he's an old bachelor."

"Can you tell me where the Woods live?"

"No, sir, I'm new here, and don't know—and to tell you the truth, sir, I ain't likely to stay long enough to be friendly with the folks in the neighborhood," she added confidentially. With a hasty "Thank you" he ran down the steps and tried the next house.

No. 17.

He peered in anxiously at the window nearest the door and the scene which met his eye was a pleasant one. A party of young people were gaily "bobbing" for apples; each fresh person that tried to capture one of the big, rosy Baldwins that floated so lazily in the great tub of water being greeted with gales of laughter. Some of these persons emerged, dripping and triumphant, with one of the delicious apples clasped securely between the teeth; others also arose, dripping but crest-fallen, for they, as you, too, may have discovered, found that it is a much easier matter to talk about doing a thing than it is to do it.

At sight of Lesley's face one of the young ladies whispered to

her partner, who quickly came to the window and pulled down the shade.

"Well, that's polite!" muttered Harold. "But then it couldn't have been the house. Here goes for the next one!"

No. 19.

"Ding-a-ling!" No answer. Again, "Ding-a-ling-a-ling!" Still no answer. Then more emphatically, "Ding-a-ling-a—"If you young rascals don't quit ringing my door-bell, I'll come out and see to you myself," and the voice which made this threat was such a determined one that Harold took the hint and desisted.

"Really?" he said to himself as he heard the warning, "Well I don't think I'll wait!"

No. 21.

"Ding-a-ling!" (By this time Harold was rather weary of ringing door-bells.) A stiff-necked butler promptly made his appearance, and stood in stony silence before the lad.

"Does Miss Marianne Wood live here?" Harold asked. The man looked at him aghast; then in a cold and dignified voice he said, "This is the residence of Mrs. Algernon Forrester Harwich!"

"Can you tell me where Miss Wood resides?" asked the boy with a little emphasis on the last word.

"I know nothing of the herd of people who inhabit this street. I also am not a bureau of information for every Tom, Dick and Harry who presumes upon my time." The butler had evidently forgotten that his own name was Thomas though it is true he had never descended to the vulgarities of "Tom." It was too much for Harold. With a gasp he leaped down the steps and stood immovable upon the walk before the house.

"Well of all the fools I ever saw he was the biggest. One more house and if that isn't the one I'll forever curse the person who told me to invite that Wood girl when I hardly knew her at all.

No. 23.

"Ding-ding-a-ling!" A shrill rasping was heard exclaiming, "Another! Well, I'll fix 'im. Bothering respectable people like this!" A window was opened above and Harold raised his head in time to see the faint outline of a frilled night-cap from which protruded a thin, sharp nose and four cork-screw curls (those ancient signs of spinster-hood); and also in time to see something which looked

dangerously like a water pitcher raised high in the air. Then on his upturned face he felt the shock of cold, cold water!—the old lady was evidently a good shot.

Gasping, gurgling, shivering, and dripping he rushed down the stairs.

"W-w-well, I g-guess I'd b-better g-go home," he muttered, "she'll h-have a n-nice op-p-pinion of me. C-corking girl, too." As he was saying this, or rather trying to say it, he had been walking rather unsteadily down the street—his sudden bath had somewhat unbalanced him.

Then—bump!

I-er-I b-beg your p-pardon," he managed to say to the person with whom he had collided, when suddenly, glancing at the face of the other, he perceived the dainty features of—Miss Wood. Having waited for him in vain she had decided to remain at home and had only come out for an instant to mail a letter.

He stood there—what should he say? He had disappointed the girl, had spoiled her opinion of him, and in the bargain had prevented her from spending an enjoyable evening at a Hallowe'en party! Then he told her of his adventures and to his great relief she laughed—laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks and in such a manner that he had to join her, though goodness knows he didn't want to.

"Why, Mr. Lesley, we can't go to the party tonight! There is only one proper thing for you to do, and that is to come and spend the evening with me. You can at least dry yourself, though that is the only temptation I can offer you!"

He smiled. "Thank you I will," he answered simply, and together they mounted the steps of the first of a row of five red brick houses. (The number, by the way, was 57.)

* * *

Same evening at eleven P. M.

Harold Lesley in his own room is musing over the events of the evening.

"Hm, three dances at the Wesley hop; call next Friday evening; take her to the Braebridge-Wescott game! All that decided in two hours! Great girl! Nicest I think I ever met. Pretty? Well

I should say! Good talker? Rather think so!.....Say, I think I'll ask her to the Junior prom.! Yes, I will! It was a good thing that I couldn't find the right house; it was better still that I didn't go home; and best of all—well I say three times three for the old maid at Number 23!"

S. T. G., '10.

BUBBLES

"He went to war with a statue on his breast." How peculiar.

In Roman history class:
"What did the Plebs do when they had no more money?"
No answer.
"Well, what would you do if you had no money for your lunch? You have friends, you know." (She wanted him to say he'd borrow.)
A light breaks over his face as he answers: "Steal it."

Latin A. "Concessit superis ab oris." Translated: "He has gone to Hades." (Pupil was slightly mixed on direction.)

The members of III math. are still getting off those chestnuts about "The angles being equal respectfully," and "Two lines being equal by hypotenuse."

Senior (passing a Freshman math. recitation): "It's the little things in this world that count."

This column seems to be lacking on account of the absence of some of Mr. Brooks' jokes (?).

One of the members of the second forging class has received a position at Huyler's—to shoo flies off the candy counter.

Prof.: "I'll be tempted to give this class another test before long."
Voice: "O, yield not to temptation."

Pupil rises. Stands in silence for several seconds. Finally with a disgusted voice the teacher says: "That will do. Sit down." Recitations will now be carried on by mental telepathy.

Notice:—Wanted—At the lunch counter. A boy to butter rolls fourteen years old.

Mr. Miller is thinking of furnishing his class with stove-pipes.
Why?
So they can draw better.

Pupil (translating): "The other day I fell on the minister."
Teacher: "Pauvre ministre."

There ought to be a notice posted on the door of Room 18. Several visitors lately have mistaken it for the kindergarten.

The old saying that "Everything goes but paper, that's stationary," seems to be especially appropriate now. Good reason why! It's locked up.

There have been some queer translations of Virgil made by some seniors:

L-b-g-r: "They rushed apart in the same straight line." (Quite a feat.)

Another: "They swam through the damp sea."

Ditto: "His uncultivated beards, etc."

Teacher: "Who can do this line?"

Freshman wildly waves his hand and begins, "O conceited beings——"

He wonders why they laughed.

There is a member of the Brennan family in every class. Quite a record.

Miss Adams (translating): "Before I propose to you——"

Voice from rear: "This is so sudden!"

Mr. Packard: "Miss H-n-y."

Miss H. stops talking and looks around.

Mr. P.: "See how quiet it is when Miss H. is not talking." Stung!!!

FOOTBALL

By the time this number is published all the games on the schedule will have been played except that with Waltham and the league games. These three games are all away from home but that is all the more reason why the school should turn out and support the team. With the possible exception of the game in Everett the team thus far has put up a good fight and has made rapid progress. Although more than thirty candidates reported for practice they were all new light men. Daniels, G. Hann, Elliot and Emerson were the only members of last year's team who returned, and Daniels injured his ankle in practice and has been unable to play.

Of the new men who came out Cady is making good as halfback while Kellog, Carr and F. Hann have done good work in the line.

B. H. S. vs. VOLKMANN.

On Oct. 18 Brookline defeated Volkmann on her own grounds by a score of 5-0. The game was fast and exciting, both teams being evenly matched, but Brookline had a little the best of it, as the score signifies. Volkmann was unable to make her distance through the line of the Red and Blue, and was forced to punt and use the forward pass continually. Brockline, on the other hand, was able to open up the opposing lines for short gains, but could not make any sensational runs. The touchdown was made late in the second half under very peculiar conditions. Volkmann dropped back for a punt on their 10-yard line, but Elliot broke through and blocked. The

ball bounded back from his arms, over the fence, which is very close to the goal line. Both teams started for the fence, and for a few minutes there was a wild scramble. Carr and Brennan for Brookline got over the fence first, the latter stopping to put out a Volkmann man who was following, while Carr recovered the ball. There was some discussion as to whether a touchdown should be allowed, but as the ball was behind the line and in the possession of a Brookline man, the officials had no choice but to call it. Kellogg just missed a goal by about a foot. Cady, Carr and Elliot put up the best game for Brookline; while Follett and Pushee showed up well for Volkmann.

Brookline		Volkman
Johnson (F. Hano)	left end	Peterson
G. Hann	left tackle	Adams
Carr	left guard	Walker
Driscoll	centre	Cutler
Brennan	right guard	Gregory
Willets	right tackle	Steinert
Emerson	right end	Conway
Southerland	quarter back	Pushee
Elliot	left half back	Follet
Cady	righ half back	Whidden
Gallert (Kellog)	full back	Lee

Score—Brookline 5, Volkman 0. Time, 15 and 12 minute halves.

B. H. S. VS. MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL.

Brookline's second game, this season, was played on Griggs' field Oct. 10. From beginning to end Brookline was outplayed. Throughout the game the ball was in the possession of Brookline only three or four minutes and then had to be punted to the opponents. Mechanic Arts' play was brilliant, forward passes making a prominent feature. A goal from placement and a touchdown ended the first half with the score 10 to 0 in Mechanic Arts' favor. In the

second half, Mechanic Arts made two more touchdowns, failing to kick the goal on the second one. The line-up:

Brookline		M. A. H. S.
F. Hann	left end	Nissen (O'Keefe)
Read (G. Hann)	left tackle	Mahoney
Kellog	left guard	Johnson
Driscoll	centre	Barnes
Carr (Brennan)	right guard	Hebb
Willets (Reynolds)	right tackle	Mower
Emerson	right end	Adamson
Slocum (Mason)	quarter back	Rutherford
Daniels	left half back	Wingersky
Cady (Johnson)	right half back	Kewer
Elliott	full back	Hammond

Score, M. A. H. S. 21; B. H. S. 0. Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

B. H. S. VS. ROXBURY LATIN.

Brookline played her first game with Roxbury Latin on Griggs' field, neither side scoring. Brookline's team was rather green and did well to prevent her opponents from crossing the line. The game was a repetition of that of last year, Roxbury using the forward pass and fake kick while Brookline held to straight rushing. Early in the game the visitors successfully worked a trick play and ran the ball forty yards. Then after a series of line kicking they reached Brookline's two yard line where they fumbled and Brookline punted out of danger. At no other time in the game was either goal threatened. Kellogg and Emerson played the best for the home team while Kelley and Connolly excelled for Roxbury.

B. H. S. VS. EVERETT HIGH SCHOOL.

Brookline played her third game on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 15, at Malden. She suffered a severe defeat at the hands of Everett High, the score being 16 to 0. Soon after the start, Everett scored a

touchdown and kicked the goal, but the climax of the game came towards the end of the half, when Brickley, the left-halfback kicked a goal from the 30 yard-line. In the second half Everett again made a touchdown and kicked the goal. The line-up:

Brookline		Everett
F. Hann	left end	Rogers
Hann	left tackle	Walker
Carr	left guard	Pope
Driscoll	centre	Talbot
Brennan	right guard	Reiley
Willets	right tackle	Williams
Mason (Southerland)	quarter back	Bartlett
Daniels	left half back	Brickley
Cady	right half back	Parsons
Emerson	right end	Fitzpatrick
Elliott	full back	Colton

GRADUATE NOTES

The engagement is announced of Miss Elinor M. Rutan, '00, to Francis W. Puckey of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Richard B. Floyd, '05, has entered the Sophomore class at Harvard after a year at Dartmouth.

Arthur P. Bush, '05, has entered Dartmouth.

The marriage of Russel Stearns, '97, to Miss Ethel Gertrude Hyde of Cambridge took place October 23.

Harry Chandler, '00, is a vice-consul in Manchuria.

Sullivan A. Sargent, '06, has been rowing bow in the Harvard Varsity shell this fall.

Joyce Knowlton, '07, has entered Smith.

Maurice Blake, '06, is at Dartmouth.

Miss Elizabeth Upton Kinsman, '01, married Mr. Storer P. Ware on October 19.

Duncan Wright, '07, is learning the practical side of the textile business in a mill near Lowell.

Carl Lincoln, '04, who played on the Varsity football team at Harvard last year has not returned to college.

Harry Lemoyne, '03, has been visiting in Brookline.

Aechler, '08, is playing on the First team at Andover.

Among the men of the class of 1907 who entered Tech are Lloyd Cooley, Donald Steavens, Gordon Glazier and Wellesley Seligman.

EXCHANGES

We extend our greetings and best wishes for a successful year to all our exchanges. We hope not only to continue our cordial relations with our old friends but also to add new ones to our list. So far only a few papers have been received but we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Southern Workman, The Trinity Tripod, The Dean Megaphone, The Williams Record and The Enterprise.

The Dean Megaphone is well edited and contains matters of interest to outsiders as well as to the student body.

The Southern Workman is an old member of our list but continues to be interesting and entertaining.

Prof.: "Can you tell from what Latin root 'restaurant' is derived?"

Bright Freshman: "Res—a thing; taurus—bull. Restaurant—"a bully thing." —Ex.

"One swallow doesn't make a summer but one grasshopper certainly makes a good many springs." —Ex.

Teacher: "Johnnie, that is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write your father and tell him!"

Johnnie: "Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it fer me." —Ex.

"Here's where I lose a little ground," said the tramp as he stepped into the bath tub. —Ex.

NEWS NOTES

Born, a son to Dr. and Mrs. Walter Vose Gulick. Mrs. Gulick is pleasantly remembered as Miss Eleanor Brooks of our French Department. She is now living in Tacoma, Washington.

Mr. Harlan E. Glazier and wife (Florence Chamberlain, Miss Spaulding's predecessor in our English Department), with their infant daughter, are settled in Tacoma. Mr. Glazier has charge of the Classical Department in the "University of Puget Sound."

At the meeting of the B. H. S. A. A. held last June according to the new constitution, the following officers were elected: President, Francis T. Boyd, '08; vice-president, Eugene Floyd, '09; treasurer, Mr. Hitchcock; secretary, Mr. Carrell; undergraduate members, Walter Cady, '08, and Gardner Whitney, '10.

"Billy" Daniels was elected captain and "Chet" Robart manager of the football team to fill the vacancies left by Emerson and Brown who did not return to school. Here's luck to Captain Daniels and his team.

The new gymnasium which was to have been ready for occupancy on October 1 will not open until December owing to a delay in inside finishing. Mr. J. Leonard Mason who addressed the school recently in the hall, is to have charge of the work in that building.

George Hann is still winning watches at Brockton. He won a third in the high jump this fall, jumping 5 ft. 4 in.

We shan't see Aechtler battling against Porter and Ely any more. They've all gone to Andover and are fighting side by side in the backfield.

Harry Nissen has left B. H. S. and has entered Mechanic Arts High School.

Congratulations are in order for "Dutch" Elliott. He is captain of the 1908 baseball team.

Manager Reed called the first meeting of the mandolin club on the eleventh of October. Let us hope they will have a successful season and that we will hear them some Friday morning, pretty soon.

Rodney K. Slocum will lead the 1908 hockey team, taking the place of "Bill" Howe; Branton Kellog is again manager.

The debating club will have its first meeting on Nov. 7. Every one in the school is invited to attend.

We hear from the Art Room that there is to be an exhibit of work from the Primary, Grammar and High schools next summer at the International Exhibit in London. There will be a display of photographs of drawing, design, clay modeling, metal work, and sewing.

Miss Helen B. Russell has come to Brookline High as Librarian in place of Miss Paige. She took a four years' course at Mt. Holyoke and afterward spent one year in the graduate course at Simmons.

Miss Elizabeth D. Pease, our new teacher of Biology and Physical Geography, was a member of the class of '96, College for Women, Western Reserve University.

Miss Grace M. Miller, who is teaching French during Mr. Brooks' absence abroad, received her education in France and England and at Radcliffe College.

The new commercial course under the instruction of Mr. Edward S. Colton is so popular that there are no more vacancies left in the classes. The school has felt the need of such a course for some time, a course in which the pupils can fit themselves to enter an office immediately after graduating. In former years many have left Brookline High to finish their education in some commercial school in Boston, owing to the fact that no opportunity was offered here.

Mr. Carrell, another man from the Springfield Training School, seems to be following the standard set by Mr. Lowman not only in turning out a good football team but also in winning the hearts of the fellows with whom he comes in contact.

Senior class officers: President, Walter Cady; vice-president, Margaret O'Hearn; secretary, Mary Clark; treasurer, Francis Boyd.

Junior class officers: President, Eugene Floyd; vice-president, Gwendolyn Moore; secretary, Louise Warren; treasurer, Louis Keegen.

Sophomore class officers: President, Hugh Knowlton; vice-president, Carolyn Burdett; secretary, Irma Waterhouse; treasurer, Gardner Whitney.

Freshman class officers: President, John Taggart; vice-president, Elinor Driscoll; secretary, Francis Hann; treasurer, Thomas Furness.

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Volume 14 DECEMBER, 1907 Number 2

THE SAGAMORE

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TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
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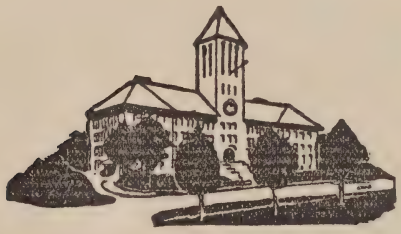

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV DECEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 2

Editorials

The first quarter of the school year is a thing of the past. We are about to start on the second, at the end of which lies that much dreaded barrier, "Mid-years." We will not, however, "cross that bridge before we come to it," but will look forward to the holidays, when, forgetting studies, we may enjoy ourselves to our heart's content. The sober Senior may, for a time, lay aside his dignity; the jolly Junior may spend all of his time attending to social duties; the wise Sophomore may dream of the future glory which awaits him; and the hopeful Freshman may live in anticipation of the time when he, too, shall be a Sophomore. But whether you be a Senior, Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman, THE SAGAMORE wishes you all—A Merry Christmas.

TO Miss Page, to Mr. Lowman, and to Mr. Brooks, who is spending his holiday in a foreign land, THE SAGAMORE extends the season's greetings.

WE regret to announce the resignation of Miss Beatrice Taggert from the editorial board, on account of ill health. Although a new member of the staff, Miss Taggert had already shown herself to be an active and diligent worker, and her aid will be greatly missed. Miss Anna Holman has been elected by the board to fill the vacancy. Miss Holman's work has several times appeared in the columns of this paper and the editors welcome her gladly as one of their number.

THE annual reception given by the Sophomores to the Freshmen was as great a success this year as formerly. This custom of giving a reception to the incoming class was instituted by the class of 1907. The idea is to give the Freshmen a chance to become acquainted with the members of the Sophomore class as well as with those of their own class. There was the usual presentation to a receiving committee, followed by a short entertainment furnished by local talent in the class, and then an informal dance. A new feature this year was a class mandolin club which gave several selections during the program. Allan Hay's monologues were very witty and produced a general laugh. Lewis Keegan, who furnishes the music for the opening exercises in the hall, added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon by playing for the dance.

THE Debating Club opened its season with an attendance of fifty boys; and the enthusiasm displayed argues well for future meetings. In his opening address Newton Stern, the president of the club, gave an idea of what the club hopes to accomplish this year: not only to hold its regular bi-weekly debates, but to have inter-class debates and perhaps to accept challenges from outside. It seems that this might be possible if the student body would take as much interest in supporting the club as it does in supporting its athletic teams. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who heard Mr. Hitchcock's remarks as to the benefit to be obtained from the practice in speaking. He cited many instances of the conquests of the orator even in everyday life. He said, in addition, that there was nothing that would fit a man so well for a future career as the training which this club offers every boy in the school who will avail himself of the opportunity. Charles Hann, the club's president of last year, gave ample proof of this statement from the point of view of an alumnus.

THANKS are due to Miss Weir and the Art Department for the time and effort which they have expended in procuring the cover for this issue as well as the new cuts.

THE whole school was deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of one of its former members, Lillian Estelle Wood. Miss Wood entered the High School in 1904 and had she returned this year, would have graduated with the senior class. During her three years attendance here she made many firm friends and had become very popular with her class. She was a member of last year's Sagamore board and would undoubtedly have returned had health permitted. Her loss will be keenly felt by all with whom she came in contact and the school expresses, through THE SAGAMORE, its sincere sympathy to her family.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP

By Francis A. Niccolls, Jr.

It was two weeks before Christmas, and I had started to spend my Christmas vacation in the woods. After three days of more or less strenuous traveling I arrived at my destination, a Canadian lumber camp, far up towards the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

For several days after my arrival the weather was perfect. Up every morning with the men I would start out with my camera, to be gone until dark, oftentimes returning with three or four pictures of deer and smaller wood creatures. Once, even, I managed to crawl up to a big bull-moose which, entirely unconscious of my presence, was peacefully feeding along an old lumber-road. Again, turning the corner of a deserted hunter's camp, I ran face to face with a lynx. Such photographs would make any amateur enthusiastic.

Five or six days before Christmas, I took a rifle and went out after our Christmas dinner, returning at noon-time with a small, tender buck. To be sure it was against the law; but necessity knows no law, and, to us, it appeared absolutely necessary that we should have, on Christmas Day, the best feast the forest could provide.

The day after I shot my buck, the weather changed; at seven o'clock in the morning the thermometer read 24 degrees below; twelve hours later, it was five above, and still mounting. The following morning it had reached 15 degrees above, and the sky had become overcast. Still the storm which we knew was coming, held off. The day before Christmas, the sky was a peculiar gray; the air, the earth, even the evergreens, appeared that same unusual color, an effect which only a northern atmosphere is capable of producing.

The men, however, were sent off as usual to their work. Since it was an impossible day for photography, I stayed in camp. About nine o'clock it began to snow gently, the flakes coming so slowly, and at such long intervals, that it appeared as if the big, fluffy Canada jays which flocked in the clearing, were succeeding in their apparent effort to catch every little particle as it fell. By noontime, the horse-shed, thirty yards from the door, was barely distinguishable, and by two o'clock, even this was removed from sight by the ever-increasing volume of the storm. At eleven-thirty the first men had

come straggling in, and from then till half-past two they continued to arrive in twos and threes; big, human, snow men, who, after ridding themselves of as much snow as possible, peeled off their outer clothing, sent a good-natured, hearty curse at the storm king who prevented them from laboring their usual sixteen hours a day, lit their pipes, and began to enjoy themselves as best they might.

At half-past two everyone had returned except the men on the ledge road. This road was the last on the cut, a couple of miles from camp. As the storm had traveled from camp towards the roads, the crew on the ledge road was the last to become aware of the presence of the danger. While we were speculating on the whereabouts of the men, we heard Frank Vaughn, their driver, lead his horses into the shed. After half an hour, Frank, having stabled his horses, appeared through the dusk, and came stamping into the camp. Then for the first time we realized that he was alone. He had taken it for granted that his assistants, on seeing the storm, had cut through the woods and thence home by way of the main road. Therefore, after taking his last load to the yard, he had started through the snow for camp. His companions might even then be hovering in the lee of some fallen tree, waiting for his ever expected return. It was certain death for them, but it was also certain death for anyone to try to return to their rescue in the darkness, and in such weather. So, cruel as it may seem, the boss very wisely determined that it was better to sacrifice two men than his whole crew, and ordered all to remain in camp. The laughter and jollity of the half-hour before died away, for those two missing men were great favorites. Night shut down, gloomy and sad. The wind howled, and every now and then, when we opened the door, we could see the snow still falling relentlessly.

On Christmas morning at 3 o'clock we arose to find the stars shining brightly and the thermometer down to 10 degrees below. After a hasty breakfast, we started, a very solemn crowd, but traveling as fast as snow-shoes would allow, we soon reached the yard.

We stopped, and I fired my revolver. No answer. Again I fired. No answer. What was that? We all heard it, but it was impossible to say from what direction it had come. Everyone had a different idea as to the location of the sound; so all scattered throughout the woods for a distance of two hundred yards on every side. In order to be able to hear better, I climbed up the log-pile in

the yard, and, after resting a moment fired again. "Help!" It was a feeble cry. "Help," far away it seemed; yet near. A third time the cry sounded. There was no doubt now in my mind as to whence it came. I called the men back and set them to work on the logs. It was a large pile, but forty men, working to save a comrade's life, can overcome many obstacles; so, in an incredibly short time, they had the logs rolled off. There, between two cross logs which helped to form the foundation of the yard, almost entirely covered by boughs, which they had managed to pull in after them, we found the men, free from snow, but nearly dead from the cold. After pouring whiskey down their throats, a proceeding which, by the way, made Rame, our cook, look as if he wished he also had been lost, we hastened back to camp. Some of the men had preceded us, and when we arrived, we found two bunks ready for our patients. First, however, they were stripped, taken to the door, and thoroughly rubbed with snow, to prevent, so far as possible, future frost-bites. And now, though a little weak, they declared themselves as well as ever.

We had postponed our dinner, until later in the afternoon; but about two o'clock we heard Rame's voice announcing, in no uncertain tones, the fact that it was ready. We sat down at the long table, hungry enough to devour less appetizing food than Rame set before us. And such a dinner! Pea-soup, followed by partridge pie, roast and boiled partridge, roast venison, venison in half a dozen other styles, several kinds of vegetables, and last of all, plum pudding. What if the only food on the bill-of-fare which was not canned was partridge and venison. The other things tasted just as good. One would certainly have said so to see the manner in which my cans of plum-pudding were consumed.

Then after dinner came the games. One, similar to a game played in the city, except for the amount of strength put into it, was known as "Hot Hand." Rame, having been kidnapped from the cook-camp, was made to lean over and put his face in a hat resting on the long table. Then while the whole camp danced around him, one man stepped forward and dealt him a terrific blow, whereupon Rame was forced to guess as to his assailant. After several mistakes he picked the right one, and gladly exchanged places with him. As Rame came away from the hat he looked disconsolate, then he smiled gently and, stepping up to the boss, said, "Meester Taylor, I am reel seek, I want medicine." His ingenuity in raking up such a

good excuse, was considered by everyone in camp, as worthy of reward.

Still later we had music by the camp orchestra, not exactly a symphony orchestra, but perhaps one better appreciated by the men. Several banjos and a couple of harmonicas did their duty admirably well. Forty voices more or less musical took up the refrain and the cold northern stars in the clear blue heavens, seemed to look down with approval upon our Merry Christmas in Camp.

THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT IN THE CHATEAU DUMAS

It was Christmas in the small village of Ruys, on the coast of Normandy. We school-girls of the Chateau Dumas were feeling, for the most part, a little blue and homesick, as we thought of all the good times that were happening at our homes. To crown it all, several girls had gone home, eager and anticipating, and had left only a few of us at the Chateau. Resolved, however, to give us a good time, the principal had planned for our vacation several small parties and other affairs which were to terminate in a grand Christmas party—a dinner, a fancy dress ball, and then a small supper.

Not entirely satisfied even with that promise, we had gathered together all the francs and centimes we had left, after our Christmas purchases, and had resolved upon a grand feast to occur in the early hours of the morning, after the dance. While decorating the house and the narrow, rambling staircase for our company that evening, with laurel, holly and mistletoe, which grows so plentifully in Normandy, we were talking it over.

"Won't we have just the best time—just think of all who are coming!" said Maude, in French. "The feast will be at two, we shall probably not finish the dance and refreshments till one."

"Ma foi, but we shall be sick the next day," laughed another. "But hush! Here comes Mademoiselle—if she should hear us—!"

"Girls," said I, "do you know what Violet saw last night?"

"No, what?" "Tell us!" clamored all.

"There is not much to tell," said Violet, "but I woke up about twelve o'clock, and saw distinctly the light of a candle in our room. It moved, flickered, and went out. Thinking at first that it was L— lighting the gas," she continued, indicating me, "I called. Nobody answered. I called again; still no answer. On inquiry the next morning I found that nobody had been up, or least of all, lighted a candle."

"It must be the ghost of some old Dumas," we said laughing, and went on with the decorating.

* * * *

The hands of the giant old clock pointed to two as down stairs

we crept, one by one: such a motley array of girls, with remnants of their ball-room finery still on them. The powder was white on my hair, the patches black on my face; for I had been a "grande dame" of the time of Louis XIV at the dance just passed. Carrying gingerly an enormous pitcher of lemonade in one hand, and a carefully washed soap-dish, a penknife and a sardine can in the other, I walked silently as possible down the creaky stairs with the other girls. It was freezing cold, so each one of us had brought as a wrap, her eider-down quilt; and we certainly needed them.

Somebody was enumerating the list of edibles. "Yes, the brioches (a sort of cake), the rolls, honey, jam, fruit, chocolate cake,—where are the sardines and the lemonade?" "Here," said I, handing them to her.

"There," she continued, "all is ready; have a sardine, Mary?" This latter to an English girl. Then followed excited whispers in this wise: "Where are the cakes, Violette?" "Look out, you are spilling sardine oil down my back, Gretchen," to a yellow-haired German. "Oh, dear, the honey-pot has fallen in the lemonade!"

Finally our appetites were satisfied. I was just vainly trying to wash a mixture of sardine-oil and honey off my eider-down, with some of the lemonade that was left, when I heard Violette gasp, and felt her clutch me violently.

"Look!" she whispered.

Immediately all excited whisperings ceased and each one looked in the direction her finger pointed.

There, out in the long, low, rambling hall, partly visible through the half-closed door, could be seen the very faintest glimmer of a flickering light, which seemed to move slowly towards the door of the "grand salon." Voilette turned white, and would have fainted, I think but for the fact that someone poured the rest of the lemonade on her forehead. A few of us, however, made up our minds to investigate. We crept on, following the dim light, past the magnificently carved XIII century cabinet, into the "grand salon," where the light disappeared in a remote corner of the wall. Left alone in the moonlight, we looked at one another in surprise, then with one impulse we hastened to that part of the wall, and tapped against the panel. It sounded hollow! Eagerly we pressed and pulled until at last, with a groan, the piece of wood slid back, disclosing a big black hole—only that, and nothing more!

Disappointed and tired out, we quickly gathered together the scattered remnants of the feast, and hastened to bed. What we had expected to find, I do not know exactly. Perhaps some hidden treasure concealed long ago by some stately dame or bold cavalier. However, I am almost persuaded, and so are all the other girls, that once a treasure was hidden there. Violette is absolutely positive, and no manner of scientific argument on my part can shake her belief that the light was the candle of the ghost of an old Dumas, who had once hidden his gold behind the secret panel. '08.

A NEW DAY

I entered the room so quietly that I was not heard. There were the two, just as I had left them, the one in the low bed, the other crouching over it. The little noise I made in taking off my overcoat roused the boy sitting by the side of his brother. He turned around, and recognizing me in the gathering gloom of Christmas twilight, smiled, but it was a pitiful little apology for a smile.

It was a room of sorrow in very truth, and sorrow which brought out to the full the brotherly devotion between the two. There sat the elder, Tom, with heart full of anxiety for his brother. There lay Tim, a gentle puny lad, unconscious from the effect of the injury received from a speeding automobile. Both were pale and thin; not only from bodily pain on the part of one and mental suffering on the part of the other, but from lack of food and proper care.

Two strides took me to the bedside. With my right hand I felt for the pulse of Tim, while with my left I grasped Tom's cold palm. As I caught and measured the soft throbbing at Tim's wrist, my thoughts involuntarily went back to the cause of all this. I remembered the first time I had seen the two. It was two years ago. They were bright happy lads then. One was a bootblack and the other a newsboy. Then came one misfortune after another. First the father died; then the mother, and the two boys were left alone. And now, the day before Christmas, an automobile had run over Tim, and sped on, without a thought on the part of its occupants for the poor lad, lying in the street.

All this flashed through my mind in the moment that I counted the beats of his feeble heart. Then I whispered in Tom's ear "The crisis will come soon." He did not know what it meant, but he looked up into my face with the greatest faith. And a tear rolled down his cheek.

There we waited side by side. One hour; two hours. Not a movement from us two but to replace a slipping bandage or to change a cooling application. Tom was nearly asleep, utterly wearied. As I gazed on Tim's blank face, I suddenly saw an eyelid flutter. I pressed Tom's hand and he awoke from his doze, and together we watched for a change. Everything that my skill as a doctor could do, had been done, and all we could do was to wait for—what?

Tim's eyelid moved slightly again, his lips parted. Suddenly both his eyes opened wide and as he caught sight of us in the dim candle light, his thin mouth curved into a gentle smile. Then with a sigh, he closed his eyes, and fell into a peaceful sleep. "Tom," whispered I, "he'll live." But Tom could not answer. Burying his face in my hands, he sobbed as though my words had been sad rather than glad.

All through the night we sat and watched Tim. At the first light of Christmas dawn, he woke again, and in the weakest voice called "Tom." Tom leaned over and stroked his forehead gently. "A merry Christmas, Tom." The cheery words caused a smile to appear on all our faces and just then the Christmas bell rang out the joyful peal of "Peace on earth. Good will to men."

NEWTON STERN, '08.

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS

BY S. T. G., '10

'Twas the day before Christmas when old Santa Claus
Reached Brookline's far-famed Shailer Hall;
And as soon as he got there, he went to see one
Who governs the fate of us all.

What passed in that conference with Mr. Hitchcock
To the pupils was ever unknown;
But soon to each teacher in the great B. H. S.
The following notice was shown:

"At the 12.40 bell each pupil will come
To the Hall—an old friend to see.
Tho' you've known him for years, you have him never met,
So an unusual pleasure 'twill be."

Prompt to the minute each student arrived,
All seemingly glad to find out
Who this person might be, and what everyone
Was making so much fuss about.

When all had found seats, old Santa arose,
And making a very brief speech,
Said he'd try to give all a royal good time—
And an important lesson he'd teach!

The Freshmen who still kept their old childish ways,
Clapped loudly and laughed in sheer glee.
A Sophomore pretended to be very bored,
And said, "What are lessons to me?"

The Juniors and Seniors were very polite;
But listened in gay, idle ease,
And while wondering which of their friends had dressed up,
Felt confident he would all please.

Now Santa was speaking! All listened to him,—
Guilty Freshmen sat up with a start—
"To him who loves Latin and works day and night,
This pony I give—but no cart!"

"This bag here contains some appropriate gifts
Which all classes must need now and then—
For each friend I have brought a pencil and rule,
A block of white paper and pen."

"For the SAGAMORE editors I've sure gathered up
Every possible kind of a tale—
While some make one laugh, o'er others one weeps,
And a few make the reader turn pale."

"Of 'news notes' and 'jokes' I've provided a stock
Which I warrant will last through the year;
And of noted alumni who do noble feats
You'll have almost too many, I fear."

"The B. H. A. A. has caused me much thought,
The best present I could not conceive;
But I've brought to them cups, medals, banners, and shields,
Which I know they'll be glad to receive."

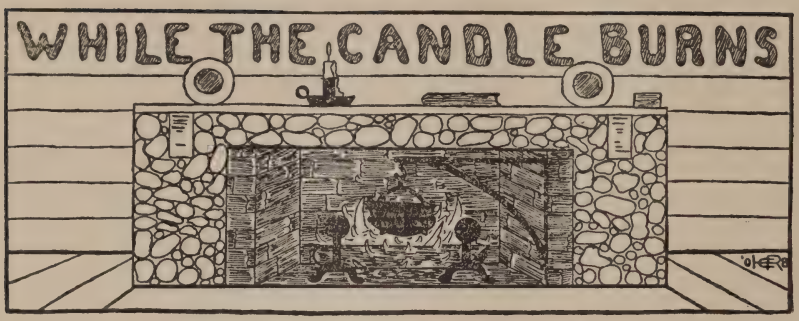
"To your club for debate, I'll give to some boys
The powers of Cicero and Clay;
Of their arguments clear, and their eloquence fine,
The whole world will be talking some day."

"In the stock-room I've left much theme paper white,
And of subjects I've quite a supply;
Your teachers are generous, I'm sure that you all
Will be welcome a sample to try."

"For the school as a whole, the best gift of all,—
With me it has long been a dream—
The Red and the Blue shall be first in the line
Be always the championship team."

"And now ere I go, I must add one word more,
My lesson perforce I must state:
'Keep young and believe in old Santa Claus
Before you find out it's too late.'"

"You're never too old to enjoy Christmas sport,
Should you think so, remember this morn
And my words—they're the fount of eternal youth—
Merry Christmas!"—but Santa was gone!



OVER THE HILLS ON SKEES

I wonder how many of The Sagamore readers have ever tried skeeing. If you have not, do make the first attempt. Skeeing is like nothing else on earth. It is a combination of jumping, crawling, flying—that is, it is to a beginner. You feel that you are neither on land or in the air, and the sensation is unique to say the least.

The first time I was ever on skees was December 27, 1906. I shall never forget that day. My cousin, his friend Barrie, and I started off for a ten mile tramp over the hills in New Hampshire. A frozen brook at the bottom of a deep ravine lay between us and the open country, and my cousin, who is an expert on skees, glided easily down the winding path to the brook, and over the log foot-bridge. But the precipitous bank looked like quite a different proposition to Barrie and me. I thought I would see how Barrie got along before I ventured down. He was equal to the occasion, and started confidently, but before he was half way to the bottom, he began to totter. "Look out, you're going to fall!" called out my cousin, and sure enough, in his frantic efforts to keep his balance, his knees stiffened, and down he went. Being rather short and fat, he rolled over and over, till he thumped the ice, barely escaping a ducking. His skees went down after him. This looked so alarming that I let one skee go ahead of me, and coasted on the other as if it were a toboggan. So I surmounted my first difficulty.

Then we struck off over the hills, which were covered with several feet of snow, slightly crusted. My cousin soon left Barrie and me far behind; for we couldn't seem to get the knack of going up hill. No sooner were we started up the incline, than we felt ourselves

slowly slipping backward. The only way we could stop, was to sit down; then our skees came off and we had to run quite a way down the hill to catch them. Every once in a while, after half a dozen of those back-slidings, I got discouraged, and carried my skees for a while. But not so Barrie. He tugged persistently on, despite his frequent headers in the snow, until we reached the top of the hill where we found my cousin patiently waiting for us on the piazza railing of a deserted shack. We were pretty well out of breath; so Barrie, who is an artist, very appropriately said "Oh do let's admire the view for just a few minutes!"

Fields of dazzling snow stretched for miles all around us, broken only by a red-roofed house, half way down the hill. Woods bounded the fields on every side, and in the distance Mt. Ascutney loomed up large and white, with the Connecticut River riotously sweeping along its broken cakes of ice at its feet.

Now the excitement began; for skeeing down hill is—well, as I said, it is flying. Away we went, over garden walls and fences, now and then taking a flying leap when we came to what in the summer was a smooth green terrace, and once in a while lying down to slip under a wire fence.

But what was that black object also flying down the hill, headed so as to exactly cross our path. Faster and faster, it came, nearer and nearer. Ah! Now I can see. It is a toboggan party, coming down in a track so well worn that it was impossible to steer out of it. The boys turned, and called for me to do the same. But how could I? It was all I could do to stand up, to say nothing of changing my course. There was no escape. A collision was inevitable. So I rushed forward to my fate. But luckily the tobogganers had seen my helpless condition. When not more than fifty feet away, they all tumbled off into the snow, and left the toboggan to go down alone. Now I was upon it, and clearing it with a jump, I felt it whiz beneath me. I was safe, and, what surprised me more, I was still in an upright position But after this breathless incident, we decided to descend to the common-place habit of walking. So leaving our skees at a farm house, we started for home across the snow, with the moon shining brightly.

After the experience of that day, Barrie and I decided that we were quite competent to skee down Mt. Washington or any other slight elevation! C. H., '08.

THE LUCK OF THE "ROSMUNDA"

Quisto gave his orders to his mate, Putro, in a nervous voice. He had been the owner of the little smack but one short week and now he was about to start on his first voyage.

As he put over the wheel and she filled away on the first tack, Quisto glanced over the stern to ascertain how the "Rosmunda," which he had laboriously painted there, showed up above the bright blue water. She was not a new boat but she was able and strong. How hard it had been to get the money together, and how proud he was of her! As she stood bravely out of the harbor she was a picturesque sight, the new paint brightly gleaming in the sunlight of the clear morning.

* * * * *

It was midnight. The wind whistled fiercely, and the rigging slapped noisily against the mast. There was a full cargo of fish beneath the hatches; so far luck had been with Quisto. But now, when almost home it seemed as if fate had turned her back on him, for the wind steadily increased until it was blowing a gale from the north-east. Quisto triple-reefed his mains'l and set the storm-jib. The smack seemed to fairly fly over the hills and valleys of storm-lashed waters. It was dark and so cold that the helmsman's hands were almost numb on the wheel.

"It es the terrible nighta," yelled Pietro, with difficulty making his voice heard above the shrieking of the gale.

"Hark!" cried Quisto.

Clang! Clang! The bell-buoy sounded its warning note close to the starboard bow.

"We haf our way lost," shouted Quisto.

Sure enough, they were at the very entrance of Shirly Gut, two miles off their course. It were madness to attempt to beat out around the island in such a wind. They were helpless, in the grasp of the elements. They could do nothing but take the slim chance (and how slim a chance it was) of running through the gut.

The tide was almost flood. The waters whirled and eddied, tossing the vessel this way and that like a cork. They seemed to try to overwhelm the frail craft with their torrents. Now it was

lifted high on the crest of a wave. Now it plunged into the trough of the sea until it seemed as though the boat was doomed. Quisto and Pietro together braced themselves against the wheel and waited. The seconds seemed like hours. In the fight for life the bitter cold was forgotten.

Then zipp! With a last frantic rush they were through, without even the keel having grated on any of the numerous shoals.

* * * * *

Just as the sun rose and the hills back of Boston shone purple in its light, the "Rosmunda" was made fast to "T" Wharf. With thankful hearts the weary men turned in, just as the sleeping city began to stir with life. CLARENCE W. SHEPARD, '11.

A FLEETING IMPRESSION

On one side a lazy sea, with its swells pounding rhythmically on the tide-washed sand; on the other bleak sandhills, tufted with patches of withered beach grass. Here and there a hotel, a cottage or a pavilion relieved the monotony. Between the sea and the irregular contour of the land is a broad, level stretch of sand, so hard that no marks can be made upon its surface. Overhanging all is the muggy murkiness of a clouded morning.

"Two miles a minute." This had been the watchword of the automobile carnival. Long before the meet there had been grave hopes of its realization. I, myself, as I waited for the start of this wonderful race against time, wondered if man could travel so fast in an automobile. But suddenly the timers in the stand bestirred themselves. Everyone instinctively watched the tape. One second later an unnatural, ghostly-looking object flashed by with scarcely a sound, and was swallowed up in the wake of its own steam, and the all-pervading mist. Almost before I had time to comment upon the wonders of the scene, a bell rang, the signal that the car had reached the line a mile down the beach.

"Twenty-eight and four-fifths seconds!" sung out the timers in unison. Another record had been made. Only a fleeting glance, a roar, and a whirl and then, "Two miles a minute!" Will anyone dare hope for three miles in that time?" N. A. T., '09.

AN EPISODE

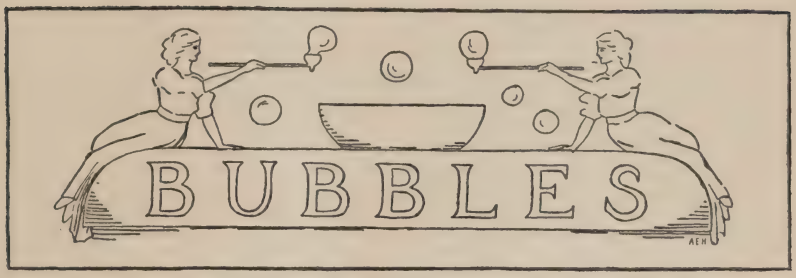
She got in at Park Street and such a charming looking girl! Not one of the stylish, short-skirted, big-hatted girls—but a simple unassuming creature of the old-fashioned type with fluffy hair, red cheeks and great, deep, baby blue eyes. You see she sat opposite me and I couldn't help taking a peep once in a while! A fellow can't be rude, however! In her lap she held (somewhat too carefully, I thought) a soft green school bag, evidently filled with books. The car became crowded and for fifteen minutes or so I was completely engrossed by "The Younger Set." When I next looked up the car was void of "strap-hangers" and even boasted of two or three vacant seats—and my pretty maid?—still sat opposite me holding the green bag and casting her lovely eyes at intervals rather anxiously upon the bag. Once they lighted on me—and I started! How deep they were and yet they seemed a trifle sad! The next street was mine—at least was where I lived—so I closed my book, motioned to the conductor and stood up. I took a step forward just as the car gave a jerk—as they sometimes do you know—I grabbed wildly for a strap—missed it and nearly tumbled over "my lady beautiful" opposite. The blood rushed to my face—I stood up very much confused—saying by way of excuse—

"Oh, I beg your pardon! So clumsy of me! I hope I didn't hurt you!"

She raised those eyes—those blue eyes and looked at me—was she laughing? What a cad I was anyway. Then she spoke.

"Oh, no sir—you didn't hurt me (touching her green bag gently) but I'll ask my kitten, I thought I heard a cry!"

M. C. P., '09.



Kellogg, in I class meeting: "I think Miss Cl-k is just right." Voice in the corner: "I second the motion."

Hann, translating, should have said, "Patience, mother," but instead preferred, "Cheer up, ma!"

I German A. Marble: "The sick descendant of this twig." Marble certainly approves of imagery in his daily speech.

Miss Ingram doesn't like to have girls crochet neckties in her study periods.

I Greek tells us that Jove lives in ether! and we learn that "he sent the snake a stone."

Miss H. is a "fabricator" of words. "Loyless" for disloyal is her latest.

"They made the mules bigger so that they could put in ships." Most peculiar!

I Geometry A. H—— is thinking of editing a new geometry, as the wording of the propositions and corollaries do not please him.

Miss Ingram's English class is certainly enthusiastic. Why, D. B. says he just "dreams about Emerson."

Latin A. Dr. Roberts is getting poetic. The other day he edified his Latin class with—

"If you swipe the pen
You must wipe the pen."

Reynolds translating: "They applauded the dancing with their feet." Query: Do people in the lower world sit on a fence and beat the boards with their feet, in time to music?

Mr. Hitchcock: "Supposing a man borrows money and fails to pay, the case is taken into court. What kind of a suit would that be?"

Cady: "Breach of promise."

Marble wants to know where he can fly. He is also desirous of seeking rest in war!

English teacher, anxious to bring out the fact that Elizabeth Barrett Browning as well as Robert Browning wrote poetry—"Why do I say,—the Brownings"?

Bright Pupil: "Because there were two of them!"

Teacher to Niles in III History E: "Where is Normandy?"

Niles: "Why—just above Scotland."

Miss Johnson—"Woman is man's confusion."

Cady agrees emphatically.

NEWS NOTES

The death of Miss Lillian Wood, '08, which occurred on the morning of November 7, came as a severe blow to the school. Funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon at 2.30 by Mr. Oliver D. Sewall, assistant pastor of the Harvard Street Church.

The pupils of the Senior French classes who are translating "Pecheur d' Islande" will be interested to know that Mr. Brooks has visited Paimpol in Brittany, the scene of the story.

The first meeting of the Debating Club was held on the afternoon of November 7. At the last business meeting in April the following officers were elected: Newton Stern, president; Eugene Floyd, vice-president; George Hann, secretary. The rhetorical committee, chosen last Thursday, is: Gordon Gallert, chairman; Joseph Kittredge and Eugene Floyd.

We hope to be able to have the use of the new gymnasium by the first of January. After our present accommodations, the large gymnasium, the use of the shower baths, and the rest room, will certainly be appreciated by all.

The Senior class held a meeting on November 5 to choose the Class Day committee. The following were elected: Helen Baird, Mary Clark, Hazel Henry, George Hann, William Daniels and Chester Robart. Newton Stern will be the Class Day orator; Branton Kellogg will be class historian; Kathleen Page and Walter Cady, prophetess and prophet; Francis Carver, class poet; and Huntington Faxon, ivy odist.

The Junior class has been designing a cover and title page for a book soon to appear called "Here and There at Tufts." The successful candidates are not yet known but will appear in our next issue.

For the first time in the history of the school cards giving the marks for September and October were sent out to the parents of the members of the Freshman class, causing great consternation in some households.

We are indebted to Louise Eisenhardt, '09, for designing the heading for the new school stationery.

Mumps is the fashionable disease just at present especially among Miss Frye's Sophomore and Freshman classes.

On Tuesday last, members of the Senior History of Painting class, accompanied by Miss Weir, visited the Museum of Fine Arts, to look at early Egyptian and Greek paintings and sculpture. Mr. S. W. Reane, the curator of classical antiquities, gave them a brief but interesting talk on Greek Art from the objects in the Museum.

He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not—
He is a freshman; shun him.
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not—
He is a sophomore; pity him.
He who knows, and knows not that he knows—
He is a junior; honor him.
He who knows, and knows that he knows—
He is a senior; reverence him.

—Ex.

Old Gentleman—"I want to get copies of your papers for a week back."

Editor—"Hadn't you better try a porous plaster?"—Ex.

Sidney T. Strickland, '00, has returned to Paris where he will be joined later in the winter by Mrs. Strickland and the children. Mr. Strickland is studying at "Beaux Arts."

Wellesley J. Seligman, '08, was elected captain of the Freshman Track Team at Technology. Donald Stevens, '07, acted as his manager.

Lloyd C. Cooley, '07, was a member of the Technology Cross-country Team which was defeated by Harvard.

The marriage of Gertrude Wetzler, the class poet of 1904, to Julius Eisenmann of Boston took place last month.

Miss Marie Wise, '06, is taking a post-graduate course at the Girls' Latin School.

Frank Johnson, '06, played full-back on the Dartmouth freshman team.

S. A. Sargent, '06, was moved from bow to stroke on the Harvard Varsity crew.

Donald Stevens, Gordon Glazier, and George Kenney, all of the class of '07, are on the reporting staff of the Tech.

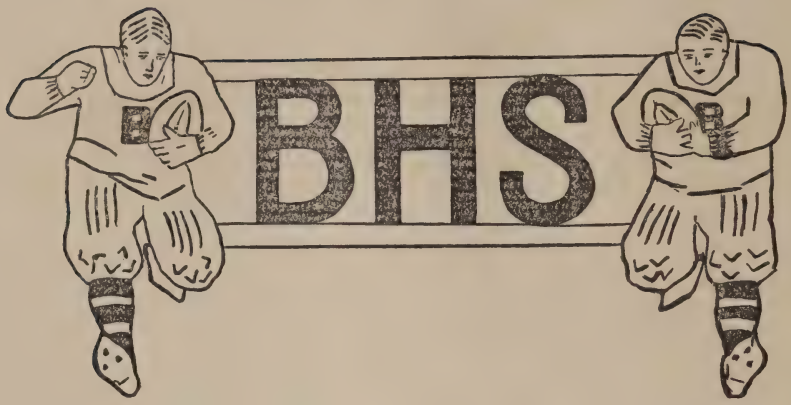
Miss Margaret Williams, '06, has been elected treasurer of the Sophomore class at Radcliffe.

Eugene Allen, '05, has been coaching the Milton Acc. foot-ball team this fall. His team has met only one defeat.

Charles Hann, '07, is playing full-back on the Harvard Freshman second team.

Rollo H. Britten, '09, is one of the editors of the paper published at Cambridge Latin School.

The Brookline Club of Tech. held a meeting lately at the house of Arthur Truett. Lloyd Cooley, Donald Stevens, Gordon Glazier and Wellesley Seligman were admitted to the club.

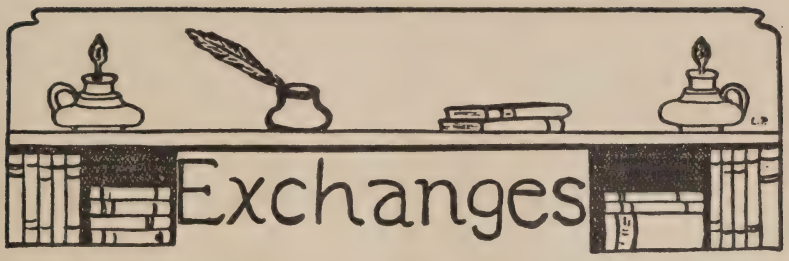


B. H. S. VS. ROCK RIDGE HALL.

The Brookline supporters received a pleasant surprise on October 25 when Rock Ridge was defeated 16 to 8 by the home team. The game was played on Grigg's field and although the sky was overcast, no rain fell to dampen the ardor of the spectators. Brookline showed a marked improvement in the use of the forward pass, and several times made good gains by it. In defensive play, however, Brookline as well as her opponent, was weak. Brookline scored three touchdowns while Rock Ridge got a safety, one touchdown, and kicked the goal. Johnson and G. Hann played a good game for Brookline and Manson for the losers.

B. H. S. VS. QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

On October 30 the Brookline team went down to Quincy to contend there with the Quincy team. It was a cool and pleasant day, but the sun did not shine favorably on Brookline. Quincy ran up three touchdowns while Brookline scored only one. The score was 18 to 6 in Quincy's favor.



We are pleased to receive so many exchanges at the beginning of this, our new year. We wish to thank the following: Trinity Tripod, Chronicle, Williams' Record, Artisan, Horace Mann Record, Jabberwock, Brocktonia, Vexillum, Pingry Record, Clarion, Sparks, Advance, White and Blue, Penn Charter Magazine, Megaphone, The Southern Workman, Hampton, Va., Westminster Review, Saugus High School Advocate, Concord High School Voice, Newton High Review, Imp, Cambridge Review and The Skirmisher.

We are glad to welcome again The Penn Charter Magazine among our other exchanges.

The cover of the Imp is very good but the paper is lacking in interest to outsiders. May we suggest a lively story would increase the interest? Several other exchanges lack stories also.

We are glad to be in touch with two of our former Brookline friends, through The Horace Mann Record and The White and Blue.

The story entitled "The First Falsehood" in the Enterprise is interesting and well written.

This year we wish to receive exchanges from all parts of the country, and, if possible, from across the waters.

We regret not being able to send out more exchanges during November. But we hope to start out as usual with our December number.

Teacher—"How would you punctuate this sentence, 'I saw a pretty girl go down the street.'?"

Bright Boy—"I'd make a dash after the girl."—Ex.

ATHLETES ATTENTION!

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Volume 14 JANUARY, 1908 Number 3

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV JANUARY, 1908 NUMBER 3

Editorials

WITH the coming of the New Year, it seems fitting that we all should pause a few moments and see just what we shall write upon the new leaf we are about to turn. The Sagamore staff has already formed one or two good resolutions which we hope all our readers will approve when they see them carried out in the pages of the magazine. But why can not we, as a student body, resolve to make improvements along certain lines? For instance, why couldn't we all strive to improve the appearance of the playground? The first impression made upon a visitor by an untidy campus, littered with scraps of paper and waste, is certainly not favorable. Therefore, why can not every member of the school make it his or her special duty to see to it that this cause for criticism does not exist? It is not a difficult task to throw papers and waste material into the proper receptacles. It is also much easier to leave papers whole than to tear them into fine pieces, which are certain to drop on the ground. If, on the other hand, all this waste was properly cared for, we should have a playground which would be our pride, and one which would reflect credit upon our school. Another suggestion: and that is as to passing through the corridors between recitations. A few simple rules governing this passing have been given us by the Head Master, of which we recognize the reasonableness; and yet we are often forgetful in regarding them. As the school increases the necessity of observing these rules is made greater, owing to the large number of students who fill the corridors between periods. Why not then give closer attention to our passing, and

eliminate this confusion as far as possible? It is the little things in this world that count, and it is also the small matters which determine the distinction between an ordinary and a superior institution.

THE two months allotted the contest for reporters have expired. The race is run, and all that remains is to award the palms to the victors. Although not as many entered the competition as could be desired, nevertheless much has been done by those who did enter, in getting material. The aspirants have shown themselves to be willing and able hustlers, and the only regret is that there are not enough positions for all. However, the Board after much deliberation decided that the following were most deserving of the positions, and we hope that they will continue in the future to keep the best interests of the Sagamore at heart: Marjorie Parker and Francis Niccolls of the Junior Class; Irma Waterhouse and Edwin Smith of the Sophomore Class; and Elinor Driscoll and Clarence Shepard of the Freshman Class.

ALTHOUGH nearly everyone is acquainted with the prescribed classical branches of this school, only a few are aware of the work that is going on in other departments. And so for the benefit of these, as well as for parents and strangers to the school, we have decided to publish, beginning with this number, a series of articles entitled, "A Journey round our School." Each one of these will deal with a single department, and its aim will be to explain what that course offers to the student who elects it. As food is the first essential of human existence, it seemed appropriate to commence with the study of domestic science. To that end Miss Smith prepared a breakfast, cooked and served by the girls of her class, to which a member of the Sagamore staff was invited. By this means both the theoretical and practical sides of the study were observed, and the writer has set forth in the article printed in this issue that which she saw and learned.

THE RETURN OF PETER PAN

"Who are you, Pan?"
"I'm youth, eternal youth, I'm the sun rising;
I'm poets singing, I'm the new world,
I'm joy, joy, joy!"

The old hall clock had just struck eleven; and as the last bell-like tone resounded there was heard a scamper through the halls, a rustle and patter of bare feet, and excited whispers seemed to come from all parts of the staircase. Certainly the old clock had never seen such excitement and been in the midst of so much mystery for a long time. At any rate, not since the last time it had ushered in the new year—but that's another story. "Ah ha!"thought the old clock, "there's some mischief brewing and as they are alone tonight I will keep an eye on them." And this is what the old clock saw.

Four little white robed figures descended the stairs noiselessly and crept into the parlour with bated breaths.

"Oh," cried Molly, "the old year's growing dreadfully old, and it's most time for it to fly away, and then fairies will bring in the new year, and lots of things happen, so nurse says. So let's all sit right here on the sofa and watch carefully and if you hear just the faintest tinkle of bells, pinch me real hard, so I'll be sure to be wide awake and see the beautiful, be-au-ti-ful, New Year and fairies and everything."

Four little figures huddled close together and stared at the windows with wide open eyes. The house was very still. From the hall came the solemn "Tick-tock, tick-tock" of the old clock as it carefully measured out the last minutes of the old year.

Presently the moon peeped in and blinked kindly at the four little bundles of white. The little stars twinkled and sparkled like diamonds, and still there wasn't a sign of a fairy!

Four curly heads fell on each other's shoulders and four little people were soon in "Poppy Land." The coast was clear, the guard had fallen asleep. There was a delightful smell of spruce in the house, mingled with the last delicious indescribable odors of Christmas; and now from every nook and corner of the shadowy room shapes seemed to loom up and dance in the moonlight.

Suddenly the faintest tinkle of bells floated in through the windows, but so faint was it, that at first not one of the little heads moved, but as the "Tinkle, tinkle, tink" sounded more and more clearly, two pair of eyes opened with a start and before many seconds had passed the four were sitting bolt upright.

"Sh ! It's the fairies at last. They must be coming in through the windows," said Molly.

Slowly and cautiously the sash was raised. The critical moment had arrived !–but–WHERE were the fairies and spirits, the heralds of the New Year? for, out of the darkness with one airy leap sprang only a lithe gray figure. With light, hesitating steps, he crossed the room as if searching hurridly for something. Gradually he neared the group and the moon, the tell-tale moon, threw her silver rays directly on him, disclosing—Peter Pan.

How delightfully realistic he looked! The same slender figure, twinkling, wistful eyes, laughing mouth and curly hair, on which was jauntily perched the little gray cap with long red feather.

It could be no one but Peter Pan, the boy king of the fairy kingdom in Never, Never, Never Land. And they knew him! Ah, yes, indeed. Hadn't he visited them once before? Hadn't they promised him that they would always believe in fairies? Hadn't they cried, each one of them, and strained their eyes to catch the last glimpse of him when he flew away to the Land where all were young? And now he had really come back! It was too wonderful! With eyes fairly bulging out of their little heads they chimed in an excited chorus: "It's Peter Pan!"

But the only response was a "Sh," from Peter, who putting

his finger on his lips with a wise look tiptoed towards the window, gave a soft whistle and then fairly flew back to the astonished four. "Listen," he said in excited whispers, "do you know why I have come back? You know, although I was a city child just like you, I flew away to the Never-Never Land just because I didn't want to grow up and be bothered, just because I wanted always to be young. And it is so beautiful there, far away from the city over the tree tops."

"There the tall trees are glittering from top to bottom with millions of sparkling fireflies. There gay, dainty butterflies chase each other in and out the branches, and from all sides come choruses of songs from the birds perched on the branches and hovering in the air. There the children and fairies are dancing and singing all the time and no one is ever sad or tired, puzzled or cross, but happy and lighthearted always, because—we're Youth!"

"But Tinker Bell told me that the children on earth were growing up very quickly, were becoming men and women very, very fast, and I just thought that everybody would want to go there if they only knew. But Tinker said there would always be some who would like to stay in the place they knew about and wouldn't like flying anyway. But he said they could be young; always, always, right here in Everyday Land if they only knew how. And I have come back to tell them and you and everybody. Isn't that splendid? Perhaps you won't understand because you are so little yet. Sometime though you will, and anyway you won't be old, ever—because you believe in fairies. And that's the way!"

Here Peter laughed joyously. "That's the very best way! Just believe; believe in people, in fairies and everyone and be glad and kind and like simple things, like fairies and birds and flowers."

Peter paused, his eyes dancing and lips parted with eager joy! "And I come," he cried, "with the New Year, full of happiness, joy and promise."

"Tinkle, tinkle, tink," came softly from the window. "Tinkle, tinkle, tink," louder and still louder. With a bound Peter crossed the room. "Hark!" he said, "the rosy New Year is slowly dawning. I mustn't stay, there are so many more to give my message to;" and with a merry nod he floated out of the window, just as the cathedral chimes and the joyous hearts of the children heralded the year of 1908.

M. A. R.

CAPTAIN SCUDDER'S DEBT

"Pretty stiff breeze a-goin'," remarked Captain Scudder to his friend Nate, as they sat by the stove in the Captain's little cottage.

Nate stopped whittling.

"Just such a night as you lost the Susan M. in, ain't it, Cap'n?

"Yes, sir," answered the Captain, "an' if ever I can do as much for any man, as Capt. David done for me, I'll do it, or keel-haul me. Yes sir-ee, that was a terrible night, the wind a-blowin' fit to knock Bunker Hill Monument into the harbor, and me a-comin' in with—"

"What was that?" The skipper was on his feet in an instant and was peering out into the blackness.

"What?" asked Nate.

"I seen a red rocket sure as fate!" replied the Captain.

The two men rushed out upon the shore, and from there they could see the lights of a schooner outside the bar. The wind swept the spray high up on the beach and almost blinded the two men as they stood there. The Captain, taking the lead as a matter of course, gave his orders to a group that had collected, in the quick, short tone of command.

"Get the oars!" "Take your places!" "Shove off!" "Pull, men; pull like the seven tailors was after you!"

Slowly the boat rounded the point. She seemed to delight in the combat. Now she rose, shook her head, trembled, and dove again. The great waves seemed to bury the craft deep, very deep, only to have her jump up again on the next crest. The waters swirled and hissed around her.

All this time Captain Scudder stood calm and cool, the water dripping from his oil-skins, his head bare, his hand on the helm, and his eyes fastened on the goal,—the ship.

After about an hour of toil and fighting, the wreck was

reached. The despondent crew were taken aboard the dory, where they lay low, while Captain Scudder kept the dory headed for the cove. At last the party were safely landed. Then the Captain, taking his friend aside, earnestly cried: "As God is my judge, Nate, my debt to mankind is paid. Now when I end my cruise in this world, I kin lay alongside of him as done as much fer me, all quiet like, with nothin' troublin' me.——Wet, boys?" he went on, turning to the half-drowned sailors. "Wall, come right up to my shack while I scare up a fire and get su'thin' to eat. Insured, was she? Then cheer up and remember how the kiddies at home will feel. I know how yer insides feel; I been there myself."

* * * * *

The next morning there lay on the shore a plank on which was painted in white and gold the name "Christine," and beneath that, "Barnstable." Just this and nothing else was all that was left of the ill-fated schooner.

C. W. S., '11.

A JOURNEY AROUND OUR SCHOOL

I. IN THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

"Breakfast at 10.30!" Had I read aright? I hurriedly scanned the invitation again. "You are cordially invited to attend breakfast at 10.30." There it was in plain English. I had often heard of the French déjeuner, but truly I had never expected to partake in this wise in matter-of-fact America, and much less in Brookline High. But such proved the case! Of course I readily accepted the invitation; in fact, I was overjoyed. For me, breakfast at home usually consists of some fruit, a few mouthfuls of cereal, and a sidelong glance at tempting hot cakes and other hot things, which I'd like to eat but which I can't because it's "striking eight." So I hailed this invitation with delight, and thought, "For once a breakfast after the leisure of Paris."

Imagine me then the next day, about 10.30, knocking at a door on the top floor of B. H. S. "B. H. S.," you say? Yes, certainly; where else? I was greeted most cordially, and immediately after we sat down for breakfast. Who? Just my hostess and I? Not at all! Over in one corner of the room, near the windows, stood a table with a snowy white cloth and covers for six. After I had taken my place at one end of the table, four other girls whom I knew filled the other vacant seats. Now this WAS a surprise! I HAD expected a breakfast, to be sure, but not just like this, and especially during school hours. It was not hard to reconcile myself to this, however, and I cannot begin to tell you how attractive the table looked with its shining silver, and dainty white china with green edges, and how especially attractive (to me) was each individual saucer containing a luscious baked apple swimming in its own juice. Now, I've always adored baked apples. Old fashioned, you say? Not a bit of it! Breakfast at home, though, is so hurried that I never get a chance at one.

But to return to baked apples. Another friend of mine as a demure waitress passed thick cream and the sugar. Those apples surely were appreciated! But somehow I couldn't get over the

fact that we were in school, and for the first few moments our conversation consisted of a few smothered phrases about the weather. Then someone mentioned a book, and the conversation turned to literature ! (If only our teachers could have heard us.) The ice was broken ! Conversation ran smoothly ! One of us traced our ancestors to Martha Washington, one to the Indians, and one even claimed a castle in England as her rightful estate. Then the theatre—but my delicious breakfast must not be neglected.

After the baked apples came "Pettijohn" also served with cream and sugar. Then came piping hot baked potatoes with nicely browned stuffed blue-fish, daintily served by one of the girls, while another poured the coffee. Was there ever a nicer breakfast? And just where was it? You have guessed long ago. Right up in our own Domestic Science department, and my hostesses were Miss Smith and my own school mates. I was so surprised to think such work was going on here in our own school, and I knew nothing about it; but I had never elected Domestic Science, and that accounts for my ignorance, I suppose. Everything was delicious and I could not but admire the smooth way in which the breakfast progressed. Not a word of prompting from Miss Smith; not an awkward move; and the whole breakfast was prepared and served by my schoolmates ! That to me was the amazing fact.

After the breakfast Miss Smith showed me the various cooking utensils in the room, explained to me that complicated mechanism known as "the range", told me that the breakfast I had eaten was scientifically correct so far as quantity and quality were concerned and furthermore impressed upon me the importance of breakfasts in general. I was fascinated with all; interested in all and everything; tremendously interested in the "emergency cabinet" which was fitted out at the time of the San Francisco fire, and is always for the school in case of need.

On inquiry Miss Smith told me of the very definite and careful course arranged for those electing Domestic Science.

In the first year the pupils take up practical cookery, and

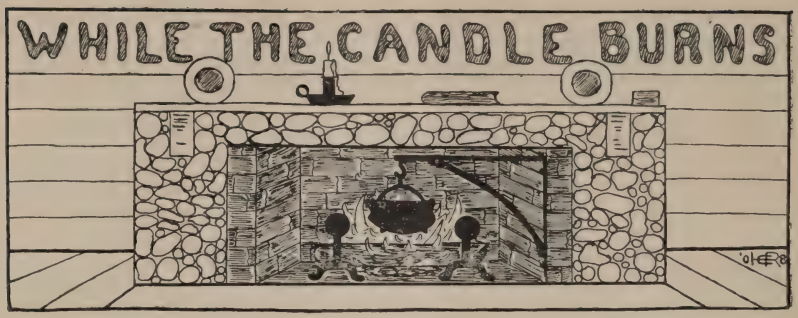
the principles of elementary science which underlie the work; also elementary chemistry and physics; the composition of foods and the changes they undergo in cooking. Then the study of heat is scientifically treated.

The second year includes the study of combinations of foods, to produce not only palatable and attractive results, but also to build up and nourish the body; the study of chemistry is continued; the testing of foods for purity and composition.

In the third year the pupils study the house and here I learned as never before how the work in one department fits into that of others; how the study of Domestic Science helps in the study of Physics, Manual Training, and especially in Art. In the third year of the course, particularly, is this brought out. The students make a careful study of artistic house furnishing and house decoration. They draw plans for houses, and also study sanitation, plumbing, heat and light.

In the fourth year they study bacteriology and its application to the house; the analysis of water, milk, milk supplies, and air; then the care of the sick and of little children. Could anything be more beneficial and helpful?

Truly it was a pleasant hour I spent in that third floor room of the Brookline High School, and one that I shall long remember.



LOOKING FORWARD

Today, September 3, 1917, I called on my friend, Mr. Charles Paine, who lives on Prospect Hill, the wealthiest part of the city. Fifteen years ago, when wireless securities were at par, he invested largely, and today possesses a comfortable fortune. In the course of our conversation I asked him what he considered the greatest invention of the age.

"Step into my library, and I will let you answer the question yourself," he replied.

Seating himself at his desk, on which were two small machines, he turned a switch, which emitted a bright flash.

In a few minutes he said: "Here is a message I have just received from Kimberley, in answer to one sent: 'The outlook for diamond miners is fair; wages excellent, living high, weather good. Edward Smith, Superintendent of Mines.'"

Again he sent a message into space, and soon read the following reply: "Sanduskie College, Smyrna, Sept. 3, 1917. In answer to wireless just received, would say, cannot accept any more students this year; obliged to turn many away. George Young, Ph. D., Principal.

Almost before I understood what my friend was doing he read from a printed tape as if rolled out of the machine: "Office of the Herald, Bankok, Siam, Sept. 3, 1917. Our paper is growing very fast; its circulation is now nearly one million."

These reports, coming over thousands of miles of land and water, seemed to me like fairy tales, so I decided to test the accuracy of wireless for myself. Taking a sheet of paper I wrote the following, and asked Mr. Paine to send it: "To Jack Ridgeway, Steamer Lusitania, bound for Plymouth, England. Did you leave any of your possessions at my home when you left for the boat on August 30 last? Reply. William Stone, Prospect Hill." In ten minutes I heard a clicking, and was told to read the message as it came from the machine. "To William Stone, Prospect Hill. Wireless received. Left at your house Aug. 30th last dress-suit case with initials J. R. printed on one end. Keep the same until my return. Jack Ridgeway."

I looked at my friend, who was smiling quietly; then I answered his unspoken question. "Yes, I am convinced," I replied.

N. A. T., '09.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MATCH-BOX

I tell a story of the strange experience of an old friend of mine of whose truthfulness there is absolutely no question. And this is the way he told it.

I had been working very hard all winter, and for a needed rest I determined to visit my old friend Dr. B—— at Washington. He welcomed me with his old school cordiality and put me entirely at my ease by his hearty good nature.

During my stay at his hospitable home he presented me, one evening shortly before my departure, with a match-box of silver, simply carved, and all the more attractive because of its simplicity. It was, therefore, with all the more regret that, when unpacking my valise on my return home, I found it had disappeared.

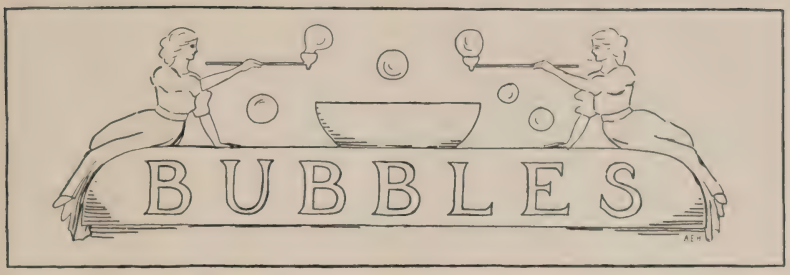
My loss, however, was soon forgotten during the following two years of busy life. But I was destined to hear more of my match-box.

The second winter after my loss found me on the Arabic, bound for the Mediterranean and the Land of the Nile.

We disembarked at Alexandria and had a beautiful sail up the Nile, on our return stopping at interesting old Cairo. I spent my mornings in walking about among the crumbling ruins, and usually before coming back to the hotel for dinner, sat down to rest in a palm garden nearly opposite my windows.

On that memorable fifth of January I found myself in the palm garden as usual, seated on a rustic bench talking to a friend; while beside me the jewelled spray of a sculptured fountain played on the lotus leaves about it. Suddenly we saw approaching us a swarthy figure in long flowing white robes and heavy turban also of snowy white. He advanced to me holding out a glittering object, saying, "This belongs to you, Sahib!"

Upon examining the object I was amazed to find it was the match-box which I had lost two years before in Washington. When I looked up in bewilderment the bearer had vanished, and I searched for him the whole day without success. The friends to whom I told the story say that such an occurrence is not at all strange in Egypt. Yet from that day to this, the recovery of my match-box has remained a mystery." C. S.



T-K. is evidently growing sentimental. Why, he says that he hunts "dears" in Maine every summer.

K-T. in II Latin A: "She spoke with her eyes." More fussing—?

A certain history teacher announced to her Roman History class that the dates of the first two Punic wars might be easily remembered, since the first lasted 23 years, and the second began 23 years later.

Mr. Snow delighted his Greek class the other day with the information that in Greece a school was "a place of leisure;" and he seemed surprised when one of his pupils answered that the B. H. S. couldn't have been modelled after the pattern of a Greek school.

Pupil: "The square route of 144 is 12."

Miss F.: "And when you go to New York it is by the Fall River root, I suppose!"

Miss ——, vainly trying to bring to the mind of a puzzled girl the name of the island Lade pronounced with two syllables, said encouragingly: "It 's what you will be when you grow up."

Student, brightening: "Lunatic."

L-h-ger, in I Greek: "Just so there is a firm mind in his breast." A new kind of Anatomy!

Miss Frye, trying to induce her English class to write for the Sagamore: "I think that none of you has ever

had any great anxiety or overwhelming sorrow, so I won't ask you to write on any such subject. And I hope—I trust—that none of you has ever fallen deeply in love; therefore I must ask you not to attempt to write stories of the great passion!

Miss Frye is evidently not well acquainted with the state of a Sophomore's heart.

Overheard in a Senior Geometry class: "When the centre of the circle is in the circumference." Poor Mr. Case.

A certain Freshman gives the location of a scene as Lucknow, Egypt.

Miss Adams: "Driscoll, if you do not keep still I will throw a book at you."

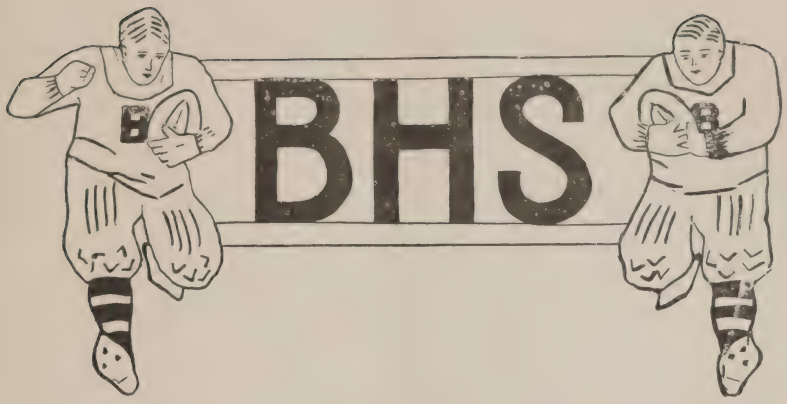
Look out, Jumbo!

R - - d thought he 'd press his suit. C - - l - y suggests that he'd better call up Miss T - ck - r.

Extract from a composition—"Actors are usually egged on by ambition, and off by the audience."

Overheard in a Latin Class—"With the trunk of a tall pine tree he steadied his foot-steps which he held in his hand."

Marble, translating—"They looked ahead with their eyes cast down."



B. H. S. vs. POMFRET

On Oct. 23, the Brookline squad journeyed to Pomfret to contend with the football team of that school. Within three minutes after the game had begun, Pomfret scored a touchdown, and before the half ended a second one was added. The second half was much like the first, Pomfret getting another touchdown and kicking the goal. The final score was 16 to 0 in Pomfret's favor.

B. H. S. vs. WALTHAM HIGH SCHOOL

Alas for Brookline when she met Waltham's team, which is considered one of the best, this year, of Greater Boston. The game was played at Waltham Nov. 7. Leary and Wright, two Waltham men, made the two star plays of the game. The former, after catching a punt, evaded the whole Brookline team and ran 20 yards for a touchdown. The latter, getting the ball on a fumble, ran 40 yards but was tackled by Cady on the three yard line. Cady and Carr both did well for Brookline, but the team as a whole was outplayed. The game ended with the score 36 to 0 in Waltham's favor.

First League Game

B. H. S. vs. NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

On Nov. 15, at the Cedar street grounds, Brookline played her first league game of the season. The game started with a

long kick almost to Newton's goal line. Then, with great confidence, Newton began to rush the ball up the field. To their discomfiture however, they were held after a couple of downs and forced to punt. Daniels, although he fumbled, recovered the ball and made a good run. Shortly after, the ball was given to Cady, who avoided all his opponents and carried it over the goal. Alas! he had stepped outside and back it had to go. Then Brookline began in good earnest and with line rushes, brought the ball to Newton's 1-4 yard line. Awaking to their danger, the Newton players braced up and got the ball on a fumble. They then punted out of danger and the half ended with the score 0 to 0.

In the second half Newton settled down to business in the traditional way. Getting the ball on the 30 yard line, Chandler kicked a goal from placement. At this, the first score of the game, Brookline seemed to get downhearted. Driscoll failed to make good passes and several punts were blocked. In consequence Newton gained a touchdown but failed to kick the goal. After another kick off, a Newton man got the ball and made a long run towards Brookline's goal; he was caught at last on the 10 yard line. Brookline then got the ball, but again a punt was blocked and the "pigskin" bounded behind our goal. Worst of all, a Newton player fell on it, making a touchdown. The game ended with the score 15 to 0 in Newton's favor. The line-up:

BROOKLINE		NEWTON
Emerson	right end	(Marshall) Gallagher
Willetts	right tackle	Whittlesey
Pogue	right guard	Van Tassell
Driscoll	centre	(Hill) Slocum
Gallert	left guard	Delano
Carr	left tackle	Paul
Johnson (Reynolds)	left end	Barrows
Sutherland	quarterback	Donahue
Cady	right half-back	O'Neil
Daniels	left half-back	(Walling) Allen
Kellogg	full-back	Chandler

Touchdowns—Chandler, Paul. Goal from touchdown—Chandler. Goal from field—Chandler. Umpire—A. J. Woodlock. Referee—Martin. Field judge—Gutterson. Linesmen—Turner and Floyd. Time, 20 minute halves.

Second League Game

B. H. S. vs. CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL

This was the final league game and with the loss of it Brookline has last place in the league. The game was a peculiar, but creditable one for both teams. Peculiar because all the scoring was made on kicks from the field. The game was played Nov. 22, on Volkman Field, Allston, just after Roxbury Latin had defeated Volkman.

Brookline kicked off and shortly after got the ball on downs. They rushed the ball to the 3 yard line, but were held there. After receiving the punt and trying a couple of line bucks, Cady was called back and made a very pretty goal from placement. This counted 4 points for Brookline and there was no more scoring for the rest of the half.

In the second half Cambridge braced up. After an interchange of punts, C. L. S. found an opportunity and also kicked a goal from placement, making the score 4 to 4. Just after another kick off, a Cambridge player went through the whole team and had a clear field in front of him, but thanks to Daniels' speed, he did not get a touchdown. It then began to get dark and looked as if the game was to be a tie, but not so. Cambridge got the ball some 25 yards from the goal line and made a drop kick from the field. This practically ended the game. Brookline was defeated 8 to 4. The line-up.

Brookline		Cambridge
Emerson	right end	Huling
Willetts	right tackle	Burgess
Pogue	right guard	Coleman
Driscoll	centre	Robbins
Gallert	left guard	Simpson
Carr	left tackle	O'Connor
Johnson	left end	Douglass
Mason	quarterback	Coon (Daly)
Cady	right half-back	Graustein
Daniels	left half-back	Peterson (Reeves)
Kellogg	full back	Volk

Goals from field—Cady, Volk, Coon. Umpire—Woodlock. Referee—Martin. Field judge—Gutterson. Linesmen—Elliott and Little. Timer—Healy. Time, 20 minute halves.

What an "Old Grad" Says

An "old grad" of the B. H. S. in telling of the foot-ball heroes of his time says: "Why, we beat every time, so that after three years of victory not an eleven would play us,—I had to go and play on the Boston Latin Team in my last year at school,—and that was one of the teams we Brookliners had whipped. We fellows didn't have a $250,000 gymnasium, you bet. All we had was a pair of parallel bars down in the cellar of the old schoolhouse. But we used 'em, as the splinters in our palms used to testify. Did we get sweaters? Were we carried in autos to the field of battle? I guess not! But we beat 'em every time."

A TOAST

Here's to the mighty red brick walls
With ivy thickly grown;
Here's to the school that never fails,
But ever stands alone;
Here's to the dear old red and blue,
May those colors ever win;
Here's to the crowd that can take a "D"
And bear it with a grin.
And when in future days we part,
Each man to do or die,
We'll pledge good luck and longest life
To Dear Old Brookline High!

H. P. C.

NEWS NOTES

General Edward Anderson gave a talk to the school about the Civil War on Friday morning, Nov. 15. By his vivid descriptions he made the scholars realize what war really is. He pictured the horrors of war and portrayed as well the amusing incidents which often occurred. Mr. Hitchcock expressed the universal desire of the school that General Anderson make the Memorial Day address.

On January 17th will occur the annual B. H. S. dramatics, an event always looked forward to with the greatest interest. The play selected is a translation of Schiller's "Der Neffe als Onkel", and promises to be exceptionally good this year. The rehearsals are now actively under way under the direction of the following: Coach, Carl Wetherell; Faculty Managers, Miss Spaulding and Miss Adams; Manager, Newell Thompson, '09.

On Thursday, Nov. 21st, the Debating Club held its second meeting of the year. The subject was: Resolved, that Swarthmore College should accept the $3,000,000 which has been offered with the proviso that intercollegiate athletics be abandoned. Eugene Floyd's resignation from the rhetorical committee was accepted and Richard Marble was elected to fill the position. The leaders of the affirmative were: Benjamin Roberts and Richard Lehrburger; of the negative, Frederick Barnet and Eugene Floyd. Mr. Snow, who acted as judge, considered the arguments of the affirmative the best.

The Debating Club held another meeting on Thursday, Dec. 5th. The subject was: Resolved, that the United States government should control interstate railways. Reynolds, '08, and Niccolls, '09, supported the affirmative; Marble, '08, and Feeley, '08, the negative. Dr. Roberts acted as judge and decided in favor of the affirmative.

During the month of December Mr. Edward C. Kellogg, the greatest living imitator of bird songs, gave several illustrated lectures in the different schools of Brookline.

III History A recently had a contest for the best map showing the organization of Roman possessions after the conquest of Italy. The prize, a beautiful colored picture of the Bay of Naples, was given to Katharine E. Nordell.

A recent visitor to the school was Mrs. Sanford, whose husband, Dr. Sanford, was an able and efficient member of the School Board for many years.

The captains of the Girls' Field Hockey teams are as follows: Miss Cunniff, of the First Class; Miss MacMillan, of the Second Class; Miss Page, of the Third Class; and Miss Bouvé of the Fourth Class.

Mr. Fairbanks, the new director of the Boston Art Museum, visited school last month.

Ruth Holton, '09, made the best drawing of the Junior Class for the cover of "Here and There at Tufts."

At our last fire drill the building was cleared of its 509 scholars in forty seconds.

ALUMNI NOTES

We regret that we must again chronicle the loss of one who has been a member of this school, Mrs. Margaret May Ward, B. H. S. 1895, who died suddenly at her home in Milton on the 10th of December, 1907. Margaret May was a natural leader in all the interests which have made our school what it is today. She held high rank as a student, entering Smith College with both Greek and German to her credit. She played the violin in the admirable school orchestra of her time. She wrote one of the best of the Murray-Kay prize essays, which has been published, and she found time to join in all the fun that was going. The best interests of the school were her interests. The memory that she has left us is that of a girl beautiful in body and in mind, with a resolute will, a warm heart and a fine spirit. She leaves to mourn her loss, a husband, Mr. Andrew H. Ward of Milton Academy, and four little children.

Paul R. Fanning, '04, is president of the M. I. T. Tennis Association.

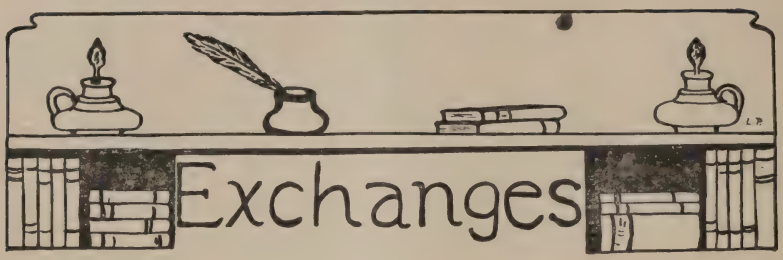
Arthur Truette '06, is president and Malcolm D. Price '06, secretary and treasurer of the B. H. S. Club at M. I. T.

Helen Slagle, '07, is proctress of her floor at Noanett House, Wellesley College. Josephine Baker and Charlotte Hudnut are at Wellesley.

Ruth Dunbar, '05, is head fire captain of the Smith College fire department.

Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin, '03, was married to Mr. Mark Mackey, a prominent yong man of Brookline.

Witter Bynner, '98, is one of the two joint authors of "Kit", the stirring playlet of western life presented at Keith's. Harold Witter Bynner was editor-in-chief of the Sagamore in '97 and '98. On entering Harvard he took honors in English and Physics and distinguished himself at the University by his work in English.



Among our exchanges this month we were glad to receive The Oracle, California; Academy Monthly, Pa.; Kero, Ohio; Panorama, N. Y.; Erasmian; Southern Workman, Va.; Crimson and Blue; Saugus Advocate; Cambridge Review; Florida Institute News; Williams Record; Trinity Tripod; Pingry Record and Radiator.

We are glad to welcome Panorama among our exchanges. From the number, very good ideas of different colleges and universities are given. The cover is very appropriate.

We like the idea of having the advertisements last as they are in the Pingry Record.

"A Fire at Sea" in the Saugus Advocate, is a vivid description and well written.

In the Southern Workman, the story, "Painted Pony Canters Softly" is very intetesting, as are also the accounts of the work done in the Institute.

The Academy Monthly—Why not add a couple more stories to your paper?

Members of the school will find some very interesting stories in the exchanges. It is well worth your time to read them. All the exchanges may be found in the box opposite the lunch counter.

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Volume 14 FEBRUARY, 1908 Number 4

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV FEBRUARY, 1908 NUMBER 4

Editorials

THE long awaited, long-desired gymnasium is at last complete, and the classes are already well under way. In an issue of the Sagamore of last year, a description was given of the magnificent building to be. The realization of this has equalled, if not exceeded, the expectations expressed. The large main gymnasium, the women's rooms, the class rooms, shower and locker rooms, have all fulfilled the description. One point, however, the Sagamore did not mention. It did not, because it could not prophesy concerning the instructors of the gymnasium. Brookline is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Mason and Miss McGrath to take charge of the work. Mr. Mason has been associated for several years with the University of Pennsylvania and has attained an extensive experience along the lines of physical instruction. Miss McGrath is a former graduate of Brookline High and has taken a course in the Normal School of Gymnastics.

WITH the completion of the gymnasium, we have here in Brookline, as fine a group of educational buildings as can be found in the country: a High School for improving the mind; a shop for training the hands; and a Gymnasium and Swimming Tank for the development of the body. But there is always a fly

in every pot of ointment. Just one little thing, a trifle perhaps, that the Sagamore thinks is lacking to make our happiness complete. In passing from the main building to the shop, it is necessary to cross part of the playground, as the time for passing is too short to allow for walking around the road. At this time of the year, however, the condition of the ground is such that walking across the campus is impossible. Consequently many arrive at recitations a few minutes late. It seems, then, that to complete our good fortune, we should have a cinder path or a plank walk connecting the two buildings. Such a path would not mar the appearance of the playground, but it would, rather, show to the outsider that these four buildings are linked together as one institution. It would also be a great convenience to those who pass several times a day from the High School to the Manual Training Building.

WE take this opportunity to thank and compliment the School upon its generous support of the Sagamore. Every class has responded with enthusiasm, and the customary appeals for material have been unnecessary. Not only stories, but even several verses, have been published, which are a credit to the poetical talent of the school. We hope that the effort may continue throughout the remainder of the year. Now it seems necessary to again remind some of the contributors to the Sagamore that the work must be handed to the editors in good form. In addition to being a great aid to the editoral staff in reading and correcting stories, clear and carefully written work is absolutely necessary to avoid errors in printing. All work must be done on large white paper, written in ink and on one side of the sheet only. Work written in pencil cannot be accepted. The time of the editors is too valuable to waste in deciphering some of the illegible "scrawls" which are handed in for stories. Another thing: the time when stories are due. The corrected manuscript is put in the hands of the printer on the fifteenth of every month. Therefore work received after the tenth cannot be printed in the next month's issue.

Many are wont to regulate the time of their contributions by the time the magazine appears. They forget that it must be printed, bound and delivered, and that in these operations one half of a month is consumed. And so, if those who are going to write for the paper would bear these few suggestions in mind, they would greatly assist the board and also obtain a better paper.

STANTON SLOCUM, '11, has been chosen to fill the position of reporter, left vacant by Clarence Shepard, who left school in January. We are sorry to lose Shepard and feel that the readers of the Sagamore will miss his breezy stories of sea life.

THE article published in the last issue, written by an "Old Grad," has aroused a good deal of comment, both favorable and adverse. From the many letters received regarding this article, we have selected the following two for publication, as they express two varying opinions in the matter and bring forward both sides of the question.

THE EDITOR OF THE SAGAMORE;

Dear Sir:—I read with much interest an article published in the January issue by "An Old Grad," but in my opinion it was entirely uncalled for. What any team needs is the co-operation and friendly criticism of the alumni; not such an adverse criticism. The alumni should be the first body to support the team; if not, who will?

The "Old Grad" says: "We fellows didn't have a $250,000 gymnasium;" but, it must be remembered, we have not used this yet, and doubt if its managers will give its use to foot-ball. We

have also "a pair of parallel bars", on which he lays so much stress, but we did not realize before that parallel bars form a very important factor in the game of football. "Old Grad" further says that they did not get sweaters, neither were they carried to the field of battle in automobiles. Some of this year's team did not get sweaters either, and we did not realize that we committed a sin in riding to the game in autos.

There is no disgrace in defeat, and the "Old Grad" could have encouraged us by admiring the spirit—good, sportsmanlike spirit—with which we met defeat rather than commenting on our luxurious ways. If the Sagamore is published in the "interests of the Brookline High School" as the January cover informs us, it should never have published such an uncalled for article.

A member of the B. H. S. Foot-ball Team of 1907.

EDITOR OF THE SAGAMORE;

Dear Sir:—I noted in your issue for January a letter from "Old Grad" in which he points out the advantages we possess which they did not have in his time, and yet the teams of other days obtained victories. It seems to me his position is a good one. The operating expenses of our athletics have greatly increased, and good business principles demand results. What have we to show for it?

The school provides a paid coach of far greater skill than we ourselves could procure, and every other incentive is offered, and yet we look in vain for the victories. The new gym., our coach, and all the other advantages, put the boys under an obligation to improve their athletics; but do we do this? In business, if a man lays out capital he must increase his earning capacity in order to make money; and in like manner we of the High School must improve our athletics to "make good" on all this capital that has been expended. Let us all work together to this end and show the "Old Grad" that greater advantages bring corresponding results.

A Subscriber.

A HOLD-UP

The train pulled out of Lincoln with great puffing and blowing off of steam. Lincoln was the last station before the great Western Plains, which stretched some ninety miles before us. The train itself was bound for Chicago. Three men had got on at this station and as the only vacant seats in the car were directly in front of me, it was to these that the three came. It was growing dark outside and as I had finished my book I lay back on the seat gazing dreamily around the car. As most of the passengers were asleep, or busily reading, my attention fell naturally on the new passengers.

They were ordinary looking, evidently traveling men, for they carried a large suit case between them. At first they seemed inclined to silence and to observing their companions, but as we left the outskirts of the town all three bent eagerly forward and talked in whispers. I really do not know why I was attracted—or rather suspicious of them—any three men might consult in like manner—but for some unknown reason I strained every nerve and muscle to catch some word of their conversation. In this I failed.

During this consultation one of the three men turned and looked me squarely in the face, then let his eye rest on a diamond brooch at my neck. The pin was one of my mother's and consisted of three diamonds set in black enamel. Instantly my mind wandered to thoughts of robbery! I remembered our situation—on the wide plains. But it really couldn't be that these men—no, of course not—and yet! I looked at them again ; they still talked earnestly together. Why not warn the conductor? Warn him of what? What proof had I of mischief? Then I recalled the three hundred dollars tucked away in the corner of my suit case. Carefully, under pretext of getting a handkerchief I opened my case, got my money, closed it again and slipped the roll of bills into a torn place on the seat. From accounts of robberies I had read, bags and the like were most generally searched. When I looked up, I found to my horror, all three men staring at me! I felt myself lost—my plot was discovered and I closed

my eyes to wait; not very long, however, for suddenly I felt a firm grasp on my arm and, opening my eyes, I looked into the round barrel of a revolver. The other two men had disappeared. I immediately screamed! Instantly a dozen sleepy heads rose above the backs of the seat and stared in my direction. The grasp on my arm loosened but the man betrayed no annoyance. He simply rose, pulled another pistol from his pocket and leveled it at the other passengers. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I beg you not to move. It might cause a little disturbance, you know."

A hold up! My heart beat fast! But why his special attention to me? He spoke again. "I am very sorry to disturb you and in this unceremonious way, but it so happens that there is on board this train a woman in whose possession is some five thousand dollars, stolen from the Saint James National Bank of Denver. I and my two friends are chiefs of police. From descriptions given, this woman here (pointing at me) is the one looked for. If it proves otherwise every person in this car will be searched and held under arrest. My two friends guard the doors. One movement on the part of any of you will cause disaster! I advise you to be quiet!"

Well, it took some time to convince him that I was not guilty and to explain the reason of my unusual behavior. Then I demanded an explanation for the benefit of the rest of the passengers. In this he at once acquiesced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it seems that this women is not guilty and that we must search further but I warn you, any resistance on your part will result in disaster. I shall"—

Just then a woman in the front of the car cried "Help, help, water! A woman has fainted!"

Instantly he with the gun shouted, "Keep your seats or I fire!" and the excited passengers crouched far back into the corner of their seats. Then the man moved swiftly to the side of the fainting woman and looked her keenly in the face.

"Um! Dead!" he muttered. "Suit case most likely!" In

less time than it takes to tell he had eagerly searched the unknown's suit case and pulled from out the lining, bank notes and bills to the amount of four thousand and a few odd dollars. The rest had evidently been spent.

After the excitement had died down somebody leaned forward and asked the officer: "And her death?"

"Heart failure, heart failure! Don't you know?" explained the officer briefly. Those of us, though, who saw the little green vial in his closed hand knew better.

As for myself, I pulled my roll of bills from their hiding place and tucked them back again in my bag. But my heart was heavy when I thought of the result of one night's hold-up on a through express.

M. C. P. '09.

A JOURNEY AROUND OUR SCHOOL

II. IN THE SHOP

"The Shop!" What associations linger round that name, at least to us boys. To some it may have been a place of drudgery, that is at the beginning of the work. To others it was a delight. Do we not all remember the first hour spent in the shop? Do we not recall with what agony we tried to plane that very straight edge? Does not each one of us recollect how we tried, and vainly tried to square an end? But taken as a whole, the boys soon realized what a vast amount of good the shop was doing them. And as for the girls! Lately there has been introduced a new department into the Manual Training course. We boys often overhear such mysterious phrases as, "What a love of a hat!" "Isn't that polka-dot too sweet?" By such expressions we learn that the millinery and needlework department is fully appreciated, though it will always remain something of an undiscovered country to us.

But I was ignorant, until told by Mr. Hutchinson, of the scope of work afforded by the shop. The first year the pupils take up joinery and the study of various woods; the selection of woods best adapted to special uses, with methods of staining, fitting and finishing. Wood-turning, pattern and foundry work is the prescribed course for the second year.

The whole of the third year is devoted to forging; welding and steel work being introduced toward the last of the year. During the fourth and last year, the boys are taught machine-shop practice. This is indeed an interesting course; tools being made for the shop and apparatus for the physical laboratory. A course in mechanical drawing is carried on throughout the first three years in connection with the shop-work. By this course the boys learn the close connection between mechanical drawing and shopwork in general; they are made to think, and they get ideas which could never be obtained in any other way.

My own experience in the forge-room was of great value to

me. The fire in a blacksmith's shop had always attracted me. Many times I have stood at the open door and watched the flickering fire light up the gloomy rafters and play upon the faces of the smiths until they looked like some unknown creatures.

But to build a forge-fire! That was another question. The first time I tried marked an era in my life. Donning the regulation leather apron, I made with my hands a hole in the middle of the forge, carefully sorting out the coke; placed a bunch of shavings in the hole, lighted them, and piled quickly my coke upon the flame. The fire gleamed, burned, brightened the whole room. I was proud of it. But pride always has its awful fall. Alas, I had forgotten the draught. Suddenly from somewhere, I couldn't see where, a blast of cold air struck my ambitious fire. Presto! It was gone. There was nothing for me to do but try again. Hastily I rebuilt my fire, piling on shovelful after shovelful of coal. It smoked, it wouldn't burn, it would spit blue flames. I thought I had regulated the draught properly, but evidently I had not, for the thing blew up, throwing coal all over the room.

Soon I learned the rudiments and fell to work with a will. During the course of the year I made tools, brackets and many kinds of hooks. Your success in this course, I found, depends alone upon you. You must be quick, your eye and hand well trained and judgment good. In fact, the lessons learned at the forge do more towards the general development of a boy than any other course in Manual Training.

This year a new department has been added to the course which makes the Manual Training work more popular than ever. Copperwork, in spite of the fact that it is done exclusively by hand, is high in favor; for this year Mr. Miller has outlined an interesting course, which, simple in the beginning, grows more and more complex. At the first of the year, the pupils begin by making a shallow tray; then they try their hand at a bowl, a paper-cutter, a napkin-ring, and finally an enamelled round box, demanding greater skill than all the rest. Here, again, we notice the close connection between different departments of the school; the de-

signs for these articles being made in the art room and then worked out in the shop. Passing by this room one day, I saw many pupils busily hammering and sawing different shaped pieces of copper. Here a boy was working intently on a brass paper-cutter, carefully sawing out a design for the handle, while at the next bench I saw a girl busily engaged in making a watch-fob. Examining this work, I could easily see that it was well and beautifully done. Altogether, in the Manual Training Building one can see a good example of the theory that the hand, mind and eye should be and can be under proper instruction developed in unison.

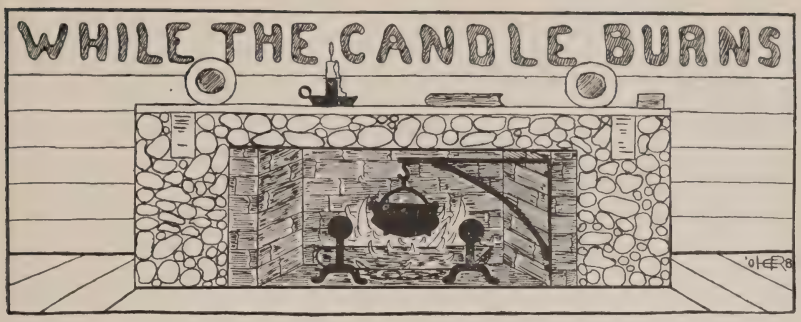
AT NIGHT

Above, the sky; below, the lake;
Dark joining each to each
Black silhouettes of distant shores,
Low stretching, reach on reach.

The only light the silver stars
Set in the sky's dull gray,
Their faint reflections flickering cast
Along the darker way.

The gentle swish of lapping waves
That touch the boat's smooth side;
And that is all; but yet, indeed,
What can one want beside?

ANNA EVELETH HOLMAN, '09.



HOW I WENT FISHING

Perhaps there is no period in a schoolboy's life when he feels so exuberant and happy as when he is about to retire on a Friday night, and looking out of his bedroom window sees the heavens glowing with myriads of stars and every prospect of a fair Saturday.

On such a night late in June some ten years ago, I was experiencing this feeling of happiness in full measure; for not only was the next day a Saturday, but it marked the beginning of the long summer holiday.

Of course, a country boy's duty is to work on the farm on Saturday, which detracts somewhat from the anticipated pleasure; but this holiday I had resolved to make an exception to the rule of work, and had even gone so far as to make an appointment with Jimmy Grant to meet him at four A.M. in front of Deacon Snow's barn.

As you can infer from the title, the object of our early morning meeting was a fishing expedition. The pond agreed upon was some five miles away from our village, which accounts for the earliness of our proposed start. The problem of awaking on time was of course a serious consideration. An alarm clock was undoubtedly out of the question, and after thinking the matter over for the greater part of an hour after I had gone to bed, I

gave it up in disgust and decided that I must rely on Fortune to wake me up at the appointed time. Soon after I reached this conclusion I fell fast asleep, and when next I opened my eyes and blinked toward the old-fashioned clock standing on the table beside my bed, incredible as it may seem, I could dimly see that the hands were pointing to half past three. I had purposely gone to bed early, and now when I stealthily began to pull on my clothes, I felt completely rested and nerved for the difficult ordeal I now had to face,— that of getting undiscovered out of the house. In about three minutes I was dressed, and seizing a shoe in each hand, I crept noiselessly out of my room into the hall, and my perilous journey had commenced. As luck would have it, my father's door was slightly ajar, and scarcely daring to breathe, I passed stealthily in front of it to the head of the back stairs. Just as I had reached this point and was congratulating myself on the success with which I had achieved the first stage of my journey, my father suddenly groaned aloud in his sleep. I believe for a minute my heart veritably stood still, and I began to tremble so violently that my left hand relaxed for an instant its grip on my shoe, which fell to the floor with a bang. I stood breathless about a minute, expecting to hear my father's voice calling out to know, "What in the divil I was making such a racket for"; but good fortune again favored me, and hearing no further sound from father's room, I started down the stairs. I am quite confident that no other country staircase, no matter how old, could possibly produce such creaks and cracks as ours did that morning, but I accomplished the descent without any alarm being given, and then I knew that the worst part of my journey was over and the rest would be clear sailing.

I had collected about twenty-five worms for bait the afternoon before, and had put them in an old jelly tumbler on the window-sill. I secured this tumbler, unlocked the back door, and was about to step outside to freedom, when my attention was sharply arrested by an ominous growl behind my back. I turned about to see the unfeeling face of the new bull dog, which father had brought home only last night, staring at me in a suspicious manner. I

had entirely left him out of my calculations, and his sudden appearance so unnerved me that I dropped my tumbler of worms, which broke with a crash on the floor. This apparently acted as a signal for the dog, as the next instant he made a rush at my legs with his jaws extended. I managed to evade him and ran at full speed into the parlor, where the dog and I commenced an exciting game of tag around the centre table. I vainly endeavored to calm his aroused temper by such affectionate expressions as "Nice old puppy" and "That's a good boy"; but it only served to irritate him. While making a sharp turn around one end of the table, I came into contact with the lampshade, which tumbled from its perch square upon my adversary's head, where it broke with a crash that could be heard, it seemed to me, fully a mile away.

By this time my feelings in regard to father's getting up had undergone a complete change, and at the top of my lungs I began to implore his help. In about half a minute he appeared at the parlor door. My friend the dog was quickly subdued; and I instead of passing pleasant hours on a summer lake, happy in the serene occupation of fishing, spent twenty-four torturing hours of my holiday in bed. E. S. S., '10.

A WINTER FESTIVAL

Almost all night the wind had been whistling around the corners and rattling the sleet against the window-panes. Upon looking out of the window, a white blanket covered the ground, the roofs and the trees, and a whirling cloud of snow-flakes filled the air. Quarter of eight! Listen: "One, two; one, two. It was the signal for no school. Certainly this was a festive day for the younger part of Brookline's population.

Some time after, about a thousand miles from Brookline, I woke up to look out on a little group of islands called Bermuda. There was a warm, pleasant breeze blowing in through the open window. I quickly got up, dressed, and walked out upon the balcony. The sun was pretty well up in the heavens. It was a perfect summer day. A summer day, did I say? Perhaps that would depend on what one calls summer. To be definite, it was the ninth of February. This was the day of the greatest cricket match of the season—that between the teams Philadelphia and Bermuda.

At breakfast, everyone was enthusiastic over the match, and the prospects of the respective teams. We started for the grounds shortly after, as the match was to begin at 9.30. We passed whole fields of lilies in full bloom, orchards of orange and lemon trees with their pink blossoms, and long hedges of oleanders. Ever and anon a little white cottage, made of the native sandstone, nestled in the shade of large magogany and rubber trees. The field itself seemed natural, in that it was surrounded by a high fence, through which no eyes, however keen, could penetrate. Inside was a wide, smooth greensward, enclosed on two sides by bleachers, and on a third by a little white club-house and its terraces. Already many spectators had arrived, every one in light colored clothes, and many of the ladies with bright parasols. At one side was the band, a goodly sight in their brilliant scarlet coats.

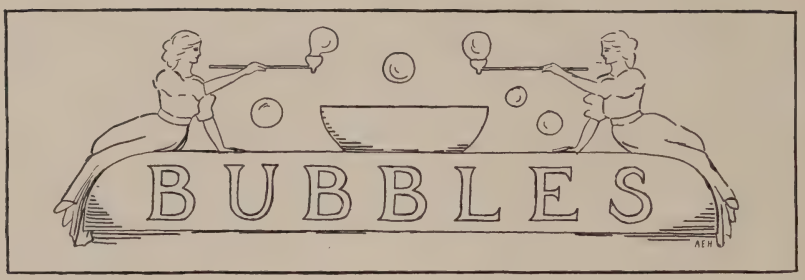
Presently the players appeared on the field, all in white. I myself knew nothing of the game of cricket, but fortunately the

score-board, and my neighbors, were of great assistance. There were eleven players to a team, and the game was divided into innings, as in baseball, first one side being at the bat, and then the other. Two wickets, about nine yards apart, with short pieces laid across the tops, a bat and ball constituted the necessary apparatus. The bowler, standing near one wicket, bowled the ball at the opposite wicket. If the batsman stationed there hit the ball, he ran to the wicket opposite him; every change counted a run.

The game began. The bowler rushed forward a few steps and hurled the ball at the feet of the batter. He hit it, apparently a foul, but not so. He ran back and forth between the two wickets several times, scoring as many runs. The game seemed to progress in this way more or less regularly, but the Bermudians did the more running. The first period finished with the score 40 to 15, in Bermuda's favor. What a disappointment to the hopes of the Americans!

I was much amused during the intermission by a little patriot near by. She was decked out in a red hat, a blue coat and a white dress. The crown of her hat was surrounded by American flags and an eagle was pinned on the front of it. Suddenly, much to her mother's discomfiture, she began to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" at the top of her voice and then changed to "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This seemed to be her repertoire, and she received hearty applause at the end.

The second half began; and this time the Philadelphians woke up. They did most of the running, and the score board seemed more even. It was the Americans' turn to clap and cheer, and we did so with a will when the game ended with the score of 98 to 95 in Philadelphia's favor. The red-coated band struck up the tune of "God Save the King." Immediately, there was a medley of the two national hymns, and the whole crowd left the field, some singing "God Save the King" and some "My Country, 'tis of Thee." What a contrast this warm, sunny festival of the tropics to the cold, bleak holiday of the North!



In III French! "The fur of the leopard is prettier than the fur of the serpent." (Talk about nature fakers!) When the corrected exercise which contained the above sentence was returned, Miss Miller announced that "the fur of the leopard showed lack of study!

Another—"When my mother returns we shall have the slippers, naughty children!"

Cady announced to the seniors assembled in a I class meeting that he had Miss Page's hand.

NOTICE! A pupil of IV English F is about to publish a geography. Information of all sorts will be found in this novel book. He is eminently qualified, for did he not lately announce a fact that was never before known—that the action of the "Lay of the last Minstrel," took place in Lucknow, Egypt?

Teacher—"Why weren't there four witches in Macbeth?" Pupil—"Because there were only three of them, anyway." Good reason.

Pupil, translating—"They had been married only two weeks." Somebody says something and the class laughs.

The room adjoining the Art Room has been fitted up attractively by the addition of new desks, which were found necessary for the large art classes. These desks on their arrival were mistaken for refreshment tables for the Dramatics by the Freshmen.

II German B. Miss Adams—"In the sentence 'he hit the bird,' use treffen."

Pupil—"Can't we use schlagen?"

Miss Adams—"No, if you used schlagen there wouldn't be any bird left."

Marble has fabricated a new word — "rebegin."

Miss C. translating "The harbour was full of people."

Teacher — Well, they must have been wet!"

Upon being asked for a joke, Miss T. innocently affirmed that she was one.

Anxious teacher — "Why was it that Lady Macbeth failed in her plans?"

Pupil (sotto voce) — "Because she was a woman."

Hammer, in III German A, translated "I gave her a kiss" by "I gave her a cake."

Query — What is the difference? or which is sweeter?

ATHLETICS

BASKET-BALL

B. H. S. vs. BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL

On January 7th, Brookline suffered defeat at the hands of the Boston College. This was the first game since the new arrangement of the gymnasium, and though it was a great advantage to the spectators, it did not seem to tell in Brookline's favor. Boston College showed better team-work and played a faster game. Bouve played well for Brookline, doing all the scoring, while Guthrie and Dawson did the best work for Boston. The score was 19 to 6 in Boston College's favor.

BROOKLINE		BOSTON COLLEGE
Kenrick	left-forward	Heath
Bouve	right-forward	Sweeney
Gallert	center	Guthrie
Reynolds	left guard	Dawson
McGrath	right guard	Wollen

Score—B. C. H. S., 19, B. H. S., 6. Referee, Wessner. Umpire, Daniels. Timer, O'Hearn. Time, 15 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

Another defeat was handed Brookline by Winchester on Jan. 15. The visiting team has the reputation of being unusually good this year and they certainly showed the truth of it. They won 27 to 5. It is needless to say that from the start Brookline did not stand a show. The opposing team showed better and faster team-work and more accuracy in throwing goals. Brookline's 5 goals were all made by Bouve on free throws.

BROOKLINE		WINCHESTER
Bouve	right-forward	Welch
Kenrick	left-forward	Collins
Reynolds (Hawkins)	center	Dover
Gallert (O'Hearn)	right guard	Thompson
McGrath	left guard	Sharon

Score—W. H. S., 27, B. H. S., 5. Referee, Daniels. Umpire, Mobbs. Timer, Greenwood. Time, two 20 minute halves.

HOCKEY

B. H. S. vs. EVERETT HIGH SCHOOL

Brookline played her second game this season with Everett High on Hammond's Pond, beating her rival by a score of 4 to 1. The ice was in good condition but both teams showed lack of practice. Boyd shot the first goal for Brookline but Brickley evened up the score by a goal for Everett a few moments later. After that Brookline played all around her opponents, getting 3 more goals in the second half. Boyd and Slocum played the best for Brookline while Brickley and Rosenthall put up the best game for Everett.

BROOKLINE	EVERETT
Boyd, l e	Norris, r e
Cayton, l c	Brickley, r c
Howe, r c	Ridpath, l c
Mason, r e	Rosenthall, l e
Slocum, c p	Lansing, c p
Collins, p	Sterling, p
Brown, g	Foster, g

Goals—Boyd (2), Mason, Slocum, Brickley. Referee, Hann. Timer, Kellog. Goal judge, Laundry and W. Howe.

B. H. S. vs. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

On January 7th at Arlington, Brookline was again beaten on the ice by Arlington High. The home team played a faster game and from the start left no doubt as to the outcome. They won 5 to 0, adding another victory to their unbroken series. Slocum and Cady played a good game for Brookline and Clifford excelled for the winners, making three out of the five goals.

BROOKLINE	ARLINGTON
Mason, r e	Clifford, l e
Caton, r c	Sloane, l c
Cady, l c	Murray, r c
Boyd, l e	Churchill, (Smart), r e
Slocum, c p	Bullard, c p
Collins, p	Pierce, p
Brown, g	Dunbar, g

Score—A. H. S. 5, B. H. S. 0. Referee, Skilton. Umpire, H. Howe. Timer Rolfe. Time, 15 minute halves.

FIRST LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. vs. CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

In the first league game, in fact, the first hockey game of the season, Brookline was defeated 4 to 0 by Cambridge Latin. The game was played Jan. 3, on a little pond in Arlington. It was, perhaps, owing to Brookline's lack of practice, that Cambridge won so easily. Brookline's play was almost entirely defensive. In consequence, Cambridge's goal was never in danger. Within three minutes after the game began, C. L. S. scored. But for Slocum's fast work at cover-point, the score would probably have been larger. One slight incident occured to dampen the ardor of the team, when Howe fell and slid off the ice into the water. He was not seriously injured however. Cambridge had almost the same team as last year and won by better playing.

BROOKLINE	CAMBRIDGE
Rogers, l e	Close, r e
Mason, l c	Reeves, r c
Howe, r c	Goodale, l c
Boyd, r e	Hursh, l e
Slocum, c p	Blackall, c p
Collins, p	Cunningham, p
Niccolls, g	Robbins, g

Score—C. L. S. 4, B. H. S. 0. Referee, Clifford. Timers, Lanman and Falon. Time, 15 minute halves.

NEWS NOTES

On Thursday, Dec. 17, the Debating Club held a very successful meeting. The subject for debate was, Resolved That President Roosevelt, if nominated, should accept a third term. For the affirmative were Kellogg and Wilson, while Gallert and Rudolph upheld the negative. The debate from the floor developed into a three cornered battle between Faxon, Lehrburger and Floyd. The debate was carried on in a spirited manner, which kept the audience alert. Mr. Packard, who was judge for the afternoon, after summing up the arguments for both sides, decided in favor of the negative, and the house upheld his decision.

On January 14, 1908, we were honored by a visit from the Head Mistress of a high school in Manchester, England.

Mr. Hitchcock has continued our Friday morning talks. Mr. Nissen's talk on his thirty-three years' experience teaching Swedish gymnastics was interesting and humorous. We hope we shall hear from him again.

Rev. O. P. Gifford of the Baptist Church gave the school a very much appreciated talk on January 10th.

The cover design of the Sagamore was done by Miss Alfreda Brennan, '09.

Before a record breaking assembly, Walter Cady and Mattson met Faxon and Kittredge in a spirited debate. The subject for debate was; Resolved: That the attitude of the present administration towards the corporations is unjustifiable. Mr. Colton was the appointed judge, and having compared the points of both sides he decided in favor of Cady and Mattson of the affirmative.

Evelyn Aldrich, B. H. S. '06, participated in a play given at Wellesley College.

Our new Gymnasium is open at last! Thursday evening all ablaze with its many lights and thronged by countless prominent

citizens of Brookline, the three days' inspection by the public came to an end. The great main hall was brilliantly illuminated, and with its most attractive apparatus made one and all desirous of beginning training at once. In short, nothing but words of praise are heard of this magnificent and complete structure.

A very beautiful and interesting book has been presented to the High School by Edwin Morey '05. The cover design by Ruth Holton, B. H. S. '09, bears the title "Here and there at Tufts" and is dedicated in grateful remembrance to Prof. Wm. Rollins Shepman of Tufts College. This book is beautifully illustrated by nearly a hundred photographs of the buildings and scenes of college life. It also includes many photographs of the professors and gives a history of the institution and explains at length the various departments.

Besides giving a history in brief of the college, this volume takes up athletics from the spring of 1865 to the present year, and tells the foundations of all the different sports.

The college fraternities are also mentioned and the pictures of their respective houses are given. Then there is the Medical School, the Glee and Mandolin clubs, pictures of the class days and the school band. In fact this little book is complete in every detail, and we should all be very grateful to Edwin Morey for his kindness in presenting it to us, and very proud that one of our own graduates was instrumental in giving to the world, and particularly to the Tufts College world, such an interesting and valuable publication.

ALUMNI NOTES

Members of the class of 1907 may secure class pictures at Jordan's Studio, 288 Boylston street, Boston (near entrance to Subway).

The Brookline High School Club of Harvard University recently elected the following officers: President, Carl Wetherell, '04; Vice President, Ray Potter, '05; Secretary-Treasurer, Ralph Marshall, '06. Reception Committee, Ray Potter, Richard Floyd, Charles Hann. The club has 46 members.

A B. H. S. Club was formed last year at Tech., and one may be founded at Dartmouth.

A reunion of the class of 1904 was held Dec. 27th at Minna Hirshberg's. Thirty-four were present.

Treadwell, '06, is captain of the Amherst Freshman Indoor Track Team.

Ray Potter, '05, was in one of the Harvard musical clubs on their recent western trip.

Miss Edith Kellog, '00, has gone to El Paso, Texas, for the winter.

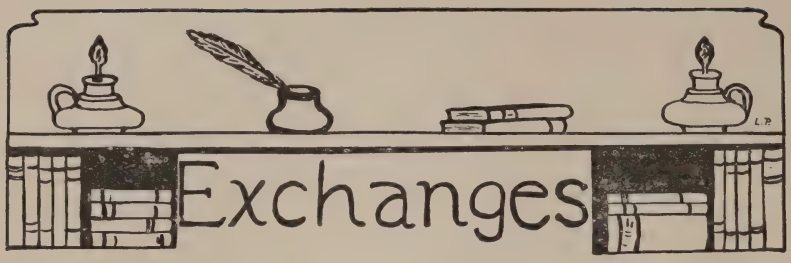
Austin Rice, '05, recently passed through town en route for New Hampshire. He is going to manage a poultry farm.

Emile H. Erhard, '05, is making good on the crack Dartmouth Hockey Team. He played point on Dartmouth's last year's team.

Eugene Brown, '08, is playing right guard on the Andover basket-ball team.

Carlyle, '04, played on the senior basket-ball team which won the class Harvard championship.

Clarence Britten, '06, has recently married Miss Arabel Smith.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges and hope they may continue to exchange regularly with us: The Skirmisher; Penn Charter Magazine; Pingry Record; Brocktonia; Vexillum; Herald; Cambridge Review; Academy Monthly; Red and Gray; Megaphone; Erasmain; Southern Workman; Newton Review; Dixonian, La.; Oracle, Cal.; Watertown Review; Chandelier.

The cover of "The Red and Gray" is very attractive; the paper very interesting. But it is only published twice a year. More's the pity.

We gladly welcome the December number of the "Oracle' from California. There is a good variety of stories and we hope to keep this paper among our exchanges.

The cover of the "Academy Monthly" is striking because it is so simple.

We are glad to see more stories in the "Review". They are all well written and interesting.

The exchange cut in the High School Herald is rather "cute".

Johnny—"Grandpa, will you make a noise like a frog?"

Grandpa—"What for, my boy?"

Johnny—"Why, papa says we shall get ten thousand when you croak."—Ex.

Colored Mammy (angrily)—"Joe Jefferson, how many times mus' I call you befo' I can make you heah."

Joe J.—"Dunno, Mammy; you stan' tha' an' holler an' I se' heah an' count."—Ex.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV MARCH, 1908 NUMBER 5

Editorials

THE play "Nephew or Uncle," given this year in Shailer Hall, was a departure from anything which has been staged heretofore in this school. It was the first attempt to produce a play which would be more advanced than a farce and yet fall within the limits of amateur skill; and we feel sure that you will agree with us when we say that the result was a decided success. The management desired a play which would do justice to the time and money which was spent in preparation for it, a play which would represent to the public the dramatic talent of the Brookline High School. No one who saw the finished production could fail to note that in the skillful rendering of their parts by the members of the cast, in the picturesque scenery, and in the dainty costumes of old France, they had fulfilled their ambition. It is not an easy thing for boys and girls in the high school to reproduce the varied emotions which appear in a play of this sort. It is also difficult to procure costumes and scenery which will carry out the effect of the setting of the play. Before now it has not been attempted. We do not mean to reflect discredit upon our dramatics of former years. We realize that the practice of these years was necessary to make possible the result of to-day. We give great credit to Mr. Brooks, who has done so much to raise our standard of dramatics to the position which it to-day occu-

pies; but we must also give full measure of praise to the members of this cast, to Miss Spaulding and Miss Adams, faculty managers, and to Mr. Wetherell for the finished production which was rendered. To all these, we extend the hearty thanks and congratulations of the school.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to a series of stories, written by Edwin Smith of the Sophomore class, which describe the experiences of a country lad. The first of these appeared in the last number, entitled "How I Went Fishing"; the second is published in this issue under the head of "The Spectre Trail"; while the third will appear at any early date.

THE following letter was received by the editor from our friend and instructor, Mr. Brooks. We publish it believing that the news which he gives of himself will be of interest to the school. Mr. Brooks shows by his letter that he has not lost his interest in old Brookline High; and we assure him that we still think of him and are pleased to hear a word about his travels — and studies.

PARIS, le 21 janvier 1908.

MONSIEUR ET CHER REDACTEUR,—

Quelqu'un a eu l'amabilité de m'envoyer les deux premiers numéros de notre revue, le Sagamore. J'ai bien ri de lire dans celui d'octobre que vous manquiez de plaisanteries (?) à cause de mon absence. Que voulait dire ce point d'interrogation? J'aime à croire qu'il n'était pas ironique! Vous auriez dû mentionner que mon absence vous oblige à une probité FORCEE à laquelle les rédacteurs du dit journal ne sont pas accoutumés.

Je vous pardonne, pourtant, grâce à vos charmants souhaits pour un heureux noël et une bonne année, exprimés dans le second numéro. Je vous en remercie mille fois, et je vous en

envoie autant à tous. En même temps, je désire vous féliciter de l'apparence extérieure et du contenu de ce dernier numéro et vous souhaiter un succès grandissant.

Faut-il vous dire que je regrette infiniment de ne pas voir comment la classe de "Méchantehuit" s'empare des dignités attenantes à la Première Classe? Mais mon plus grand chagrin, c'est de ne pas assister à ses "derniers moments" au mois de juin. Enfin, je me console, car il y aura d'autres personnes pour pleurer son départ. Mais plus de pensées si funèbres! On pourrait croire qu'il s'agit d'un enterrement, n'est-ce pas?

Vous seriez bien content de me voir aller à l'école tous les jours, ma serviette de classe sous le bras. J'ai non seulement des cours à la Sorbonne, mais j'ai plusieurs leçons particulières chaque semaine avec quatre professeurs différents, dont je fais le désespoir, je vous assure. Figurez-vous! J'ai des leçons de prononciation et de diction avec deux personnes à la fois. L'une corrige les sons des mots, et l'autre, la manière de lire. N'est-ce pas que cela vous amuserait de m'entendre répéter une vingtaine de fois la même phrase? Je répète des syllabes et même des poésies en allant et venant dans le tramway, et quelquefois je m'oublie au point de les déclamer à voix plus ou moins haute. Alors tout le monde me regarde, en croyant avoir affaire à un échappé d'une maison d'aliénés ou, du moins, à quelqu'un de légèrement atteint. Souvent on se rend compte que c'est un Américain,—cela saute aux yeux, n'est-ce pas?—et tout s'explique. A Paris, le mot "Américain" est synonyme de "millionnaire"; et, comme on lit tous les jours dans les journaux que certains Américains jettent l'or à poignées, on se garde de m'offenser, dans l'espoir que j'ai aussi cette bonne habitude.

Nous sommes en France depuis le 1er août et à Paris depuis le milieu du mois d'octobre. Nous comptons actuellement rester ici encore deux ou trois mois. Après avoir voyagé en Allemagne, en Suisse et en Italie, je me précipiterai en Amérique pour revoir mes élèves si dociles de l'École Supérieure de Brookline.

En attendant, je vous envoie à tous mon bon souvenir et mes bien affectueuses salutations. M. S. BROOKS.

"THE SPECTRE TRAIL"

"Come, come, John," said father's cheery voice about half-past five one July morning; "don't be a loafer." I turned over in my bed and rubbed my fists into my blinking eyes. "What right has anybody to feel so wide awake so early in the morning?" I thought disgustedly; but I wisely did not allow my thoughts to find utterance, and, knowing the uselessness of protest, with many a grunt of displeasure, I threw back the clothes and dragged myself inch by inch out of bed. When I had reached this stage, father left the room cautioning me not to be lazy, but "hustle it right up." In a few minutes I was dressed, and throwing open the window to air out my room, I ran down the back stairs in a manner that contrasted sharply with my descent on the morning of my fishing excursion. Ever since that time, the new bull-dog had seemed to realize how uncalled for his attempts to slay me had been, and showed his mortification by hanging his head sheepishly at my approach, and obeying my slightest command with foolish alacrity.

"Well, Bobs," I said, as I munched the biscuit and drank the coffee which father had left for me on the kitchen table, "do you want to come to Gainsboro' on the haycart with me? Do you, old boy?" By the eager manner in which he began to jump all over me, I understood his answer, and told him he should surely come. After I had finished my breakfast, Bobs and I walked out to the barn, where I found "Old Plodder" already harnessed to the haycart and placidly eating his morning meal of oats.

"Now, John," said father, in his usual abrupt manner, "remember, you're to give the Squire this letter, and in case you should lose it, I'll tell you what it says. I asked him to keep you and 'Plod' at his place over night, and to take off whatever he thought was right from the bill. Of course, he won't charge you a cent, but it's always best to be perlite. Remember your manners at table, and don't speak unless you're spoke to. Un-

derstand? Hustle 'Plod' up as much as you can, and try to get there afore dark. I've done you up a little lunch, and you can start right along now."

By this time I had climbed on the wagon and hoisted Bobs up beside me; father unslung the oat-bag from "Plod's" neck, threw it up on the cart, and handed me the letter and my lunch, done up in a half sheet of the "Weekly Courier." I bade him a cheerful good-by, and we rode slowly out of the barn. After pegging along for about fifteen minutes, we arrived at the village, where the stores were just beginning to open up. We rode slowly past the Post Office, Nelson's Dry Goods Store, Prann's Hardware Establishment and up to Steele's Book and Stationery Repository. Here, I involuntarily pulled old "Plod" to a stop and slipped off the wagon, and walking boldly up to the shop door, opened it and stepped inside. The objects of my visit were arrayed in gaudy profusion on one of Mr. Steele's numerous bookshelves, and were nothing more nor less than a collection of brightly covered dime novels of Western life, which appealed strongly to all the youth of our neighborhood, but which seemed to possess a special attraction for me; in fact, I had been elected president of a "Literary Club," which met twice a week during the holidays, behind our barn; the sole object of this club being the discussion of the lurid tales selected from Mr. Steele's plentiful stock.

"Good morning, John," said Steele, immediately divining the purpose of my call; "I've got a new lot of ten-centers, which I know you'll think are great. How's this strike you?" and reaching up his hand he pulled from the shelf Walter Tracy's "Spectre Trail, or The White Queen of the Apaches," and shoved it across the counter towards me. At once perceiving this to be of the true Western flavor, I hastily pounced upon it, and recklessly throwing all my worldly possessions, namely, five coppers and a nickel, into Mr. Steele's outstretched palm, I hastened from the shop fearing lest some other early literature-seeker would come in and in some manner get possession of the "Walter Tracy" before I could stop him. I again clambered up the old wagon, and the journey was resumed. Shortly after we had left

the village, we came to the cross-roads, where I turned "Plod" down the Gainsboro' turnpike; and then pulling my old weather-beaten straw hat over my eyes to shield them from the sun, I began the first chapter of my literary venture. I started to read in an intermittent sort of way, occasionally looking out upon the surrounding scene; but after the first explanations were passed, and "Walt" found himself in the middle of "Death Desert," supposedly about to die of thirst, I promptly ceased to take any cognizance of time or place, and for hour after hour was lost in the bloody spectre trail with my hero. When hunger assailed me, I mechanically felt around for my lunch, unwrapped it from the "Courier," and ate it without once taking my eyes from the book. After my midday meal, an indefinite period of time succeeded, during which matters in "Walt's" career had gradually approached a climax.

"Now," thought "Walt" desperately, "all is over," as the Indians with cruel smiles of vengeance approached the pile of fagots at his feet. Already, by the White Queen's order, the foremost savage, torch in hand, was bending toward the pile of light-wood, when suddenly, in the stillness of the night, there arose a shrill, prolonged scream, which echoed and re-echoed through the valley. "The Spectre!" shrieked the Queen. The horror of the situation had taken complete possession of me. I smelled the smoke of the fagots; I saw it rolling up from below; and then, terrible in its reality, I heard the shrieks of the victim and his tormentors. Where was I? Who was I? That yell, coming as it did at this time, upset my already overwrought mental faculties to such a degree that I slid or tumbled from my lofty perch and landed in a heap in the dusty road.

The shock woke me up, and, little damaged, I struggled to my feet and stared around me. Before my eyes was a bright white gate, which stretched across the road, and rushing along on the other side were the last few cars of an express train going at breakneck speed, while the engine, hidden from my sight by the trees which lined one side of the road, was emitting a series of blasts on its whistle, the first of which had aroused me from my trance so abruptly. To the right of the gate was a squat little

house, whose unpainted surface and tiny windows seemed to strike a familiar chord in my bewildered brain. This impression was confirmed by the appearance of a kindly looking elderly woman in a blue checked gingham dress, who came walking swiftly towards me. Thank goodness, she was not the White Queen of the Apaches! and, thank goodness, she had shut the gate in time!

"Aunt Jane," I cried in a voice full of astonishment not unmixed with disappointment; for I realized that "Plod," without my guiding hand, had wandered many miles away from the road to Gainsboro'.

Bobs, evidently assuming my tone to be one of displeasure, scrambled from the wagon, and rushing at Aunt Jane caused her to flee towards the house with an alacrity of which I did not deem her capable. "Bobs," I yelled angrily, and he obediently paused in his headlong rush and came slinking back thoroughly cowed. By taking firm hold of his collar, I succeeded in persuading Aunt Jane to return, and in as few words as I could I "fessed up" the whole affair. Instead of scolding me, as I had expected, she burst out laughing; and when she had recovered from this fit of mirth, which I was far from sharing, she told me to lead "Plod" around into the shed, and after I had done this to come into the kitchen and she would fix me up some "Doctor Ellery's Health Restorer." Whether this dose was to be administered for the good of my body or my soul, I could not quite decide; but the announcement, simple as it may seem, threw me into such consternation that I barely stammered my "Yes'm."

The cause for my anxiety came from the fact that I had already received from my aunt's hands one dose of "Doctor Ellery's," which proved to be such a vile tasting concoction that I began at once to feel severe pains in my stomach and increasing instead of diminishing pains in my head, which member had been the original offender. But Aunt Jane was a firm believer in the theory that the worser a medicine tastes the better it cures; and when, after my first trial I had described the state of my feelings, she informed me that I didn't know how much worse I might have been if I had not taken it. I knew it would be use-

less to protest that there was nothing the matter with me; for she would surely tell me that no one could fall off a hay wagon as I had done without feeling some bad effects from the jounce.

Accordingly, after shaking up the straw in the shed for "Plod," giving him some oats, and seeing that he was well taken care of for the night, I marched into the house resolved to undergo my ordeal with as much fortitude as any of my favorite heroes had ever exhibited.

When I stepped into the kitchen, I found Aunt Jane busily engaged in cooking a dinner, which I could tell, from the savory smell which arose from it, must be nearing completion. I sat down on an old stool in one corner of the kitchen to wait for the speech of admonition and reproach that I knew would soon be forthcoming from Aunt Jane. After a minute she began.

"I expect your uncle will be home in a little while," she said by way of introduction; "he had to go to Gainsboro' to-day for some business, and left me to tend to the gate; and it's lucky I'm a woman to be trusted, or where would you be now? But now, John," she continued in a severe tone, "you know that if your father ever hears of this business you'll get in a peck of trouble, and you deserve all you get. Well, I don't mean he shall hear of it." "What!" I ejaculated. "Thet's just what I mean," she continued positively. "It's only five miles to Gainsboro', and if you start at four to-morrow morning, you can get there in plenty of time to dump your load and get home about as soon as you was expected to."

"But, Aunt Jane," I protested, "if I get to Gainsboro' so early, Squire Jones 'll think I rode all night. How 'll I explain that to him?"

"Tell him the truth," she replied firmly; "honesty's the best policy. How's he to know but what your father told you to spend the night here? Though, of course, you needn't tell him about the dime-novel. And now, John, will you promise, as long as I'm doing this for you, to never read no more ten-cent story books?"

Would I promise? Well, I guess I would! and I felt so ecstatically happy at what seemed to be so fortunate a termina-

tion of the whole affair, that I was quite confident that I could take Aunt Jane's dose, drink a quart of "Health Restorer" with perfect equanimity as a punishment for my sins of omission and commission. But when the next moment Aunt Jane disappeared into the kitchen-closet and reappeared carrying in one hand an unusually large soup spoon and in the other a large one-dollar bottle of "Doctor Ellery's," I confess I began to experience a slight feeling of weakness in my kness.

The first spoonful I swallowed with some difficulty, and the second seemed to fairly waver between the roof of my mouth and the entrance to my throat before it finally slid downward into my stomach. But fortunately the "Health Restorer" had apparently lost some of its potency since my last experience with it; but it was still bad enough to make me remember not to sin again, and to keep the feeling in my mind that I had a great deal to be thankful for.

* * * *

The next morning my mind was occupied by two ideas: one, the endeavor to keep a strict lookout to make sure that "Plod" kept on the Gainsboro' road; and the other, the heroic measure of tearing into almost infinitesimal pieces each one of six hundred and thirty-two pages of Walter Tracy's "Spectre Trail, or The White Queen of the Apaches."

E. S. S., '10.

A JOURNEY AROUND OUR SCHOOL

III. IN THE MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

"Isn't Kate's hat a beauty?" said my friend.

"Yes, a perfect dear! "But where did she get it? Keene's?" I asked.

"Keene's! No indeed! Seventy-five dollars for a hat? Never! She made it!"

"Herself? You don't mean it! Where?"

"Why, right here in B. H. S.! And her dress, too! It's a perfect dream!

"Well, I never!" was all I could answer; but I decided that if one person had found me so ignorant of my classmate's accomplishments another should not, and I resolved to make a visit to the shop that had produced such splendid work. Perhaps the delightful breakfast I enjoyed in the Domestic Science room a few weeks ago increased my present desire for knowledge. The aforesaid wish not seeming so bad, methinks, when one realizes how truly susceptible we all are to dainty edibles. But nothing loth, one pleasant day a short time ago, you might have seen me ascending the steps of the Manual Training building and stopping at a door marked "Sewing."

I entered at once the main room fitted up with individual sewing tables, large cutting tables, a row of sewing machines, cabinets, and last but not least, an ironing board. Add glimpses of colored fancywork from behind the glass doors of cabinets and one can easily imagine the attractive appearance of this room.

I started to inspect the work of the class that was then in attendance, but Miss Schwindt informed me it was a "freshman" class and might not prove interesting, adding by way of explanation: "The freshman class is usually so mixed, some having had sewing before and others just beginning, and it makes the situation a difficult one."

Miss Schwindt then led me to another room set aside for dressmaking. All around the walls and in the center of this room stood weird looking iron frames, or models, all headless, while a few boasted of paper sleeves hanging lifelessly at their sides. She turned these decapitated creatures about and explained how the paper patterns were first pinned on the forms, then the cheap muslin ones, and finally the dress goods. Different stages were all illustrated, and although some seemed hopeless to my untrained eye, others looked adorable. On the walls of this room were framed samplers of ornamental stitches, initial letters and bits of stenciling.

Miss Schwindt then led me back to the main room and showed me drawer after drawer full of summer dresses partly finished. "Here are some of the graduation dresses," she said, and as I looked at yards and yards of sheer tucked muslin, at fascinating embroidery and laces, I understood why some one had said her dress was to be a "dream."

Then came the "cut needlework." I really cannot tell you how interesting it was. One design I was quite sure I recognized, and I said, "Why, that looks so natural! Wasn't it made over in the art department?"

"Yes," answered Miss Schwindt, "that's the remarkable fact about our work here. It is the only school that can boast of such an arrangement. You see, designs are made in the Art Room under the direction of Miss Weir and Miss Stone. Those suitable are brought over here, stamped by the girls, and worked out in their own color scheme. These pieces here, which are partly finished, are to be photographed and sent to England for the Teachers' Convention this coming summer."

"And millinery?" I asked.

"Oh, I have several hats all finished, but only two in the making," replied Miss Schwindt. She showed me these, however, and explained how the trimming was planned, pinned on, and the effect gained and then the final result. One she showed me was made of fur, with an orange bow, and she explained how the fur was tacked on and finally sewed. The effect was perfect, I assure you.

At my request Miss Schwindt then outlined the four year's course. The first year the girls make samplers of ornamental stitches, learn the use of the sewing machine and its attachments, the composition of fabrics and their approximate value, the use of paper patterns, the making of undergarments, and finally the application of ornamental stitches.

Samplers of drawn work and its application to household linens are taken up the second year, besides the study of house decoration. The third year deals with drafting of patterns, simple skirt and shirt-waist patterns; while in the fourth year (the last), one has her choice of art needlework or the making of her graduation dress.

A hundred years ago and more to do fine needlework was thought by the ladies of those times to be a mark of gentle birth and breeding. Some have feared that in this athletic century it would become a lost art. What I saw as a result of Miss Schwindt's careful training shows that here in Brookline, at any rate, beautiful needlework, such as our great grandmothers perhaps never dreamed of, is an accomplished fact.

DOWNEY & CO.

At ten o'clock this morning a large crowd of shoppers on X Street, near the corner of Y Street, was greatly excited by loud cries of "Stop, thief!" "Stop, thief!" about a block away.

Suddenly there came tearing through the crowd a man with a flowing black moustache, who was followed closely by an aged country gentleman, who carried an old-fashioned carpet bag tightly clasped in his hand and who cried out that the man who was running had stolen his watch, and begged the bystanders to stop the rogue.

The thief led the crowd, which was steadily increasing as he ran through many crooked alleys and along several streets until he was seized by a policeman in front of Downey's new confectionery store on K Street. Here the thief tried to break away from the strong grasp of the officer of the law, but all his attempts were futile.

However, as no immediate attempt was made to take him to the station-house, the usual crowd collected around the two men and began to grow impatient; for the patrol-wagon did not come up at once. Suddenly the countryman broke out and said, "If you will give me my watch, you may go free." The thief gladly complied with this request; but to the great astonishment of the people the countryman had no sooner taken his watch than he deliberately broke it in halves! and blandly said: "Ladies and

gentlemen, my friend and I wish to ask your pardon for bringing you here by such a roundabout way; but as all of you know, the establishment of Downey & Co. is new to this city, and as it was necessary to advertise its attractions in a convincing manner, we have brought you here to show you some of our wares. Now, this watch that you just saw me break in pieces is but one specimen of our hundreds of chocolate novelties; and as I am sure that you all would like to get some of these bonbons, I will ask you to follow me inside."

It is needless to say that the advertisement paid, for the good-natured crowd appreciated the clever ruse; and when it was proved that the quality of the goods was as fine as the countryman had promised, Downey's store could not hold all the new customers.

J. L. P., '10.

THE SHIP-BUILDER'S SUNRISE

It was ten above zero. The sound of vibrating steel rang lustily through the air, and the flame of the forges upon the stagings gave a weird touch of color to the scene. It was about half-past seven, while I was working high up on the ship's counter that an Italian touched my arm and said, "Looka, boss."

A few rods from us, and just above the horizon, was a ball of vivid fire; behind it, a background of white like alabaster; on each side, a wall of the same pure white. Bridging it to the shore was a pathway which seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow, pale red and green and yellow. It made me think of beautiful memorial windows that I had seen in churches.

All watched breathlessly. But only for an instant the picture stayed with us. Then it faded, yet imperceptibly as moves the hand of a watch. Finally the sun in all the glory of a keen winter morning broke through the mist; and the noisy work began again. I wonder if the Italian still thinks of his adopted land as a place where he can only earn his bread and butter, or if he realizes that nature is beautiful even with hard toil and a cold climate? At any rate, my heart seemed warmer and my work lighter after catching this glimpse of nature, seen only by those who pay the price of rising early on a January morning.

NEWS NOTES

"NEPHEW OR UNCLE"

Hats off to our company of amateur actors and actresses! The B. H. S. annual dramatics have once more crowded Shailer Hall to the utmost and caused the town to ring with praises of the cast. Once again has Alan Hay covered himself with glory, this time as "Champagne," the servant. Louis Keegen, the uncle, and George Hann, the nephew, added much to the success of the play. Pogue played a winning part in past century dress; and Wesley Reynolds acted the part of a "fop" to perfection. We felt sorry for him in losing Sophie! And Sophie herself—well, who could describe her? She and Kathleen Page carried their parts with an ease and grace which excited the admiration of all, while Geraldine Blazo made her first appearance on the Shailer Hall stage with great success. We must remember also that there are times when the minor characters are very instrumental to the success of the play, and in this particular instance great credit is due to the two very proper and stiff servants, Henry Dunbar and Cyril Bigelow.

Marjorie Parker, who rendered the piano overture so well, deserves much praise; while the Mandolin Club gave fine selections between the acts and showed the good coaching of their leader, Ben Roberts.

Newell Thompson and Arthur Jacobs managed the affair in a truly professional style. As prompters, we have to thank Ethel Truette and Helen Baird for their faithful attendance at rehearsals.

The entertainment as a whole reflects the utmost credit on Mr. Carl Wetherell, the coach, and on Miss Adams and Miss Spaulding, faculty managers, who made the play what it was — a great success.

On February 12 a delightful luncheon was served in the Domestic Science Department, under the supervision of Miss Wisswell. Congratulations are due to Miss Florence Smith, who managed the affair with great ease and skill.

DEBATING CLUB

On Thursday, January 23, Room 10 was once more crowded with seventy or more eager listeners to hear the chosen speakers of the Debating Club. The question was: "Resolved, That the proposed merger of the New York, New Haven and Hartford R.R. and the Boston and Maine R.R. is a menace to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Newton Stern of the affirmative led off the debate with a clear statement of the financial and commercial conditions of the Boston and Maine R.R., and proved thereby that the railroad was able to make the improvements demanded by the Commonwealth without merging with the N. Y., N. H. and H. R.R. Hann for the negative showed the importance of the merger, touching on the saving of time and money which would result. Carr, the second speaker for the affirmative, spoke in a clear and concise manner without the slightest use of any notes. Keegan took up the debate for the negative, and showed how it would be a benefit to the Boston and Maine to have such a leader as President Mellen has proved himself. He spoke as if he had a definite knowledge of the subject, and his arguments were a great factor in the decision of the judge.

The debate from the floor was fast and furious, with a touch of humor here and there. The speakers were: Lehrburger, Carver and Wilson for the negative, and Faxon, Gallert and Barnet for the affirmative. The rebuttal was opened by Stern for the affirmative and closed by Hann for the negative.

Mr. Carrell, the judge, having summed up in a few words the arguments of the two sides, decided in favor of the negative, which also received the vote of the house.

Miss Pease gave a very interesting criticism, saying that the use of English had improved, and that the speakers held well to their arguments.

Hurrah for the freshmen! On Thursday, February 6, before a crowd of enthusiastic listeners the class of 1911 was represented by two speakers who have the honor of being the first

freshmen to debate in the B. H. S. Club. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That Brookline should be annexed to the municipal government of Boston."

The first speaker was Carver, for the affirmative, who was followed by Rudolf for the negative, both of whom spoke in a clear and convincing manner. Then for the freshmen! Pollard took up the debate in a fine, clear voice, and except for a slight hesitation, brought forth his points with great precision. Mason for the negative spoke well. It was not until near the close of his speech that he was forced to refer to his notes and then only for a moment.

The speaking from the floor was more than spirited, and great excitement was caused by a dozen or so all trying to attract the attention of the Chair at one and the same time. The speakers were: Lehrburger, Keegen, Kellogg and Gallert for the affirmative; and Faxon, Cady, Floyd, Hann, Niccolls and Wilson for the negative.

The rebuttal was opened by Carver for the affirmative and closed by Rudolf for the negative.

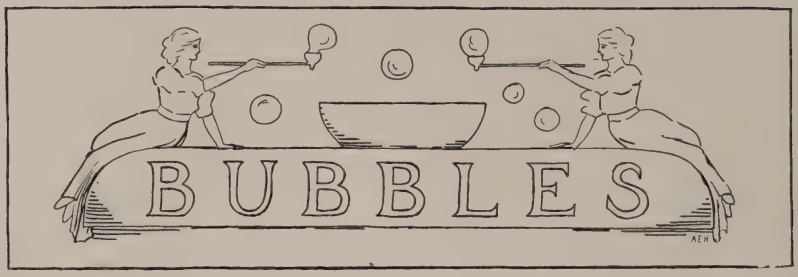
Miss Miller, the critic, complimented the freshmen, and expressed her belief that with more experience they would be fine speakers.

The vote of the house upheld the decision of Mr. Bridgham, who decided in favor of the negative.

On February 14 we were given a very interesting talk by Mr. Fitch. His subject was "Abraham Lincoln," and he spoke of Lincoln's characteristics, his love of work and service, and ended by touching upon his reverence for himself, mankind and God.

Again we are obliged to chronicle the death of one of our schoolmates, Grace Strain, who died at the Boothbay Hospital January 27. She was buried on January 30, the funeral services being held at St. Mary's Church. She will be greatly missed, as all who were her personal friends knew and loved her beautiful character.

James Willetts, '09, has been elected captain of next year's football team. Congratulations, Jimmy!



III Science B., Miss Gl—, while discussing the solar system. —"Do we appear to other planets as they do to us?"

Miss Pease.—"Certainly."

Miss Gl—.—"Then we are stars." (Rather brilliant!)

The same pupil enlightened us by saying that the earth is 1900 years old. (What would Mr. Case say to that reckoning, I wonder?)

There is a pupil in II English who said that Mark Twain was, in his opinion, the foremost English essayest of the XVIII century. Mr. Clemens would enjoy this!

Some of the Sophomore girls are entering the barber business. In a recitation the other day five inches of hair was clipped from the head of Miss G—.

In I Latin, Marble rendered "overcome by wine" with "lying like a god." Verily, there is a difference.

Kellogg.—"Terrible hunger advised him."

Poor Kellogg. He used the wrong verb; that's all."

Miss Adams, assigning parts in a German play, "Kittredge, You Be Buttler," calmly announced to the class that she had a great fondness for "Buttler," in spite of all his faults.

Bigelow speaks of a river current as having "a hoarse roar"! What stream had Bigelow in mind?

"A week of doubt has passed," said the minister in his prayer the other Sunday, and so thought the boy who had flunked several mid-years, and had been on probation!

(Some Gems from I Latin.)

"The ships have been raging over the whole shore." Peculiar feat!

Again: "They raise their arms in order," and "They turn over the metal with pinchers."

In IV English C, McPhail announced that Shakespeare was born in the Avon River. In a submarine?

In IV English C.— It is too bad that Warren is not old enough to talk about love.

Who's the leader of the menagerie in IV French?

In spite of her tendency to rise with the curtain, Miss Truette performed well the difficult part of prompter.

Lehrburger speaks of a "four-footed sound." He also poetically affirmed that "a shade hung over his head."

Jokes have been scarce this month, owing, no doubt, to the fact that "those terrible mid-years" have had a saddening effect on the "bubbling" spirits of the B. H. S.

Teacher, reading from Freshman theme.—"The house was surrounded by large trees and grass." Question.—"What is LARGE grass?" "Hay," replies a prompt and bright pupil.

BASKET-BALL

B. H. S. vs. WELLESLEY HIGH SCHOOL.

On Jan. 21, 1908, Brookline was defeated by Wellesley High 22 to 19. If the truth must be told, both teams played a slow, inferior game. They lacked snap. The score kept pretty even all through the game, and Wellesley won rather from throwing a couple more goals than from better playing. McGrath played a good game for Brookline and Pasetti for Wellesley.

BROOKLINE		WELLESLEY
Kendrick	right-forward	Pasetti
Bouve	left-forward	Butler
Gallert	center	Sibley
McGrath	right-guard	Farnham
O'Hearn	left-guard	Whitney

Score.— W. H. S., 22; B. H. S., 19. Referee, Daniels; Umpire, Lane; Timer, Hann. Time, 15 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. BROWNE & NICHOLS

Again Brookline was beaten on January 24 by Browne & Nichols, 25 to 13. The defeat, however, was a credit. Browne & Nichols has an unusually good team this year, and Brookline did well to get 13 points. In fact, the home team played the best game they have this season. The whole game was fast and snappy. Davidson played best for B. & N., throwing seven goals from the floor. Kendrick and Bouve played well for Brookline.

BROOKLINE		BROWNE & NICHOLS
Kendrick	right-forward	Stebbins
Bouve (Reynolds)	left-forward	Fernald
Gallert	center	Davidson
McGrath	right-guard	Marsh (Bowker)
O'Hearn (Hawkins)	left-guard	James

Score.— B. & N., 25; B. H. S., 13. Referee, Almy; Umpire, Daniels. Timer, Edgar. Time, 20 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. MEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

Brookline's second victory! The game was played on January 28 at Brookline ending with the score 22 to 7 in Brookline's favor. The playing was not brilliant by either team. In fact, Medford is not one of the best this year, but Brookline won. That's something. Kendrick played well for Brookline and Murray for the losers.

BROOKLINE		MEDFORD
Murray	right-forward	Ottley
Bouve (Kendrick	left-forward	Smith
Gallert (Reynolds)	center	Long
O'Hearn	right-guard	Sullivan
McGrath	left-guard	Kimball

Score.—B. H. S., 22; M. H. S., 7. Referee, Daniels; Umpire, Bentley; Timer, Sanford. Time, 20 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. CANTON HIGH SCHOOL.

On February 11, Canton High beat Brookline with the small margin of 17 to 14. Daniels was back in the game for the first time this year, and did some good work for Brookline. The game as a whole was fast, and considering Bouve and Kendrick were both out, Brookline made a good showing. Capen played a star game for Canton and Daniels did best for the home team.

BROOKLINE		CANTON
MGrath	right-forward	Reynolds
Daniels	left-forward	Capen
Gallert	center	Cate
Reynolds	right-guard	Burt
Hawkins	left-guard	Farwell

Score.—C. H. S., 17; B. H. S., 14. Referee, Carrell; Umpire, Floyd; Timer, Kenrick. Time, 20 minute halves.

ALUMNI NOTES

Sumner Hatherly Foster, B. H. S., 1891, died of typhoid fever February 8, 1908. Foster entered Tech. from the high school, but after two years entered the Harvard Law School. He was a member of the Harvard Debating Union. Foster was a popular club man and one of the leading yachtsmen of this country. He raced an American sonder Klasse boat at the German and also at the Spanish races last summer. At Tech. he was vice-president of his class and a member of Phi Beta Epsilon fraternity.

George Treadwell, '07, who is captain of the Amherst Freshman Track Team, won second place in the 600-yard run at the recent B. A. A. meet.

Nathaniel M. Beals, '07, best-out Oliver Andrews, '07, for goal on the Harvard Freshman Hockey Team.

Harold P. Dutton is playing left forward on the Harvard Second Hockey Team.

Ralph Torrey, '06, is a member of the Institute Committee at Tech.

Malcolm Price, '06, plays first mandolin, H. J. Stiebel, '05, first mandolin, and Donald R. Stevens, '07, second mandolin in the M. I. T. Mandolin Club.

Oliver Andrews, '07, recently made a visit to New York.

William F. Howe, Jr., has been confined to the house with water on the knee.

Paul Fanning, B. H. S., '04, is president of the M. I. T. Tennis Association.

Arba R. Skidmore, '05, is with Chase & Sanborn, in Boston.

Clifford Bartlett, '04, is sheep ranching in the West.

Joseph P. Leland is asst. manager of the Harvard Track Team.

During February the SAGAMORE has received the following exchanges: the Newton Review, Red and Blue, the Palm, Porto Rico, Megaphone, Skirmisher, Vexillum, Academy Monthly, Oracle (California), Crimson and Blue, Clarion, Concord Voice, Enterprise, Pingry Record, Minute Man, Cambridge Review, Radiator, Williams Record, Erasmanian Item, Horace Mann Record, Wesleyan Argus, Chronicle.

The "College Prank" and its sequel in the Clarion is a good story, but it is the only one. A few sketches or so might add to the paper.

It would add greatly to the interest of the Crimson and Blue to have at least one story in it.

The Oracle always seems to have a variety of interesting stories.

In the Academy Monthy, "Capturing a Locomotive" is not only a good story, but it is well written.

The February number of the Review contains a good number of stories.

The arrangement of the Item is very good.

The January number of the Horace Mann Record is the first issue we have received in magazine form. It is an interesting number to begin the new year with.

LATIN.

"They all are dead who wrote it,
They all are dead who spoke it,
They all must die that learn it:
O happy death! They earn it."—Ex.

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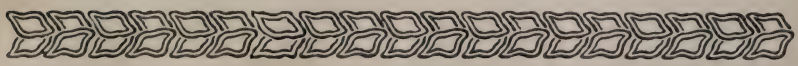


THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV APRIL, 1908 NUMBER 6

Editorials

ONCE again spring is here! With its advent comes the time for baseball and the crew. Let the students of the school prove the statements lately made in the press to be false. Let everyone turn out and cheer their baseball team to victory and their crew to the championship taken from them last year. The loyalty of Brookline High has not died out. Prove it!!

THERE is in Harvard University an organization of graduates of this school called the Brookline Club; also in the Institute of Technology there is a similar body. The purpose of these clubs is to promote a feeling of unity among the alumni and to support the present members of the school. But, although they have achieved marvelous success considering the short time they have been formed, nevertheless, those clubs include only the graduates in their respective colleges, a small percentage of the whole. And so it seems that there is need of a local organization here in Brookline, a body which will band together for their own benefit and for the support of Brookline High. Other schools, many of them smaller than ours, have such institutions, the success of which ought to leave no doubt as to the advisability of taking this step at home. Let each one, then, use his influence toward this end, and let us show to other schools that we will remain behind no more in this matter than we have heretofore in other matters pertaining to our welfare. The idea meets with favor in the eyes of many, but someone is needed to come forward with plans and

to give to the project the impetus needed to start it on its way. The SAGAMORE is heartily in sympathy with the movement and will co-operate with the alumni for its accomplishment.

ANOTHER vacancy has been left on the staff through the resignation of Louise Warren, '09. Miss Warren has been ill for some time and now finds it impossible to return to school this spring. We regret this fact exceedingly, and hope that Miss Warren may continue her good work for the SAGAMORE next year. Marjory Parker will fill the vacancy, while Louise Eisenhardt will take Miss Parker's place as Junior reporter.

AS will be noticed on glancing through the following pages, this issue is a special story number. For this reason the "Bubbles" and "While the Candle Burns" departments have been omitted. We feel sure that our subscribers will appreciate the wisdom of such a decision when they read the very excellent stories in this issue.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS TRIP

I

Mr. Harland sitting comfortably in his Morris chair drew his eyebrows together in a manner which showed surprise. Then he dropped the telegram which had just been brought to his door by an interested country lad and picked up from the floor the envelope in which it had come.

"Hum," he said, musingly, "it certainly is meant for me. I know that I am the only C. Harland in this town; but—" and again taking the telegram, he read aloud the two lines thereon:

"Meet me at the 3.15 train to-morrow, January 14.

ROLAND NORRIS."

Again Mr. Harland frowned; then dropping the paper, he stared thoughtfully out of the window at a group of hemlocks whose snow-laden branches drooped gently earthward. "Roland Norris? Roland Norris?" he muttered thoughtfully. "I know nobody of that name who would send such a message to me in this way. And it IS to me; I am sure of it, for in this little country town I'd soon learn of the presence of a man with my own name. Hum! It might be from one of my cousins; I have so many that I can never keep track of them, but—" and again he stopped in perplexity.

Just at that moment Mrs. Harland, a plump, middle-aged woman, bustled into the room. "Why, Charles!" she exclaimed reproachfully as soon as she caught sight of her husband, "what are you sitting here for? Didn't I tell you at least a quarter of an hour ago that you must get ready to go to the station to meet Constance Abbott?"

"James just brought in a telegram," interrupted Mr. Harland; and—" But his wife, who was rejoicing over the prospect of seeing her niece Constance, did not hear him.

"To think," she was saying, "that I haven't seen the dear

child since she was fourteen years old and here she is twenty and more." With these words Mrs. Harland looked expectantly out of the window as if her niece ought already to be in sight. Then, suddenly recalling herself, she added, "Charles, if you don't hurry, you'll miss the train. It will take half an hour to drive to the station, and her train is due at twelve. But won't it be lovely! and what a nice, little dinner we'll have to-night all alone!" At this point her husband placed the telegram in her hand.

"We are not going to be alone to-night," he said. "Read that and tell me what you make of it." He looked attentively at her face as she read, expecting to see surprise and dismay written there; but instead he saw pleasure, and when she looked up she was smiling.

"Why, how nice!" she exclaimed. "That must be the son of William Norris. Don't you remember? He's one of our first cousins. I've never seen his boy, but I've no doubt he's nice."

"Ah, to be sure," murmured Mr. Harland rather amazed, but fully aware that names were not his strong point.

"And to think," she regretted, "that I can't see him till evening; for you know that I received a telephone from Mrs. Winthrop in the morning asking me to drive Constance over to see her this afternoon. Of course, as she is such an old friend of the family, and as she is unable to come over here, I couldn't refuse her. It's too bad; but, never mind, I'll see Roland at dinner. And you'll make him feel at home, won't you? You can show him — but there, do hurry or you'll miss Constance." And away rushed energetic Mrs. Harland, her husband following more leisurely behind.

II

Mr. Harland pulled out his watch and glanced at it. Then, buttoning his heavy overcoat, he walked out of the station and looked inquiringly up the track; for it was "3.15," and he was awaiting the arrival of the unknown Roland Norris. Meanwhile he thought of Miss Abbott and wondered how the two young people would enjoy each other.

"She is prettier than ever," he mused, "but how she

blushed and how her eyes flashed when my wife told her who was going to be here this evening. And then how relieved she looked when she heard he was our cousin. Perhaps she may have met a Roland Norris sometime, and I wonder—" But a shrill whistle interrupted his thoughts and awoke him to a sense of his present position. Here he was on the platform of a little country flag station, looking with interest at an oncoming train which was bringing to him a second cousin, a man whose face he had never seen and whose name, in spite of his efforts, he could not quite remember as belonging to any of his cousins.

Fortunately, but one person alighted; and that person, after having given a hurried glance around the station, came toward him with outstretched hand. Mr. Harland's first impression of the stranger was one of youth and happiness; for his step was quick and firm, and a pleasant smile lighted his face. But as he came nearer, Mr. Harland saw two upright lines above the eyes, and even the smile did not take away a certain anxious look.

"How do you do," said the young man as he reached him. "You are Mr. Harland? Yes, I'm Roland Norris. You got my telegram, didn't you? I go back this evening on the down train, so I suppose it must be business first, Mr. Harland." Mr. Harland frowned. This seemed a bit forward to his old-fashioned ideas; and the young man should have remembered that they were almost total strangers. Mr. Norris saw the frown, and laughingly remarked,

"Don't scowl. Wait till the time comes, and it's coming, sure."

Mr. Harland, remembering the two furrows on the young man's forehead, glanced sharply at his kinsman and saw that he was not following his own advice; for, with his forehead puckered into a deep frown, he was staring up the track.

"You should follow your own advice, sir," Mr. Harland remarked; whereupon Mr. Norris started, turned around, and said with a laugh which this time seemed a trifle forced that his time had come.

(To be continued)

THE SORCERY OF AMIR NATH

A few years after the Sepoy Rebellion five of us subalterns were sitting around a smoky lamp at the barracks near Calcutta telling ghost stories. The wind was howling dismally around the corners of the old building, but we cared little for that; we were happy enough.

I was just finishing a most thrilling tale when there came a loud knock on the door. I opened it and looked out into the night. A fierce gust of wind made the lamp flicker fitfully, but out in the darkness I could discern a dark form; on viewing it closer, the apparition proved to be a shivering, half-starved native clothed in rags, who, making a low bow, said, "O noble protector of the poor, give me, I pray you, food and a place to sleep. I will in return show you some Indian magic."

I turned to the rest; "Boys," said I, "here's a hungry fellow wanting supper and a night's lodging; shall we let him in?"

They readily acquiesced; so I called him in, and offered him various eatables, but, according to the custom of his race, he only ate a small handful of rice. Having satisfied his hunger, he heaved a long sigh of contentment. Then he arose; "Brothers," he said, "I have traveled far and know much of Hanuman the great Monkey-God; and if my brothers are willing to try the magic of this God, they will see many wonderful things."

We told him that we were not afraid of his magic, and were ready for him. Then he took from his turban five pipes of fantastic shapes and presented one to each of us, after which he pulled some handfuls of grayish powder from an old battered pouch decorated with many designs and emblems to keep off evil spirits.

At this juncture a few of us began to show some hesitancy, and our laughter and chaffing ceased; while little Falkirk, the junior subaltern, was plainly showing signs of backing out. But,

as we were all brave men in the Queen's service, and since we had already gone so far, I suggested that we finish it. So, with rather shaky hands, we began to light our pipes. I feigned an air of bravado, trying to show that I would not be downed by a mere Indian; but, nevertheless, I had secret misgivings as to what might follow.

For a time all was very, very quiet; then I noticed a queer thing — the room was much smaller than it had been, and it was perceptibly diminishing; also my comrades looked very strange. Their faces had a pallid, deathly hue, and they looked more like dead men than live subalterns. The flickering flame of the lamp grew dimmer and dimmer. At length it went out; but still a faint, ghostly light pervaded the ever-lessening room. Then a figure, which I recognized as the Indian, arose and stalked through the doorway into the hall. By some hypnotic influence we were compelled to follow him. The usually bare, dark hall was much changed; for it was hung with heavy Indian tapestries and ornamented with human hands and feet! while suspended at intervals were skulls containing candles whose feeble rays hardly lit the long passage.

At length we arrived at a room which was ornamented with the same ghastly furnishings. The illuminated skulls seemed to grin wickedly at us in the dim light, and, to my horror, I saw that all my comrades except Falkirk had become skeletons!

Suddenly the Indian drew two revolvers from his sash, exclaiming with an evil leer, "You shall never escape alive." Falkirk gave a fearful scream ———— and I suddenly awoke from my stupor to find myself in the barrack room, which was crowded with British soldiers.

"What's the matter?" cried I excitedly to the nearest, an old gray-headed corporal.

"Matter enough," he said, sadly shaking his head. Three hundred of those blamed Injuns have been revolting again; and if we hadn't been mighty quick, you'd a-been as dead as a door-nail. All of you've been drugged, and they killed that poor kid Falkirk."

It was only too true; for there lay the poor dead boy, while

the soldiers were releasing the other three from the cords that bound them hand and foot.

* * *

"Duncan, my lad!" exclaimed one of my companions of that eventful night, after our return to London two months later, "if you ever catch me touching any other magic stuff, I'll eat my mother's hat." But he never had occasion to carry out this awful threat.

And as for Amir Nath, our Indian magician, he is far away in the hill country of southern India; so we are satisfied.

W. M. S., '11.

HIS SUNDAY DINNER

It was late Saturday afternoon in the subway at Park Street, as hurried passengers were boarding an outward bound car for Cambridge; among them was a fat old gentleman of ponderous weight, evidently loaded down with his Sunday dinner. It was not without difficulty that he made his way in; and after managing to do so, he found no seat and was obliged to stand. All went well, however, until the car started to round a curve; then the old gentleman, dropping his umbrella, made a desperate dive at the strap nearest him, missed it, and fell square into the lap of a dignified lady opposite him. Very much embarrassed and confused, he arose, apologized, and received his umbrella with thanks. But right here a courteous young man near by got up and said,

"Won't you take my seat, sir?"

"Thank you, I'm sure you're very kind," replied the old gentleman, sinking with a sigh of relief into the seat, which he found, only too late, would have better held a person of half his size. Wedged in, as he was, between two good-sized persons, it was quite impossible to make a move, and he therefore decided to make the best of the situation.

But worse was to come. A lady who had started to make her way toward the door accidentally brushed against his numerous bundles. What could have been more disastrous? One of the bags fell to the floor and burst open, allowing ten or more onions to roll down the aisle. What the poor man would do now was indeed a question. He must himself get off at the next stopping place, and what was to become of the onions which the passengers were now kindly rescuing?

Again a young man touched his arm — "Since your pockets are full, and the paper bag is broken, why don't you open your umbrella a little and slip those onions in there? I don't think it's raining any more."

The old man seemed quite taken by the suggestion, and with

the aid of one or two passengers he quickly deposited the onions inside the umbrella.

"You are certainly quite a Yankee," he remarked to the young man, and with this he plodded slowly down the car and started to get off.

It was now quite dark, and it had started to rain again; but the old gentleman didn't mind a little thing like that. The only thing he was intent on now was to get the dinner home to his wife. At this point, the conductor, who had not witnessed the recent proceedings, but with the kindest of intention, darted forward, and before the astonished victim could remonstrate, seized the umbrella, raised it quickly, and opened it. A shower of onions was the result; and the conductor, too dumfounded to utter a word, staggered back in amazement.

This last blow was just a little too much for the old gentleman's nerves; and quite at the end of his patience, he grabbed the umbrella from the conductor, kicked two or three onions from his path in getting down the steps, and disappeared in the darkness.

The next Saturday he sent his Sunday dinner home by express.

M. C., '10.

THE MIDNIGHT ROVERS

It is towards the end of August, when the autumn winds begin to blow and the evening air is slightly tinged with cold, that a certain indescribable feeling of dread takes possession of a country school boy's mind. As he lies in bed listening to the panes of glass rattling in their wooden frames and the long howls of the wind as it sweeps around the corners of the house like some hungry dog crying for entrance, there arises in his mind the picture of a little red schoolhouse set in among the trees; of a stern man looking at him over his glasses while in one hand he holds a fresh-cut hickory stick; and lastly there is the picture of numerous books filled with maps and figures and other paraphernalia of education. So vivid is this picture, and so near seems the time of its fulfillment, that the bright, hot sunlight of an August morning cannot completely efface the disagreeable image which pops up unexpectedly at odd minutes. Side by side with this feeling of apprehension comes the desire for activity, to do something that will make that summer distinguished from the others, so that when he has grown old and can look back through the vista of bygone years, he will remember it as the season in which he did something which stood out sharply from the ordinary deeds of the summer vacation.

It was these feelings that prompted me one late August morning to ask all the "fellers" to meet that afternoon in back of my barn, as I took great satisfaction in calling it.

They were all there at the appointed hour, even to Dick Steele, the stationer's son, who, whenever he suspected a scheme was on foot, was always at hand to show the rest of us how much more daring he was than we.

After every one had assembled and had stretched out lazily on the grass, I arose to speak.

"Boys," I said, "I've got a great scheme. Let's organize a band of robbers. We—"

But at this juncture my speech was cut short by a general

growl of disapproval. To say I was disappointed is only natural; but when Jim Grant, who was usually my right-hand man in putting through any plan, jumped to his feet and demanded scornfully if I thought they were five-year olds, and why didn't I suggest they play train, I was so completely crestfallen that I was about to drop the scheme there and then; but fortunately my moral courage came to my rescue and I determined to keep on speaking till I could convince them that the plan might be made consistent with our dignity.

"I don't mean to have a kid's band of play robbers," I continued in equally as scornful a tone as Jimmy Grant had assumed, "I mean to have an out-and-out band of robbers that — that — that will devastate the countryside," I concluded triumphantly. I had gleaned this expression from Walter Tracy's "Spectre Trail."

This effort met favor even in Dick Steele's hands, and so plans were immediately commenced for the organization of the club and the planning of the raids to be conducted by the members. "The Midnight Rovers" was chosen for the name under which we were to enact our crimes, and it was unanimously decided to hold the first meeting that very night. My barn was suggested as the place of assembly; but this structure had figured so many times as the setting for our numerous clubs that Jim's barn was finally agreed upon by way of a novelty. In accordance with the name the first meeting must be held promptly at twelve o'clock, and was to consist of a sort of preliminary revel or send-off to the raids that were to be conducted in the future. Of course, we must have something to drink, and Dick suggested beer, and promised to procure this beverage on receipt of the necessary funds. However, with the rest of us, this article not only did not meet the requirements of our pocket-books, but was also distasteful to our morals; so it was unanimously decided to adopt sweet cider for our beverage, and I promised to procure a jug from the plentiful store in my cellar. After this decision was reached, the meeting broke up; but not before every member had sworn an oath of "eternal allegiance" to the band and the purposes to which it was dedicated.

* * *

The distant strokes of the bell on the Congregational church sounding the hour of midnight aroused me from my sleep. I arose and dressed hastily; then, after dropping my shoes out of the window, I prepared to follow them down the waterspout; for I had learned in the earlier part of the summer that a staircase was not a safe means of egress from a house, when one did not wish to be discovered. I slipped slowly down the spout and landed safely on terra firma without any alarm being given; then, after pulling on my shoes and securing a jug of cider, which I had left under the back porch, I started on the run towards Jim's. When I arrived there I found the other marauders already assembled watching Jim as he slowly and cautiously slid back the door of the barn, glancing backward occasionally at the house, to make sure that his actions were not observed. At last a large enough entrance was effected, and we all stepped inside. I slowly pulled the door to, while Jim lighted a kerosene lamp which stood on a shelf near the entrance. After these matters were satisfactorily adjusted, we all busied ourselves in rolling half a dozen empty barrels over near the light, and turning them on end to serve for a table and chairs. I set the jug on the table while Jim produced two jelly tumblers from the depths of his overalls.

* * *

Fifteen minutes later the uproar was at its height; both jelly tumblers lay shattered on the floor; but this fact was not greatly lamented, as it was considered more robber-like to drink from the jug; and while one member was testing his capacity for cider, the rest of us caused the roof of the barn to tremble with expressions such as, "Shiver my gang planks, you white livered land lubber," and "Deacon Snow, blast his peak halyards, shall walk the plank!" with other equally terrible oaths savoring chiefly of a nautical flavor, presumably because the parts of a ship lent themselves quite aptly to expressions of fury and at the same time keeping within the bonds of propriety. As for me, I stood facing the other "rovers" with my back to the door shouting like a good one and exhorting them to greater demonstrations of excitement by frantically whirling a pitch fork over my head.

Suddenly in the midst of this wild confusion there came the

sounds of a deep, gruff, rough voice behind me. "Well, well, well, well!" was all it said. We glanced around in terror and beheld staring at us through the aperture of the barn door an ugly face with a protruding jaw and a long scar across one cheek; chuckling, the tramp opened the door and walked slowly towards us. We stared at him motionless, speechless, transfixed with terror. Nearer he came; nearer. In sheer desperation and shaking with fright I let go of my pitch-fork, which knocked down the tramp? Alas, no! It flew at the kerosene lamp, upsetting it and its flaming contents on the floor. The tramp beat a hasty retreat, and I turned to see the floor of the barn in a mass of flames from the burning oil which had caught the loose piles of hay strewn about. Seeing it was useless to check the flames, we rushed en masse from the barn, and I hastened towards the house at full speed, my only thought being to be in bed when father heard the fire bells. In three minutes I arrived at the foot of the spout and began to ascend. Perhaps I was too hasty, or perhaps it was punishment meted out to me by the gods for my misdemeanors, but whatever the cause, certain it is that when my upward journey was about half accomplished, the spout broke square off, and I fell to the ground amid the rattle of tin, while a stream of dirty water sputtered into my upturned face. Suddenly I heard a window thrown open above my head followed by the report of father's shot-gun, fired, fortunately, with very irregular aim and evidently only intended to terrify the intruder. If this was the intention, it certainly achieved its purpose. I gave a yell of dismay, and jumping to my feet made myself known. When an explanation of my conduct was demanded, I replied in a somewhat lumbering fashion that I was going to the fire, for a bright light now illuminated the whole sky. Luckily the irregularity of my exit was not questioned in the excitement of the moment, and I rushed unsuspected down the road.

When I arrived on the scene and allied myself with the other "rovers," the barn was a mass of flames, and was to all appearances completely doomed; for the nearest fire department was five miles away. This consisted of a hand-drawn hose wagon and hook and ladder, which usually arrived at the scene of the fire in

time to look for valuables among the ruins. On one side of the barn, and a few feet away from it, was a low building which the Grants used as a dairy. The flames had not yet begun to destroy this, though the side which lay next to the barn was smoking vigorously. Suddenly an idea struck me, which I hastily communicated to the others.

"Look here, fellows," I said, "we've caused this fire, and the best thing we can do is to try and stop it. Let's save the dairy!"

Five minutes later I sat astride the roof of this building vigorously hurling buckets of water over the threatened side, while the other "rovers" supplied me with full pails and took away the empty ones. But as hard as I tried to check the progress of the flames, I saw that they were slowly gaining headway, and unless more vigorous measures than bucketfuls of water were applied to the burning side, the dairy as well as the barn must go. But help was near in the shape of the country fire department, which came running towards the dairy; one of the members with a good-sized hose succeeded to my position on the roof, which I was by no means averse to deserting, as the atmosphere was becoming too hot for a robber captain. A few minutes later we had the satisfaction of seeing that the dairy was well off the danger list, and I started for home, I must confess, with my conscience little troubled over the share I had taken in the night's events; for, although I had set the fire, I had done it by accident, and whatever blame might be attached to me for this, I considered to be fully wiped out by my work on the dairy. So, for this fact, I did not spend any wakeful hours as I lay in bed, but slept untroubled by any moral qualms till ten o'clock the next morning.

It is needless to state, however, that the Midnight Rovers as an organization perished in the flames; and it was a slightly less bold and adventurous lad who entered the little red schoolhouse the first day of September.

E. S. S., '10.

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE

Toot-toot, too-ot! Bang! Swish!

The door of the train opened and the brakeman entered, breathing hard and covered with snow. He announced in cold tones that the train was snowbound and we would have to wait until we were dug out. Several questions were fired at him, such as,

"How long will we have to wait?" and "When's the plow coming?" and many other questions which we knew could not be answered. For a while we were all a little restless and impatient, but as time rolled on and no plow appeared, we set about amusing ourselves in several ways. I myself lay back comfortably and waited, watching the snow swirl about outside. Soon I felt drowsy and fell asleep. I remained in this state some time, when suddenly I became aware that the train was moving, moving fast, and presently we were going at a terrific pace. As we sped along, I looked out of the window. We were just flashing by a little station. As we rushed past I saw a little old man waving a red flag wildly and yelling "Stop!" He screamed something about the trellis bridge over the canyon a mile ahead being broken, but the engineer couldn't have heard him, for he did not slack the speed of our train. We rushed on, and soon far ahead around the bend I saw the bridge, but still we tore ahead. Soon we were upon the bridge, and then we were roaring across. Suddenly we seemed to rise from the rails, and then, with a terrific shock, we struck something and were hurled — — ! !

"All aboard!" The train will not stop at Western, but will keep right on to the terminal. We're three hours late."

I started and rubbed my eyes, glancing around in a stupor. Then I looked out of the window and saw piled high on either side of the track great white banks of snow. The plow had come. I had had my usual nap.

H. C., '09.

News Notes

Attention!!

It was decided on February 20 by Brown and Kornfeld that the present jury system should be abolished. Pogue and Jacobs seemed to differ in opinion, and tried to convince the judge to the contrary; but to no avail. Both Mr. Hutchinson and the members of the house upheld the affirmative. Brown and Kornfeld had a number of backers, such as Marble, Kittredge, Lehrburger, C. Barnet, Wilson, F. Barnet, G. Hann, H. Brady and Wyman, while Carver, Reynolds, Keegen, Hawkins, Mattson and Gallert spoke their minds freely on the negative.

On March 6 the Nu Chapter of the Tau Beta Beta gave their annual dance at the Riverdale Casino. Under the able management of the girls in the chapter the affair proved a great success, every one having the time of his life. The matrons were: Mrs. Ira Parker, Mrs. J. Herbert Moore and Mrs. Frank M. Slagle. There was dancing until 12 o'clock, and it is safe to say that no one wanted to go home when the dance was over.

At last Brookline can boast of a good show of school spirit. The crowd at the triangular meet reminded one of old times, and the building fairly shook with the cheers for the red and blue.

Once more the squad of would-be ball tossers are knocking holes in the gymnasium ceiling, and the baseball practice of 1908 is on. Go it, Dutch, and give us a good team!

The B. H. S. oarsmen are bravely pulling their fake oars and sweating away their afternoon hours on the machines dreaming, oh dreaming, of the waters of the Charles.

On Thursday, March 5, ninety or more pupils and teachers turned out to hear 1908 and 1909 struggle for debating honors. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That 'laissez faire' is

better than paternal government." The juniors upheld the affirmative, while the seniors opposed them on the negative. Gallert opened the debate in his usual clear voice, and held the attention of the audience every minute while he pounded out hard facts for his side. We have always expected great dignity of delivery from Stern; but in this debate he fairly outdid himself. Floyd next took up the struggle for the juniors, and after answering several points of his adversary spoke in a fine, even tone on the defects of paternal government, giving several examples of nations that enjoy that form of rule. Cady, the next speaker, is to be congratulated on his non-use of notes, as indeed were most of the speakers, and on the fine, off-hand, convincing way in which he spoke. He dwelt largely upon the reduction of taxes which paternal government would bring about and has already brought about in many representative cities of foreign nations. Keegen, as usual, spoke as though he had a definite knowledge of the subject, while Kellogg made a strong speech for his side. After five minutes' recess Gallert opened the rebuttal in a burst of eloquence and made a strong speech, but was crippled by undertiming it, and so was not able to finish. Stern, who closed the debate, even improved his former manner of delivery and finished well within his time. Mr. Hitchcock was called upon to say a few words; and he congratulated the club on its excellent appearance and great progress made in the last two years. Mr. Mullen, who very kindly agreed to judge the debate, when called upon, expressed an intense desire to escape, but restrained his impulse and gave the club a most interesting and valuable talk, ending by expressing his belief that the seniors had scored ninety-nine per cent. and the juniors ONE ———— hundred!!!

Alumni Notes

Mr. and Mrs. H. Percy Maccomber, '95, are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Raymond A. Potter, '05, has been elected president of the Harvard Musical Club.

Philip W. Moore, '97, is a member of the firm of the Railroad Specialty and Supply Company in Chicago.

Miss May Lewis, '97, has returned home after spending some time in California.

Ralph W. Marshall, '05, is a candidate for third base on the Harvard 'Varsity Baseball Team.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., '97, who are living in El Paso, Texas, will spend June in Brookline.

Henry M. Echard, '05, won the recent fencing tournament at Harvard, but was defeated in the team match with West Point.

Charles O. Hann is a candidate for first base on the Harvard Freshman Baseball Team.

Carl B. Wetherell, '04, is manager of the revival of "Bartholomew Fair" by Ben Jonson to be given by the Harvard Chapter of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Miss Joyce Knowlton, '06, was a marshal on "rally day" at Smith College.

Russell Kyle, '05, who is located in El Paso, Texas, is being visited by his mother.

George Kenny, '07, has been appointed to the news staff of the "Tech."

W. J. Seligmann has been trying for the business end of the Tech. show.

Duncan Wright, '07, is in the wool sorting room of a large woolen mill in North Chelmsford, Mass. He leaves the place where he lives at six thirty every morning and does not get through at the mill until quarter of six in the evening.

Andrews, '07, and Potter, '05, are members of the Taft Club at Harvard.

BASKET-BALL

B. H. S. vs. THAYER ACADEMY

The Thayer Basket-ball Team beat Brookline on February 21 with a score of 14 to 9. The game was played here and proved rather unexciting. Neither team seemed very expert at putting the ball in the basket. Richmond, however, made several points for Thayer, and McGrath did all the scoring for Brookline — two goals from the floor and five on free tries.

BROOKLINE		THAYER
Bouve	right-forward	Crocker
Daniels	left-forward	Richmond
Pogue	center	Carson
Hawkins	right guard	Avery
McGrath	left guard	Brennon

Score — T. A., 14; B. H. S., 9. Referee, Galigher; umpire, Kenrick; timer, Sanford. Time, 20 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL

The last game of the season ended with defeat once more for Brookline. It was played February 28 at Brookline, and the score was 22 to 12 for Quincy. The visiting team deserved the victory, for they played a fast, snappy game. Howe was their star man, and McGrath did the business for Brookline.

BROOKLINE		QUINCY
Bouve	right-forward	Howe
Hawkins	left-forward	Bates
Gallert	center	Duncan
McGrath	right guard	Marsh
Payne	left guard	Marden

Score — Q. H. S., 22; B. H. S., 12. Referee, Kenrick; umpire, Wessner timer, Johnson. Time, 15 minute halves.

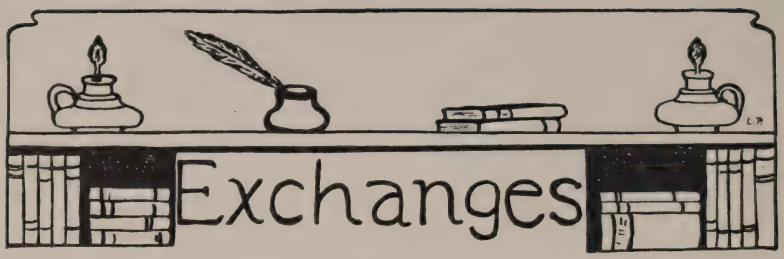
TRACK

THE TRIANGULAR MEET

On March 7, at the Park Square Colosseum, the annual triangular meet was held between Brookline, Newton and Cambridge. Some had their doubts about the character of the colosseum, but it seemed quite respectable when we got there, and a good crowd turned out. The meet began with the 40-yard dash, and Brookline's need of a fast sprinter was apparent. Francis Hann was the only one to get a place in the finals, and he lost through too great haste in starting. Consequently Newton got 9 points — a bad start from Brookline's point of view. The next event, the high jump, was more successful. Chandler took first, and G. Hann tied with two others for second place. In the 300-yard run Brookline was shut out; Newton took first and second, Cambridge third. Whitney won the 1000-yard run, as was expected, Brady came in third, and Reeves for Cambridge second. Newton's weak point! Cady won the 35-yard hurdles, leaving Newton to second and third. In the 600-yard run Newton again came to the front; R. Mahoney won, Hartley was second and F. Hann third. In the shot-put Newton won, Cambridge got second and Brookline third, George Hann getting the point. The last event, the relay race, was monotonous. At the start Newton took the lead and kept it throughout. Brookline easily defeated Cambridge.

Table of Points

	Newton	Brookline	Cambridge
40-yard dash	9	0	0
High jump	2 2-3	6 1-3	0
300-yard run	8	0	1
1000-yard run	0	6	3
35-yard hurdles	4	5	0
600-yard run	8	1	0
Shot put	5	1	3
Relay race	5	3	0
Total,	41 2-3	22 1-3	7



The exchanges received this month were: the Vexillum, Penn Charter Magazine, Skirmisher, Artisan, Record, Academy Monthly, Saugus Advocate, Register, Polaris (Ohio), Imp, Chandelier, Cambridge Review, Concord Voice, Brocktonia, Advance, Erasmian, Chronicle, High School Panorama, Kero, Newton Review.

The Valentine number of the Polaris is quite interesting and the cover most attractive.

The idea in the story entitled "Mother's Valentine" in the Chronicle is rather original.

The stories in the Panorama show that they are all selected with great care. It is well to have a variety such as are in this paper.

There are several rather good anecdotes in the Review.

Where is the exchange column in the Register?

The article entitled "Today" in the Imp is well worth having in a school paper. It leaves a thought in the reader's mind.

The sketches under "Punging from Several Points of View" in the Brocktonia are rather interesting. It's quite a good idea to get different ones to write on the same subject.

Wit (passing a plumber's shop, reading sign, "Cast-iron sinks")—"Anybody knows that."—Ex.

Laugh at no student for his pug nose; you can never tell what will turn up.—Ex.

BOARDING HOUSE GEOMETRY

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

Definitions and Axioms

All boarding houses are the same boarding house.

Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same floor are equal, each to each.

A simple room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding house is an oblong, angular figure, which cannot be described, but is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other, who meet together but are not on the same floor.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be double room.

Postulates and Propositions

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A line may be made from any boarding house to another boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding house bed, though produced ever so far in either direction, will never meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house are, together, less than two square meals.

If there are two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangles between the landlady and the boarders respectively be equal, then shall the weekly bills of the boarders be equal also. For if not, then one bill must be greater than the other, but if so, the other bill must be less than it might have been, which is absurd. Q. E. D.

—*Selected.*

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 7.—Roxbury Latin at Brookline.
April 10.—Tufts second at Brookline.
April 14.—Noble & Greenough at Noble's Field.
April 18.—Malden High at Malden.
April 20.—Alumni at Brookline.
April 24.—Winchester High at Winchester.
April 27.—Tech. '10 at Tech. Field.
April 30.—Volkmann at Allston.
May 2.—Gloucester High at Gloucester.
May 6.—Dorchester High at Dorchester.
May 9.—Arlington High at Arlington.
May 12.—English High at Brookline.
May 16.—Mechanic Arts at Brookline.
May 20.—Somerville High at Somerville.
May 22.—*Newton High (undecided).
May 23.—Waltham High at Waltham.
May 26.—*Cambridge Latin (undecided).
May 30.—*Newton High (undecided).
June 5.—*Cambridge Latin (undecided).
June 6.—Open.
June 9.—Woburn High at Woburn.

*League Games

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV MAY, 1908 NUMBER 7

Editorials

TO any one who has been present in the hall on Tuesday or Wednesday mornings, it is evident what excellent progress has been made this year in music. The quality of the work done by the pupils in the preparation of Handel's "Messiah" is a credit to the instruction they have received. To be able to give a production of this kind requires conscientious effort and hard work. Both have been freely given; and the result was seen, or rather heard, by the whole school on April 2. To say that this recital was good would be but poorly expressing the excellence of the work. It was remarkable for boys and girls in the High School; and the school, by its applause, showed its appreciation of the effort expended in preparation for it and the skill of the chorus in its production. The word of praise given by Mr. Chadwick was well deserved. Congratulations, Mr. Cole!

LAST month in these columns we exhorted the student body to support its baseball team. We naturally expected that the team would do its part. But has it? We regret to say that it has not. In fact, some of the members of the team have not fulfilled the elementary conditions, for they have not even maintained their standing in scholarship. This is not fair either to their coach, their team-mates or to themselves. That old bugbear Scholarship has again appeared to snatch victory from our hands. However, we have not lost all yet, and it would be well for those few to see to it that we do not.

THE members of the college English classes will look back with pleasure on their work in the study of the drama.

Brookline High is the first school to advance the movement to give the drama a place in literature. This is being done in a few colleges and is rapidly becoming universal. Brookline should be proud to have been the first to realize its value and to begin the systematic study of the drama. Recently, in connection with this work, the class listened to a reading of "The Playboy of the Western World" by Professor Thomas Whittemore. Besides affording an enjoyable hour, this reading proved beneficial to the class and they are very grateful for the opportunity given them.

DEBATING CLUB

On Thursday, March 26, the B. H. S. Debating Club closed its most successful season with a public debate. It was necessary to use the lecture room to accommodate the crowd of one hundred and sixty that turned out.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the attitude of the Pacific states toward the Orientals is justifiable." Lehrburger opened the argument for the affirmative, speaking evenly and well. He made a special point of the exclusion of the Japanese from the primary and grammar schools.

Faxon followed for the opposing side, and did his best to demonstrate the unjust attitude shown by the Pacific states toward the Chinese and Japanese. He touched upon the marvelous engineering abilities of the little yellow folk, the transcontinental railroad, and the great fruit industry. "In fact," he said, "it would cause a great financial loss to the United States to be at odds with Japan, since the yearly exports of the United States to that country amount to $150,000 000.00. It would also bring on war, and war is not to be desired now or any time."

Rudolf seconded Lehrburger for the affirmative, and spoke on the social side of the question, what wages the Japanese received, and their method of living. He spoke of the Japanese as a working people driving the American laborers from positions.

Niccolls closed with a strong speech delivered in a clear and convincing manner. He said that the treaty of 1894 had been broken by the Americans, and closed by stating that the attitude of the Pacific states was unjust morally, socially and legally.

The speaking from the floor was varied, spirited and eloquent, a dozen or so claiming the attention of the chair at one and the same time. For the affirmative were Hann, Cady, Reynolds, Sawtelle and Floyd, while C. Barnet, Kellogg, Gallert, Carver, Russell and Wilson upheld the negative.

Lehrburger opened the rebuttal for the affirmative in a fine, off-hand manner and made a strong speech for his side. Faxon closed the debate with a short speech and a reference from the "United States Immigration Laws."

The vote of the house was taken and resulted in favor of the negative by a good majority.

Mr. Hitchcock, who kindly consented to be judge, also gave his decision in favor of the negative.

After the decision of the judge had been rendered, Newton Stern, the president of the Club, surprised all present by making a short speech in which he presented to the Club a very handsome and beautifully inscribed gavel for the use of next year's president. Cady immediately jumped from his seat and led the assembly in a cheer for Stern which fairly shook the building and echoed down the long corridors. Such enthusiasm speaks well for the school spirit, and it was a fitting ending to a season so successful.

VISIT FROM AN OLD EDITOR

Harold Witter Bynner, editor of the SAGAMORE just ten years ago, visited the High School one day in April, after several years of absence. It is rather interesting to learn that a copy of the SAGAMORE, which was sent to Mr. Bynner in the winter, gave him a longing to see the old school again; and it is more interesting still to hear this young man, who has already won a name for himself in the literary world, say fervently, "Of all the work which I have done, nothing has ever given me the thrill of pleasure which I received when I first saw one of my school themes printed in the SAGAMORE. Indeed, I shall never forget the joy which I felt at that moment."

All the B. H. S. students, past and present, must feel glad when one of their number wins success in the great world into which they pass after leaving the High School.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS TRIP

(Concluded)

III

The drive home was a silent one; but the silvery jingle of the sleigh bells and the sharp thud of the horses' hoofs on the frozen road prevented the silence from becoming oppressive. As they neared the house Mr. Harland informed his companion that a young lady was to dine with the family that evening; but that Mr. Norris probably would not have the pleasure of seeing her until the dinner hour, as she and Mrs. Harland had gone out for the afternoon. Mr. Norris merely bowed in answer; and as they reached the house, no further mention was made of the matter.

The remainder of the afternoon passed quickly, Mr. Harland entertaining his guest by showing him around his country house and estate. But in spite of all his host could do, Mr. Norris did not seem quite at his ease; and once, glancing at the clock, he asked if they had not better get down to business pretty soon. Mr. Harland, somewhat surprised, wanted to know if he did not consider this business enough for the present, at which Mr. Norris, smiling as when he had first met Mr. Harland, declared that he certainly did.

While the men were amusing themselves at home Mrs. Harland and Miss Abbott were driving over snow-piled roads with the stinging air reddening their cheeks and noses. So delightful was the day that they chose the longest way back, and consequently they barely reached home in time to dress for dinner. Mrs. Harland was the first to appear, and she found the men in the library. They soon heard a light step on the stairs, and Miss Abbott, in a dainty pink gown which became her brown hair and eyes wonderfully, appeared in the doorway.

"My dear," said Mrs. Harland, coming forward and taking her hand, "I wish to introduce to you Mr. Norris. Mr. Norris, Miss Abbott, my"—but here she stopped, for as soon as Miss Abbott had caught sight of Mr. Norris, who had been standing

partly in the shadow, she uttered a dismayed "Oh!" while her cheeks suddenly grew very pink. Mr. Norris stood as though rooted to the spot, a slow red creeping over his cheeks and temples, his eyes riveted on her face. Miss Abbott was the first to recover herself, and holding her head very erect, she said coldly,

"I think I have met Mr. Norris before," and with a calm bow turned to greet her uncle. Mrs. Harland, who had been watching her in amazement, was not content to let the matter drop there; for like many other people she did not always know when to stop.

"You didn't tell me you knew Mr. Norris when I said he was to be here," she remarked mildly.

"No," replied Miss Abbott; you said he was a cousin of yours, and I was not aware that the Mr. Norris I knew was an impostor among his other gifts."

Mr. Norris made a sudden movement, and turning abruptly to Mr. Harland asked, "A cousin of yours? What! You're Mr. Harland, aren't you?"

"I am," said Mr. Harland, wondering what was coming next.

"Mr. Carl Everett Harland?" Miss Abbott drew a quick breath, and turned sharply. Mrs. Harland stared in open-mouthed dismay.

"No," said her husband; "I am Mr. Charles Harland. I"—

"Mr. Charles Harland? Then"—the young man glanced quickly at the clock. "Half past six! And if he doesn't sign the papers by eight!" Then turning sharply—"You don't know of a Mr. Carl E. Harland here? No? I mistook you for that gentleman as I have never seen him. I must find him; he wrote me he'd be in this village. I've some very important papers which he must sign tonight, for—but it's a long story." Here he paused for a second, and then suddenly added: "I see that you have a telephone; and if you'll let me use it for a few minutes, why—why, then, I'll explain this silly affair to you. And yet it won't be a silly affair if I do not find Mr. Harland. If you'll give me the numbers of some of the most prominent hotels around here, it would be a great help." Mr. Harland nodded slowly as he took in the young man's sincerity; then he motioned Roland

Norris to precede him and followed him out of the room. At his departure, Mrs. Harland gasping faintly fell into a chair, and looked with questioning eyes at her companion; but for once she said nothing. Miss Abbott remained standing, although she leaned somewhat heavily on the broad oak table at her right. Their positions were scarcely changed when, several minutes later, the two men entered the room.

"It's all right," exclaimed Mr. Norris. "Since there are only two places in this village that boast the name of boarding house, I found him easily. And Mr. Harland has let me take his sleigh so that I can get to the village in plenty of time."

"Yes," said Mr. Harland, who felt relieved since his new friend was relieved; "yes, we found him. Now won't you please explain a little more fully your cause of trouble?"

"Yes," added Mrs. Harland.

"Well, it's something like this," began Mr. Norris, keeping his eyes fixed on Miss Abbott, who was looking out into the lighted hall. "I'm in a law office in town. The other day Mr. Brice gave me a letter from one of his clients — I guess you've heard of Mr. Carl Everett Harland though, if you've read the papers. By the way, are you any relative of his? You bear the same name. No? It must have been simply a peculiar coincidence; but it certainly was peculiar. I won't go into details; but certain documents I have here with me had to be signed by a certain day; in fact, by this very day. I was given the job of conducting and finishing the business with Mr. Harland at the place he spoke of in his letter. After receiving my instructions I wrote a telegram telling Mr. Harland the train I should come on and using in the address only his first initial, C, because I thought his whole name would be too well known. He wanted, if possible, to have the matter got rid of without the knowledge of certain business enemies; and that's why he chose this station; for few people ever come here, and yet it's convenient. All you have to do is to drop off a through train, you know. And now I must go; for it's getting late, and he was a bit out of temper when I found him on the 'phone." His listeners had been so interested that they had hardly moved. By the time he stopped,

however, Mrs. Harland had recovered from her first surprise and was able to ask,

"But, then, you aren't our cousin? Wasn't your father William Norris?"

"No," courteously replied Roland Norris; "I cannot be your cousin; for my father is Samuel Norris." Mrs. Harland said no more; but Miss Abbott glanced up as if about to speak and then looked down, flushing as she caught his eye. At last Mr. Harland, breaking the silence, asked,

"But that was a responsible position for you, young man."

Mr. Norris shrugged his shoulders and laughed ruefully. "Yes, but I made a mess of it — the way I do of everything." Miss Abbott grew a deeper red as she felt his quick glance resting on her again. "I was surprised," he continued after the slightest pause, "at almost everything you did or said; but I knew Mr. Carl Harland was so rich that he could have anything, even an estate here to be visited once a year! There's where I was wrong. I—oh, but it's no use talking! I must go now. Good night. I can't see you again; for I must take the night train back. Some time, perhaps I CAN see you again and thank you in a better way. Now, good night"; and he was gone, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Harland to say their good nights to the empty air. Miss Abbott said nothing.

In the hall Mr. Norris was slipping on his overcoat. He had just succeeded in getting it half on when a soft hand took hold of his, and he turned in amazement to find himself face to face with Miss Abbott, who had stolen up behind him unheard.

"Constance!" he exclaimed impulsively, thinking of a time many months before; "I was a fool, Constance; it was all my fault."

"No, Roland," she whispered, her eyes shining; "it was only mine. But you'll forgive me, won't you? Please?"

Just at this interesting moment Mrs. Harland, who was coming from the library followed by Mr. Harland, turned quickly and pushed her husband back into the room. Looking at him with smiling eyes she whispered, "I told you so."

"What?" asked Mr. Harland in amazement.

ANNA EVELETH HOLMAN, '09.

A DOUBLE VICTORY

Victory at last, after ten long years! Small wonder that the locker room of the Norris Preparatory School contained eighteen lads crazed with the joy of an unlooked-for victory; for, as it sometimes will, the unexpected had happened. For ten consecutive years Norris Prep. had met her dearest rival, Maitland, in the last great base-ball game of the season, and after a clean, hard-fought battle, she had gamily acknowledged defeat. Indeed, Norris loved to boast of two things—her ability to accept defeat cheerfully, and her never-failing honor in all branches of athletics. But tonight was different. It is said that anyone makes a good winner; a good loser is the real test. If Norris knew how to accept defeat, she also knew how to accept victory, as the team's loyal supporters, just below the locker-room window, were doing their best to testify. One cheer followed another before the echo of its predecessor had died away. The school, the team, the coaches, were all duly cheered; but all the sounds mingled for the same purpose—to proclaim one joyful event, victory.

Within, the players were shouting to one another above the din of the cheering crowd.

"What the dickens has become of my other shoe?" shouted Lane, the first-baseman, hopping with agility around with one foot minus a shoe.

Who cares about shoes tonight?" replied Meredith, the captain, giving Lane a slap that sent him toppling over the nearest bench with more speed than grace. "I'll guarantee those fellows would carry you from here to Heaven if you expressed the least desire for such a transfer. By the way, you put up a great game today, said Meredith, enthusiastically.

"Me?" questioned Lane, with a fine disregard for grammar; "oh, I played rotten. What I'd like to know is, where Fuller, the hero of the game, is hiding himself," he added, looking around the room.

"He's hugging the wall in the darkest corner, I'll bet," Meredith answered, "gloomily wondering whether he flunked his last math. exam. Funny fellow, that."

"He's just about as square as they make 'em," retorted Lane quickly.

"He sure is," replied Meredith heartily; "he's the kind of fellow you'd trust your life with. Just listen to those fellows," he continued, smiling; that's the fourth cheer in succession they've given Fuller."

"Well, what can you expect?" demanded Lane. "When a fellow pulls the game out of the fire by a home run in the last two minutes, it isn't very wonderful that the school feels bound to show a little of its superfluous gratitude."

"I should say not," agreed Meredith heartily.

They discovered Fuller soberly lacing up his shoes in the darkest corner of the room as Meredith had predicted.

"Fuller, Fuller, Fuller!" cheered the crowd.

"Fuller, Fuller, Fuller!" mimicked Meredith playfully. "Why, man alive, don't look as if you'd flunked every subject in the catalog; you've got on an expression worse than half a dozen funerals; smile a little, can't you?"

"No, I can't without cracking my face open; and strange as it may seem, I don't care to do that, even to please you. But I shall be stark mad, I tell you, if those fellows utter my name once again," Fuller replied savagely.

Meredith looked at the "hero" in some surprise, but he merely walked quickly over to the window.

"Hey, you fellows," he called, "we all know by this time that we are appreciated; but you'll show it more effectually by quitting that infernal racket. I hate to appear ungrateful, but not having iron constitutions, that yelling gets on a fellow's nerves after a while— in short, cut it out."

Then he walked slowly back to Lane and Fuller.

"Now, what's the trouble, Fuller; down on your luck?" he asked sympathetically.

Fuller, not daring to trust himself to speak, shook his head in denial. The two fellows waited patiently for him to begin.

Finally he said, "Well, it's got to come, and I might as well face the music like a man."

"Shall I make myself scarce?" asked Lane.

"No." Fuller swallowed hard. "All the fellows have got to know."

Meredith turned abruptly. "Boys, come over here a minute," he called.

The fellows drew near, looking curiously from Meredith to Fuller.

"Fellows," Fuller began slowly, "there is something I've got to tell you that I don't know just how to say. It won't do any good to beat about the bush; but it seems as if I couldn't say it, because the minute I do, I'm down and out—disgraced."

There was a pause in which everyone waited breathlessly, while Fuller drew in a deep breath.

"My home run wasn't a home run," he said finally. "I never touched third base."

For a moment the silence was so oppressive that it almost seemed to Fuller that his companions must be listening to the beating of his heart. He stood there under the scornful or pitying scrutiny of seventeen pairs of eyes, and felt himself tried, judged, and condemned as a traitor to the long list of names whose owners had never reflected any dishonor upon their alma mater.

He turned away miserably; the accusing looks of his comrades haunted him.

"Well, there's nothing to be done," began Lane.

"Yes, there is," broke in Meredith shortly; but first let's hear the whole story from Fuller."

Fuller turned around slowly.

"How did you manage to convince the umpire of your veracity?" questioned Meredith suspiciously.

"My reputation was good," Fuller replied, lingering a little bitterly on the word "was."

"I can understand," conceded Meredith, "that the umpire would take your say-so quicker than any one else's, because he knows, as we all do, that you never lost sight of your honor in any game before." He paused, "Well, it isn't irremediable."

"What can we do now?" asked someone.

Meredith looked at the fellow in surprise.

"Why, what is there to do, but play another game with Maitland?" he asked.

There was a murmur of protest from a few of the fellows.

"Why not let bygones be bygones?" asked Babcock, the pitcher.

Meredith withered him with a glance.

"I don't think it necessary to answer such a question. It seems to me that the answer should be apparent to any fair-minded fellow. Let me advise you," he concluded, "to take up the study of ethics."

"Whew!" said Lane, "you can be nasty, can't you?"

Meredith's face relaxed a little.

"Look here, fellows, surely you agree that game has got to be played over."

"Sure!" said Lane heartily. "What do you take us for, heathens or Babcocks?"

Babcock flushed. "Seems to me I've had about my share."

"Forgiven," murmured Lane.

"But about playing another game," broke in Meredith; "what do you say?"

"Isn't it rather unusual?" protested Burns.

"What's unusual?" demanded Meredith. "To find honor in a set of fellows who don't want a game that doesn't belong to them?"

"I don't suppose I have any right to say anything," began Fuller," but I don't believe I should ever have had the courage to confess, if I hadn't felt that you fellows would surely play the game over and win fairly. You see, I couldn't graduate knowing that the only baseball game we had won from Maitland in ten years didn't really belong to us."

There was a silence. Then Meredith said, "I guess that settles it. Lane, will you please get Captain Barry of Maitland on the 'phone?"

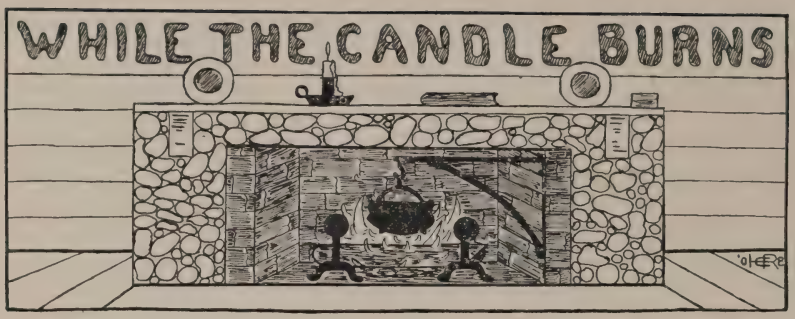
They waited a moment; then Lane called, "Here he is!"

Meredith walked slowly across the room. Frowning thought-

fully, he picked up the receiver. "Is this Barry? Yes, this is Meredith. We didn't win that game fairly this afternoon; Fuller didn't touch third base. Will you give us another chance next Saturday? What? No, I'm not very explicit, but may I explain more fully tomorrow? Thanks. Then the date's on for next Saturday? All right, so long."

Hanging up the receiver, he turned to his comrades. "One more week of training, fellows," he said cheerfully, "and then," he concluded grimly, "we'll show Maitland some baseball, and Fuller will play the game of his life at short-stop."

(To be continued)



HERCULES

I have always had an aversion for dogs; I know not why. They seem to repel me, and I them. For miles I could walk with a friend and never a dog appear; but just let me run down to the corner to post a letter, and they spring up from the very earth by the half dozens. Black ones and white ones, brown ones and yellow ones, big ones and little ones, all feel a kindred spirit of revenge when I appear. They sniff at my heels, and bristle when I turn. They slink around the corners at my approach, and growl if in a playful mood I call to them "Ho! dogs"; they and I were never intended to affiliate.

On the particular afternoon of which I speak, everything had gone wrong. I was anticipating a visit to Weston, a beautiful suburb of Boston about fifteen miles from that city, to see a friend who greatly desired me to have a glimpse of her new home. As an afterthought she mentioned her dog.

"You will see Hercules, too!" she exclaimed; and from his name I drew my own conclusions. Hercules! The very name inspired me with awe; but I packed my suit case, and then remembering certain forgotten articles I turned to repack the case at peril of losing my train.

Being at length ensconced upon the somewhat uncomfortable train seat with my offending suit case at my feet, I glanced at my watch and figured that I would reach the station of B——, where my friend was to meet me and drive me two miles to her home, in something less than half an hour. So I settled myself to read.

About five miles out of Boston the train stopped (it was on

the Boston and Albany railroad!) for no special reason; and there we sat for forty-five minutes in the rapidly gathering dusk. Then I thought of Hercules! Supposing I should not be met and would have to face Hercules alone! I could read no longer. Vague apparitions of the monster flitted before me, and I could think of nothing else.

Presently Providence willed it that we move; so move we did — at a turtle's pace for the remaining ten miles, stopping every so often to let the engine rest. At last I reached B—— just two hours and one half late; and as I expected, no friend was to be seen. The idea of walking through two miles of forsaken country road was little pleasing to me, but nothing to the awful fate which awaited me at my destination. Hercules! I trembled.

Bravely I set forth. I walked on and on, inquiring as I went of the few straggling pedestrians the way.

At last I was at the gate, but my heart sank. Was I not at the very door of Hercules' stronghold? For an eternity I grasped the gate latch, longing for wings to carry me past that flower-bed in the centre of the walk around which the path circled and to be safely seated by the table and cheerful lamp which I could see through the partly drawn shade. Softly I drew the latch and listened. No sound! Perhaps Hercules was asleep. I thrust the gate farther open and — it squeaked an awful blood-curdling squeak, and following it the patter of paws on the piazza and the soft thud, thud, as Hercules dropped from step to step and reached the gravel path! There I heard him halt. It was as dark as Egypt; but I fancied I could see his eyes like glowing coals and his long white fangs showing.

Gathering what was left of my courage, I started forward, and reached the flower-bed just as the beast reached the opposite side. There I halted, but he did not. I heard him slowly advance around the bed, and I advanced slowly away from him. His pace increased; so did mine. Faster and faster we went. My hat fell over one eye, my hair hung down my back, and at intervals I stumbled over my suit case, which I had dropped in my flight. My head buzzed, and red lights began to appear before my eyes, but to stop meant to be torn to shreds by Hercules.

Just as I had decided that I had traversed the garden fifty-seven times, I suddenly discovered that Hercules was but a few paces in front of me, and that to all appearances I was chasing him!

Suddenly there was a flood of light sent out from the opening of the front door, and I heard a voice exclaim:

"Heavens! what's this? Here, Hercules!"

My relief was too great for my weakened nerves, and I fell in a heap among the flowers. Then a hearty laugh caused me to look up; and I beheld my friend standing over me with a tiny little spaniel in her arms.

"Hercules!" I gasped.

"This is Hercules!" she replied.

G. W., '11.

TIT FOR TAT

Two dust-begrimed mortals were vainly endeavoring to start a stubborn auto. One who answered to the name of Wayne was attacking its vitals from below, while a small stream of oil was making a miniature cascade on his chest; and the words that issued from beneath the car were emphatic rather than elegant. The other, a Frenchman, was dancing frantically around the auto, emitting ever and anon ejaculations that sounded like Russian to the other.

Honk! honk!! an auto horn rang out clearly in the near distance. The Frenchman stopped his violent gestures to listen, and then turned to the other.

"Eet is one succour-r-r," he cried.

"Uh-huh," growled the person addressed, whose mouth was full of dirt and oil; then he slowly crawled from his recumbent position.

They heard a chug-chugging coming nearer and roaring louder; and then with a whirr a large Panhard machine whirred

by without so much as a glance toward the unfortunates by the roadside.

Both men were so petrified with astonishment that for a moment neither spoke. Then he of the oily countenance broke into a volley of words, in comparison with which his former oration was mild. Shortly, however, he simmered down to a fairly moderate state of mind.

"But," he exclaimed to the other, as though continuing his thoughts aloud, "any fellow in such a fix as we are wouldn't miss my help, you can wager."

"Oui," acquiesced the Frenchman, "he is ze miserable cochon."

* * *

Some time later Wayne was driving slowly along a bad country road his new 70 h. p. Mercedes. The morning sun glittered on the bright enamel and shining brasswork. Scrunch! scrunch! went the tires over the uneven surface of the road.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Wayne, "the man who made this road ought to be hung."

Around the next curve a man was standing vainly turning the handle on the front of the auto round and round like an Italian playing a hand-organ. To Wayne, coming along in his new Mercedes, the man, the car looked strangely familiar. Then suddenly he remembered, and at the same moment the man yelled to him to stop. But having remembered the steering wheel of his own car demanded all of Wayne's attention at that moment, the man, their old friend the "cochon," gazed mournfully after the fast disappearing auto while the occupants of the latter grinned and muttered "Tit for Tat."

W. M. S., '11.

Song adapted for B. H. S. Mandolin Club from the song "Shall we ever be able to fly?" by Harold C. Read and W. Wesley Reynolds.

There was a guy whose name was Ben,
A fine young man was he;
And when we gazed at pretty girls
He shouted, "Eyes on me."
We thought he had an awful crust
To make us look at him,
And every time we sang that song,
There was an awful din.

CHORUS.

Shall we ever be able,
Ever be able to fly?
Oh my, what would you give
To sail up to the sky!
No one to trouble you there;
Joys will multiply.
Shall we ever be able,
Ever be able to fly?

Our manager was Harold Read,
Always after the dough;
The fellows never had a cent—
At least, they told him so;
Whenever he approached a bunch,
They were like slippery eels,
And all that he could ever see
Was everybody's heels.
Chorus.

When at the social we did play,
We were ready to begin,
When suddenly a little voice
Piped up above the din,
"I've lost my pick, the game is up,
We won't be able to play."
We all looked 'round, and on the floor
Was hunting Alan Hay.
Chorus.

Our pianist was Lehrburger,
He certainly was no fake;
He banged the box all right, all right,
And then made for the cake;
Fudge and ice-cream all went, too,
We never got a smell,
And when the fellows looked for theirs
They all began to yell.
Chorus.

Winslow was a fine young lad,
But he was sleepy too,
His eyes were dreamy for a fact,
His hair of coal black hue;
When we were ready to begin,
We looked for him in vain,
And when he finally drifted in,
We hit up this refrain.
Chorus.

Our 'cellist was Butsy Bri.
He certainly made a hit,
When he tuned up "Lillian,"
The youngsters threw a fit.
He rolled his eyes, smiled at the girls,
The girls let out a moan,
And as they fainted dead away,
O how those boys did groan!
Chorus.

There was a modest little man,
Who did the tinkling act,
And every time he played with us,
The girls he did attract.
Smiling Susan was his theme,
He made an awful noise,
And every time he hit it up,
A yell 'rose from the boys.
Chorus.

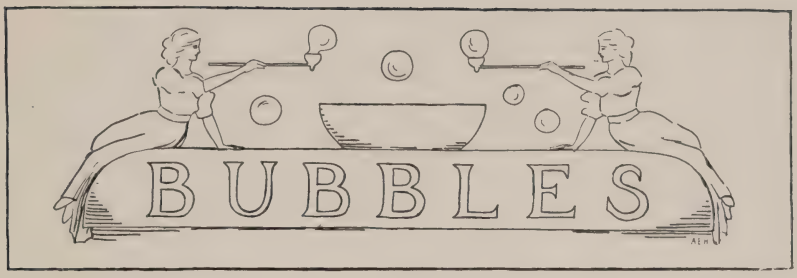
Another one was Lewie K.,
The pride of Brookline High;
Ben couldn't phase him with a brick
Or catch his roving eye.
The day we had our pictures took,
When at him I did glance,
I almost fainted when I saw
HE WORE HIS FATHER'S PANTS.
Chorus.

A modest youth was Martindale,
When first he entered school,
But now he acts worse than the rest,
And all he does is fool;
When he and Jonesie hit it up
And started up a riot,
Bennie hollered this refrain
As he tried to keep them quiet.
Chorus.

One winter night at 7 P.M.
We trooped up Beacon Street,
The night was cold, and so were we,
And we almost froze our feet.
We walked and walked and walked
and walked,
And soon met Alan Hay,
And when we asked where Jonesie
lived,
We barely heard him say.
Chorus.

There was a tiny Lyons boy,
A great musician he,
His mandolin he hid behind
So Bennie couldn't see.
He loved to fool with "Lillian" and
jealous BUTSIE BRI,
Grabbed up his bow,
Hit him a whack,
And then we heard him cry.
Chorus.

And last of all, but far from least,
That saintly Reynolds boy,
Who always sat with eyes on Ben,
And never did annoy.
He never tried to fool or play,
But hymn books threw about,
And hit Buts Bri right in the eye,
You'd ought to've heard him shout.
Chorus.



It rather confuses one's sense of time and place to have a pupil exclaim, "Cleopatra dressed like a fairy queen came right up our river, and Mark Antony's palace was built right in our back yard!" And yet it is true, every word of it.

A freshman writes, "The ancient Greeks have know modern inventions." How does he no?

Question for Mathematics class: Given the diameter of Miss K's new hat, what is its circumference?

Lazy pupil groans, "Oh, I can't bear to work with such big numbers!"

"Concordination" is a new word of Miss H's.

Teacher in Roman History.—"What was Cicero's opinion of Octavius?"

Sutherland hesitates.

Teacher, encouragingly.—"He was young, like you, and didn't amount to much."

Stung!

To know enough to know that you don't know a thing is the next best thing to knowing it.

Greenwood speaks of waves swallowing up rocks.

"Retreating they have respect for their covered backs." A dignified way of putting it!

Reynolds speaks of his brother Styx!

Kennealy's devotion to baseball is very evident. Even when describing the kingdom of the Greeks, he cheerfully states that they had a large "umpire."

According to O'Brien, Homer's epithets consist of epics.

One of the freshmen is so anxious to be understood that he insists on making things "more plainer."

According to O'Day, Pleiades was the father of Achilles.

Lehrburger, in I Latin.—"The arrows come out to see if they can do battle with the Parthians.

Even in Vergil the nymphs spun yarns.

Miss P. speaks of a mother with a rent mind.

Schw-fth called Hell the shady place.

Soph. maiden, speaking of the infernal regions.—"They will have to suffer all kinds of medicine!" Putting it mildly.

L. speaks of a man decorated with a field! What a strange equipment. And Chaffee mentions hunting hens. Pleasant sport!

Miss Spaulding does not see how anybody can trade with the sky.

News Notes

The husky wearers of the red and blue are now hard at work on the Charles developing a crew that bids fair to do fine work. Pull together, boys, and give us another championship!

Who says we haven't got a chorus? Just ask Mr. Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Have you seen our motor cycle? Well, rather!

Jimmy McGrath has been elected captain of next year's basket-ball team. Good luck, Jimmy!

On Friday, April 10, the B. H. S. Mandolin Club ended its most brilliant and successful season by a party at the home of William A. Bryant. A most delightful program was arranged for the evening in which most of the Club participated. Alan Hay gave two fine monologs in his usual breezy way, and Ben Roberts followed with another. He also gave banjo and violin solos, which were very much appreciated as fine music beautifully handled. Lyons gave a very good violin solo, and Read and Reynolds sang a funny duet in which they brought out hits on different members of the Club. Between these numbers on the program the club played their entire score of pieces, which included the "Red Mill," "Katie," "Angel's Serenade," "Smiling Susan," "Laughing Sam," and "Phenomenon." At the conclusion of the program the officers for 1909 were elected as follows: Benjamin Roberts, leader; Alan Hay, manager. With two such leaders the Club is certain to prosper; and we wish them the greatest success for the coming season.

George Hann has been elected captain of the B. H. S. Tennis Team.

Alumni Notes

Charles W. Lewis, '99, married Edna A. Young in Brooklyn, New York, on April 22.

Out of a class of three hundred graduating at Smith College this year, fifteen received the honor of being chosen members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Among the fifteen we are proud to see the name of Marjory Henry, B. H. S., '04.

The engagement of Miss Helen McKee, B. H. S., '02, to Charles W. Adams has recently been announced.

Miss Madeline Howes has become engaged to Edward Morse, B. H. S., '00.

Richmond Ordway, B. H. S., '05, has returned to Dover, N. H., after a short visit in Brookline.

Ralph D. Flint, B. H. S., '03, is now in Paris.

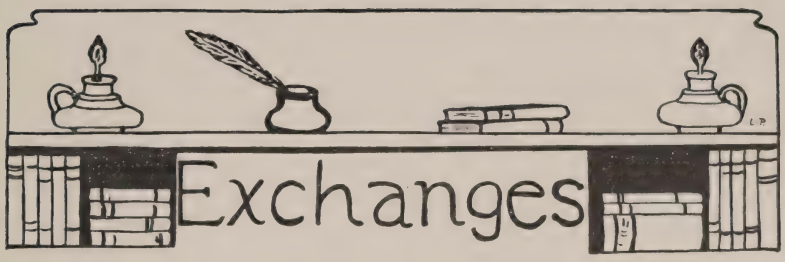
Charles C. Soule, Jr., B. H. S., '00, is an ensign on the SS. Nebraska, now in the Pacific.

George B. Calkins, B. H. S., '02, is now situated in Chicago.

Arthur P. Bush, Jr., '05, has recently been visiting in Brookline.

Arthur P. Truette, B. H. S., '06, was in the chorus of the Tech. show which was given last month.

Raymond Potter, '00, and Harold Tomlin, '00, were in the Pi Eta show last month.



We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: Academy Monthly, Argus, Artisan, Chronicle, Clarion, Concord High School Voice, Herald, Imp, Jabberwock, Maroon and Cream, Megaphone, Oracle (California), Penn. Charter Magazine, Polaris, Radiator, Red and Blue, Register, Review, Rindge Record, Skirmisher, Southern Workman, Vexillum, White and Blue, Williams Record.

White and Blue, a few jokes would not come amiss, while a cut or two would surely add to the general appearance of your otherwise creditable paper.

The Vexillum is a thoroughly interesting magazine. We think, however, that the addition of one more story would call forth no criticism.

We wish to compliment the exchange editor of the Penn. Charter Magazine. The activity shown in this department stands out brilliantly in comparison with the lamentable laziness displayed in many exchanges.

The Maroon and Cream is a well edited paper; but we suggest that the editorials be placed before the stories, which is considered by many rather the better order.

The enterprise of the Red and Blue's exchange editor is praiseworthy; but would not the criticisms and jokes be better apart than mixed in together as they are in this magazine?

We commend the zeal of the alumni editor in the Megaphone; and although the March issue is an alumni number, could you not find room for one story?

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, WHAT?

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A Monthly Magazine

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BROOKLINE, MASS.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XIV JUNE, 1908 NUMBER 8

Editorial

ONE more year has passed over our heads. The annals of another twelve months are ready to be placed on file. Who will deny that this year has been eminently successful? Never has the school been more prosperous. Never has the SAGAMORE flourished with greater energy. Never has a class been more loyal to the Red and Blue than that of 1908. God bless her! Concerning the SAGAMORE especially we believe we should say a few words of commendation. In our first issue this year we omitted the customary appeal for material, believing that the school had awakened to the fact that it owed its support to its paper. As the months have passed we have seen that this conviction was well founded. At no time have we lacked good material. We only regret that we were not able to publish all of the contributions. In this, our last issue, we offer you the result of our efforts. In this number you see the best that the school can produce. Every one has earnestly worked to make this graduating issue one that will never cease to bring distinction upon the school and upon the senior class. It only remains to say farewell. We, who are about to depart, salute you, the seniors and pupils of next year. Soon new faces will appear within the walls of Room 10. The class of '08 is a thing of the past. "The king is dead; long live the king!"

AMID these times of graduation festivities, we regret to announce the departure of two members of our faculty—Miss Mary P. Frye and Miss Clarabel Moulton. For thirty-eight years Miss Frye has been a teacher in the Brookline Public Schools. Since 1882 she has taught in this High School, and throughout these years has gained the friendship and admiration of all with whom she has come in contact. It is with deep regret that we make this announcement; for to every one Miss Frye is as much a part of the school as the four walls themselves. On Tuesday afternoon, June 9, the teachers of the school showed their appreciation of her work by tendering her a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Packard. The pleasant rooms were very attractive in their cool decoration of green and white. During the afternoon Miss Johnson in a witty speech presented Miss Frye with a pewter tea service, the workmanship of the Arts and Crafts. And so teachers and pupils wish Miss Frye a pleasant summer across the water and happy days and a place in her remembrance always for Brookline High.

Miss Moulton came to the school in 1905; but in that short time has endeared herself to both teachers and scholars. Her interest in and loyalty to the school, her great ability as a French teacher, has called forth the admiration of all. On June 16 the members of the Junior French Class showed their comprehension of her work. Alan Hay, the spokesman of the class, voiced the prevailing sentiment in his words: "We are sorry you are going; we know what you have done for us; and we wish to show you, by this token of our regard, our appreciation." The SAGAMORE joins with the school in wishing Miss Moulton great happiness in her new home.

In 1920

It was early morning, and the crowds that had been watching the bulletin-boards of the Frankfort Register almost all night were now beginning to collect again. Among these was a light-haired youth, who wore the dress of an imperial aeronaut, who sat on the curbstone smoking a dirty black pipe with a look of meditation on his face. He took no notice of the crowd about him, but constantly watched the bulletin-board for the latest news from the all-night session of the Reichstag. As he watched another bulletin came: "The Reichstag has taken a half-hour's recess for breakfast. No action." The crowd read this and then started for work. Soon there were left only a few scattered groups; but the light-haired aeronaut still sat on the curb smoking.

As he sat there calmly puffing on his little pipe, his thoughts ran back over the past ten years. What a course events had taken! Airships were now an everyday means of traveling. Trolley cars were no more. Wireless telegraphy, however, had remained as formerly; it still being impossible to communicate around the world by this means. To this end many inventors had striven in vain. But to Schneider, the Imperial aeronaut, this question had been a pleasant and interesting one. For years past, when he was not running an airship between Berlin and Frankfort, he had spent his time trying to crack this nut. Now he thought he had succeeded, and awaited only the chance and means to test his invention.

While he thus pondered, a speck developed in the eastern sky and grew nearer, enlarging rapidly. Then the Berlin mail came in sight and landed at the airship tower nearby. But it brought no fresh news; for just as it arrived, another message was flashed upon the board. "Bernhardt says that war will be declared before night." At that, the light-haired youth arose from the curb, and walking rapidly to the airship tower stepped

on the lift and was whisked to the top. Alighting, he turned to his right and knocked at a closed door. He was told to enter.

An elderly, spectacled man sat at a desk in one corner of the room. He did not look up until the young man was standing beside him.

"Mr. Schmidt," said the youth, "I want a week's leave of absence."

"Why, Schneider, are you crazy? Haven't you read the bulletins? See! A telegram from the boss. 'Run extra airships the moment war is declared.' Leave of absence! Man, go back to work. We need you."

Schneider, however, still pleaded persistently, but in vain. Finally, as a last resort, he drew from the inner pocket of his blouse the blue-prints of his invention and spread them before Schmidt. The anger of the elder man changed to astonishment. He looked at the prints in surprise, and then turning to Schneider said, "You have too great a chance to lose. It might save our empire. Do as you think best. Take your leave of absence. I'll shoulder the responsibility."

Schneider turned away instantly, folding up the prints. Just as he came out of the office the Berlin mail ship touched at the platform, and he was aboard just in time.

* * *

Germany was in imminent danger of war with Japan. Of the two countries, the former was the least prepared, and no one appreciated so thoroughly the impending danger as did Kellar, commander-in-chief of Germany's military forces. He was soldierly in appearance, with grey eyes and hair and a thin face. Kellar's one thought was the safety of his country. To be sure, he had a large fleet of aeroplane warships near Tokyo under the command of Schwabe; but since he had no means of rapid communication with the Admiral, he could not immediately let Schwabe know when war was declared. The General was alone in his office, looking with a troubled air out of a window over the city of Berlin when one of his aids entered.

"An Imperial aeronaut is outside," he announced "He in-

sists on seeing you." The man waited. "Tell him to go to —," began Kellar sharply, but stopped. "Let him in," he finally concluded.

The aid went out and soon came back with Schneider, the light-haired aeronaut, who had spent the night before the bulletin-boards. He was greatly embarrassed but in earnest.

"What is it?" asked Kellar.

"I have a new system of wireless telegraphy," began Schneider, coming directly to his point. "I thought you — you might like to look at it. Here it is," he concluded, unfolding his prints. At first, Kellar glanced carelessly at them and then examined them more closely. But finally he pushed them away.

"You seem to have something," he said. "But some other day if this country exists, I'll examine them; not now."

"But don't you understand," quickly gasped Schneider, "now's the time! That will transmit intelligence accurately to any distance, to any station. Man alive! If it works! Don't you grasp the situation?" He quite forgot himself in his excitement.

"Can I communicate with the ships at Tokyo?" asked Kellar sharply. The gaze of the two men met for an instant. That was enough. Then Kellar turned around in his chair, pressed a button on the wall. Instantly an attendant entered.

"Take this young man, Haskle," said the General, to Wireless Station No. 3. Let him do as he pleases."

* * *

To the great surprise of the German nation, the Reichstag did not declare war all day long. Meanwhile, Schneider was stationed at Wireless Station No. 3. The work progressed, and the new apparatus went slowly into place. Finally, all was finished. Feverishly and hastily Schneider put the receiver on his head and touched the key. A torrent of long, blue sparks between two knobs on the table was the result. Yes, it worked. For the next hour he talked incessantly with Kabul, Bankok and Pekin, breaking all previous records. But in spite of his efforts, he was unable to get Tokyo; and he was about to give up in despair, when two wires on his instrument accidentally became

crossed. Clear as a bell he heard Schwabe's men talking with one another. Now, having found the key to the mystery, it was only a moment's work to get into communication with them.

Night had come, and still the Reichstag debated. At 10 P.M. Schneider knocked at the door of Kellar's office.

"Ready?" asked the General.

"Ready," answered the aeronaut. "I have been in communication with Schwabe, and can get him in a moment's notice. He says that there—".

At this instant he was interrupted by an aid, who almost shouted, "War's declared!"

"Then send this message to Schwabe at once," said Kellar thrusting Schneider a prepared sheet. Like a flash, the latter left the room and sprinted for Wireless Station No. 3 with the old general at his heels. There the young aeronaut touched calmly with one hand the key of his great transmitter, and then in an instant,—"Is that you, Admiral? One minute. General Kellar wishes to speak with you." After the talk between the two men was over, Schneider looked up at Kellar.

"It worked, didn't it?" he said quietly enough; but it was the quietness one always finds in strong men in moments of great excitement.

"Young man," said Kellar, "do you know or half realize what you have done for Germany and for the world?"

Schneider scowled, ejaculating, "Oh pshaw! I am going back to work now. The airship company needs me. Good-night."

Two hours later, on his way home, Schneider passed by the newspaper bulletin-boards, before which he had spent about all the previous night. The latest bulletin was posted.

LATEST WIRELESS REPORTS

Japanese fleet at Tokyo annihilated by Schwabe!
Seven vessels sunk, four ashore!

Two weeks later, the entire German nation knew how this youth had saved his country. As for Schneider, he wore happily and proudly the Medal of Honor, awarded him for his services by the Reichstag.

N. A. T., '09.

Football Team, 1908

A Double Victory

(Concluded)

The last fellow to leave the locker room at Maitland was Harry Goodwin, the third baseman. He, with the others, had heard to his satisfaction the news that Maitland was to play Norris again on the following Saturday. Goodwin had a greater cause for satisfaction than the mere reason that Maitland had another chance to win. For he and Bob Fuller had always been the best of friends, even though they went to rival schools, until the year before, when, in a hockey game, Goodwin had lost his head and deliberately struck Bob, his opponent. Although he had more than atoned for his offence, Fuller, who was noted for his uncompromising sense of honor, had never been able to forgive him, because he could not understand how anyone could, under any circumstance, do a dishonorable thing. The unforgiving spirit which Fuller showed had led to a bitter quarrel between the two friends; so when Goodwin, third baseman, saw that Bob Fuller did not touch that base in his home run, and that, knowing he had not touched it, he allowed the score to stand, Goodwin felt first a thrill of exaltation. Bob could no longer pretend to be so virtuous. He was no better than any other fellow, and he (Goodwin) was glad he had caught him. Bob knew Goodwin had seen him; Goodwin was glad of that, too. Then the old-time affection had asserted itself, and he wondered anxiously whether Bob would ultimately confess; he still liked Fuller too well to rejoice in his downfall long. So when Barry gave out the welcome news, Goodwin felt that every barrier between them had been broken down.

* * *

Eight hundred eager baseball enthusiasts crowded Lincoln field to its utmost capacity on the afternoon of the second Maitland-Norris game impatiently awaiting the last half of the ninth inning.

The western stand was a mass of blue and white flags, with an occasional dash of crimson and black, the enemy's colors; but on the eastern side the crimson and black abounded, while here and there the blue and white of Norris waved defiantly in the breeze.

Below, in contrast to the joyous, enthusiastic spectators filling the western cheering section, sat the Norris team—nine silent lads awaiting the final struggle with far different sensations from those of the care-free crowd above them, save where occasionally between the intervals of cheering, some spectator would be seized with a momentary misapprehension, "What if we shouldn't win?" But a moment later he would discard it scornfully as too improbable for any serious consideration with the comforting but illogical assurance of youth—"But we've got to!"

That very same thought was tormenting Meredith, who with dogged persistency was anxiously digging up the turf with his toe, awaiting the termination of a conference between the two coaches. He even forgot to wonder at the delay, so absorbed was his mind with that one all-important idea. In a daze he saw the other team take the field, the pitcher throw to catcher, but who?—and then the awful truth flashed into his mind; the pitcher was none other than the invincible, much-heralded Rand, who had been declared ineligible some weeks before.

The coach's voice fell on his unheeding ears, and without comprehending he heard, "You've got a hard fight, now, boys; Rand has cleared himself of the charge of professionalism, and will pitch this inning. All I can say is don't let his fame rattle you; he's only human and a little out of practice. Well, do your best."

Meredith pulled himself together trying, as he selected his bat, to utter a few words of encouragement to his downcast companions; but the words stuck in his throat, and nervously he walked toward the plate. The first ball was one of the slow, treacherous kind that had made Rand's name known and feared. But that kind happened to be Meredith's specialty. He had never had any trouble finding the ball for at least one base. He swung perhaps a trifle too assuredly, and —

"One strike," droned the umpire.

Meredith, thoroughly surprised and chagrined, settled down determinedly.

The next was an in-drop, which appeared to Meredith a little out of direction. But unfortunately the umpire did not agree with him.

"Two strikes," he called.

The following ball he let pass with supreme unconcern; it was certainly two inches to the left of the plate.

"Three strikes," decided the umpire.

Meredith was stunned. Throwing down the bat, he walked slowly away from the plate with a queer expression on his face. "My judgment was rotten," he thought, "or else"—but he did not finish the supposition.

Lane was next in order. He was already at the plate when Meredith came out of his reverie, facing the pitcher grimly.

It was the same story of bad judgment. Three strikes were called, and Lane dropped the bat swearing softly.

"That's a peach of an umpire," he said sarcastically to Meredith.

"Yes," concurred Meredith. "I'm sorry, because Fuller's up next, and if he doesn't do anything, it's going to be a reproach to him the rest of his life."

They waited breathlessly in company with the whole field. This batter would decide the game. If he should strike out, neither side would win; the score would stand finally and irrevocably 5 to 5. With two men out, Fuller was Norris's last hope, and he was a doubtful one. Meredith, Lane and Fuller all faced the pitcher with different sensations; Meredith had been nervous, Lane grim, but Fuller was desperate. He waited calmly to all outward appearance. The field was deathly still. Would the ball never come? Finally Rand broke the suspense by sending a deceitful out-drop, which seemed to the anxious Fuller impossible. But he would have one good try at it whatever happened, he determined recklessly. All the strength in his body was put in the swinging bat. Around it came, caught the ball squarely and sent it out, out, out, far over the head of center field. Down

dropped the bat as Fuller sped towards first base, defying all records. Less than a minute later second base was a thing of the past. His heart thumped wildly as he neared third base, his breath failed him; he was suffocating! His very heart beats seemed to stifle him, and slipping he fell to his knees. As he struggled to his feet he thought dispiritedly, "What does it matter, anyway?" Then he looked squarely into the clear blue eyes of Harry Goodwin, third baseman, and in spite of the friendliness reflected there, a look of natural triumph gleamed forth. Goodwin thought Bob could never make "home"; his strength wasn't equal to it. Then, as in a dream, Fuller saw another face. It was Meredith's, pale and haggard. That look brought to him the recollection of everything; he must get there in time—in time to save the game for his school and wipe out the memory of that last dreadful Saturday. His pace quickened. There was no hesitancy, no faltering now. A second later he crossed the plate and fell helplessly into Meredith's arms.

He staggered back a little, faces rushed past him, and he had an uncomfortable feeling that he and mother earth were in decidedly close proximity. Then for a few minutes everything was a blank. The first thing he was conscious of was a great tumult somewhere very far off. Now the great tumult seemed to be nearer and merge into the incessant humming of the waves; he was drowning—then—

"For Heaven's sake, Lane, I didn't tell you to give Fuller a bath! Haven't you got a grain of sense?"

Fuller opened his eyes and vacantly surveyed the crowd around him.

"What's the row?" he asked weakly.

"Lane was trying to drown you, and I interfered, that's all," Meredith replied drily.

"Yes," added Lane; "he's a regular life preserver."

Fuller gazed around in a bewildered manner.

"Will some one kindly tell me," he began—

"That you're no lemon," interposed Meredith.

"Not on your life; he's a peach!"

"Quit it, fellows; I want to know why I am lying ignomini-

ously on my back feeling like a drowned rat." "You're feeling like a drowned rat most probably because Lane emptied the greater part of a pailful of water over you, and you're lying igno—ig—ig—oh, I give it up; but you're lying that way anyway because you took it into your silly head to faint away on reaching the plate."

"Get out!" Fuller denied indignantly.

"Will you listen to that?" Meredith demanded. "The thanklessness of answering questions! Please don't let it bother you that I mentioned anything about fainting, as I was only laboring under a slight misapprehension," he concluded ironically.

"Well, I never fainted before, anyway," said Fuller aggrievedly.

"That settles it!" said Lane vigorously. "Of course, you couldn't have fainted this time, and I'll fight any one who's demented enough to think you did."

"How did the game end?" Fuller asked, wisely changing the subject.

"Babcock struck out," Meredith said.

A great light broke over Bob's face—"But we won, didn't we?"

The question called forth such a hearty burst of enthusiasm that for a minute it seemed to lessen and put into insignificance that of the crowd.

"I'm glad," Fuller said quietly.

"Sure thing!" Lane responded jovially. "Nothing matters now."

"No," agreed Fuller; "nothing matters now." But his eyes wandered over to the other side of the field and assumed a wistful expression when they caught sight of a familiar gray-clad figure wearing the enemy's colors standing musingly apart from eight other similarly clad figures.

Pandemonium was reigning supreme in the western stand. The cheering was not stopped for an instant by throats that never tired. Snatches of songs arose in different sections and swept gaily along until they met, usually with more force than harmony to the delight of the general public.

Fuller smiled sympathetically. He understood how those fellows felt. But then, his thoughts turned away from the game, the school and his comrades to that gray-clad figure standing thoughtfully apart from the others. He sighed a little wearily as he rose to his feet.

"I'm no invalid, fellows," he said quietly.

"Ready to begin the hero role now?" Lane said jocosely.

"Not on your life!" responded Fuller instantly. "I'm rather tuckered as it is, and if you fellows don't want to be coughing up money for flowers to my funeral, just keep the general public and their gratitude in the background."

The group slowly dispersed. Fuller unceremoniously turned his back to those who remained and eagerly sought with his eyes one Harry Goodwin, third baseman. His face lighted up a minute later, and he gave a peculiar whistle, which was evidently well known to the third baseman, for he turned quickly as he cheerfully waved his sweater.

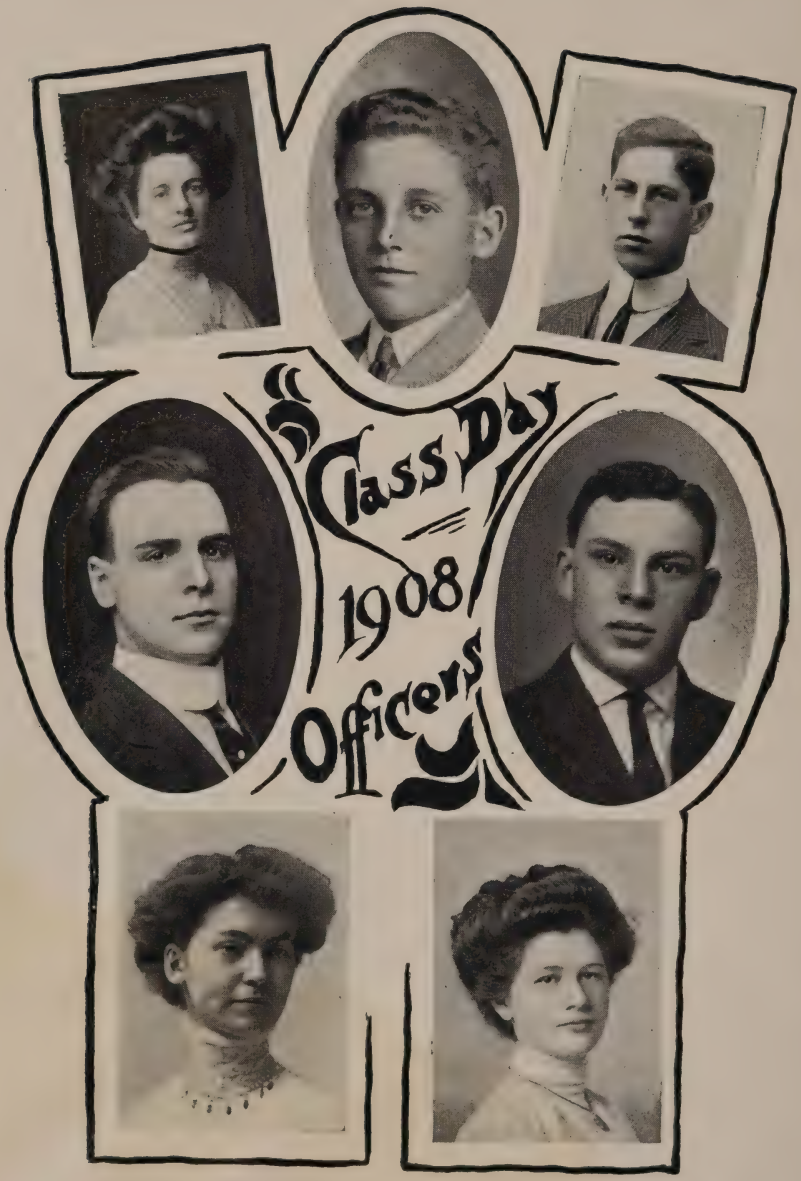
Fuller awaited no further invitation, but broke away from his friends. Half way across the field Bob Fuller and Harry Goodwin met. Breathlessly Fuller stretched out his hand,

"Is it all right, Harry?"

That hand was firmly grasped by Harry Goodwin, third baseman, as he replied,

"You bet, Bob, we understand."

J. W., '10.


Class Day
1908
Officers

Address of Welcome

By the President, Walter H. Cady

Friends:

As President of the graduating class, the good fortune has fallen upon me to welcome you to our Class Day exercises.

What memories linger around that name — Class Day! How many Classes have welcomed their friends, at similar exercises, as we welcome you to-day! We ask you to listen to the history of our glorious past, to the oration in which our ideals are expressed; we ask you to laugh with us at the jokes in the prophecy concerning our future — jokes which may seem a trifle too local for the comprehension of all; still, we ask you to laugh with us, to extend the hand of good-fellowship, and wish us God-speed as we go out into the future.

My Classmates! In our future lives let us constantly bear in mind our Class motto, "Deeds, not Words," and by our deeds let us prove ourselves worthy men and women, who will reflect the honor of this school upon town, upon state, and upon our country.

And now, Friends, in behalf of the Class of 1908, I bid you once again — Welcome.

Class Song of 1908

Words by Constance Homer. Music by Gladys B. Sampson

The time has come when we must part,
To go our different ways;
And hard it is to break the ties,
The friendships of school days.
But, comrades, if this day be sad,
We will not be downcast;
For we are happy to have reached
The longed-for goal at last.

CHORUS

We've had our turn, and now we go
To enter in Life's race,
While others wait impatiently
To fill our vacant place;
But just as long as we shall live,
Whate'er shall be our fate,
We'll ne'er forget our school, our class,
The Class of Nineteen-eight.

Though we're but few of multitudes
Who love our Brookline High,
(And many more will join the throng
As fleeting years roll by),
Our hearts are filled with loyal faith —
The hope of years gone by —
And our lives shall tell in words and deeds
The spirit of Brookline High.

Chorus —

History of the Class of 1908

By Branton H. Kellogg

In undertaking the task of compiling the history of the Class of 1908; in striving to rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render due tribute to the many great and wonderful transactions of our illustrious class; and in filing them that they may be admired and copied by posterity, I was overwhelmed at the very beginning by the magnitude of the work. But nothing daunted; I have searched innumerable dusty shelves and volumes because the twilight of uncertainty has already thrown its shadows of forgetfulness over our freshman days. In the conduct of this interesting work I have adopted no individual model, but have contented myself with combining the excellence of the most approved historians; I have therefore maintained the utmost impartiality and the strictest adherence to truth throughout my history.

It was one beautiful morning in September in the year 1904 that our real history began. We assembled in Shailer Hall eighty-seven strong, meeting for the first time as a class. We made a decided impression on ourselves and were rather taken aback that this opinion of ourselves was not shared by the other classes. Although Mr. Sanford sent for many of us to report at the office at different times during the year, he did not seem to realize what a wonderful event had taken place. Notwithstanding such lack of appreciation, we called a class meeting and proceeded to elect Mansfield president. After we had chosen some other officers, we adjourned, as we could think of no other business to transact. The Sophomores were astounded at such cleverness, and so gave us a reception. We passed a pleasant afternoon with entertainment and dancing, and we decided that the Sophomores were not so bad as they had been painted.

During the winter we labored after the manner of most freshmen, but on account of the lack of records, I am unable to find any statement as to any remarkable work which was accomplished. In the spring we once more distinguished ourselves. We gave a "Lilac Day" out underneath the bushes back of the school. Our guests were greeted by a speech from our president which made up in beautiful thought what it lacked in fluency; for, in the midst of his finest flight, he forgot what he had intended to say next and stopped short, like the immortal Sam Weller in his letter writing, making his hearers wish there was more of it. Every year since the lilacs have blossomed in hopes that we would honor them again, but we never repeat ourselves. As the freshman year was closing we found another chance to prove that we were the exception and not the rule. The prizes at the Annual Prize Speaking had always been won by seniors. This year Miss Pauline Chamberlin and Cyril Bigelow of our class were the successful competitors. We were not surprised, though perhaps, even the candidates themselves were a little astonished, but then our class was ever modest. When the year had passed, and we had lost the name of freshman, we pondered over the reason for the name. We did not seem very fresh to each other then; but as we have watched the classes since we have realized how well the term applied.

Particularly did we appreciate the significance of the title when in the fall we returned as sophomores. We soon noticed how well the name suited the incoming class, but we gave them a reception just the same. We tried to make them feel at home, and we took great pleasure in directing them to their various rooms when they were lost, although they did not always understand our motives. We elected Walter Cady president at our first business meeting of the year, and perhaps it was his influence that turned our attention toward athletics. We were well represented in all branches of sport; and the fact that nothing is recorded concerning individual honors leads me to believe that the omission is due to the jealousy of some former historian. Miss Helen Canning won the prize at the prize-speaking that year. We did not wish to be greedy, but only to remind people of our

former successes. Many of us bore away conditions with us that summer, but solely—lest we forget school during vacation.

In the fall, honors continued to increase, along both athletic and literary lines. We were represented on all our teams, and held the captaincy of four. As summer approached, we were diverted from purely intellectual and educational subjects, in which we had been so long immersed. The river, gliding at its own sweet will, attracted us more than books; in fact, we preferred to find our books in running brooks. So the crew became prominent. Some of us, however, rested on our oars and decided to wait until becoming Seniors before shouldering responsibilities. We rested so long that we nearly missed being Seniors altogether.

Thus endeth the third year.

We returned in September with subdued step and wrinkled brow. The leadership in every school activity was in our minds. The records are very complete for this, our second year. Again we elected Walter Cady president, and Margaret O'Hearn was chosen vice-president, Francis Boyd treasurer, and Mary Clark secretary. Cady was chosen business manager of the SAGAMORE and Huntington Faxon editor-in-chief. Constance Homer and Frances Carver, Kittredge and Kellogg were on the editorial staff.

The paper set a high standard for itself in its first issue, and succeeded in holding it. The appearance of the paper was greatly improved by a new and attractive cover designed by Miss Alfreda Brennan. One of the exchanges commented as follows: "The SAGAMORE is an ideal school paper." We thought the praise discriminating and just.

The Debating Club flourished this year, and the Seniors lent it their support. Questions which might cause the Congress of the United States to hesitate and tremble were attacked with boldness, and settled, to our satisfaction, at least. As an impartial historian, I must state that the Juniors defeated the Seniors at the inter-class debate. The Seniors are still at a loss to know how this happened.

If I seem to boast overmuch concerning this year, I wish to say in my defense that I only chronicle events as they happened.

It is not my fault, but my fate. The moving finger writes. I tabulate, that is all.

So, as I note the honors falling to us during the rest of the year, the situation will be understood. Cady and Kellogg were on the football team, of which William Daniels was captain and Chester Robart manager. The basket-ball team has been captained for two years by a member of the Class of 1908; also the hockey team and crew, and the track team.

It was said that the Senior Social Committee — Kathleen Page, Mary Clark, Hann, Robart and Kellogg — produced the finest entertainment of its kind ever given by any class. So far as is known this statement has never been contradicted. Surely, not by any member of the class.

This year marked an era in the dramatics of the school. A play above the usual farce was given with great success, and Kathleen Page, Mary Clark and George Hann were stars in the dramatic world.

So, from this bare outline of the deeds of the class one is enabled to form some idea of the many which have been lost in the passing year. Fifty-five strong, we are bringing our school year to a close in what we like to think is a blaze of glory. But just as we realize today that as Freshmen we were not so important as we thought we were, so perhaps — I say perhaps — sometime we will see that today we are not so great as we think we are.

Class Poem

TO COMRADES TRUE

Comrades, let us revel now,
Ere we taste the parting wine,
And fill the brimming goblet up
To the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Comrades, let us ready be
To enter the lists of Life;
The fight is fierce, the vict'ry dear,
Who 'll conquer in the strife?

Comrades, let us watch the tides,
For we sail too soon away;
The sea is full of tempests strong,
Our boat will be dashed with spray.

Comrades, let us give a cheer
With the red and gray unfurled:
A cheer for the past and the future bright,
As we leave to conquer the world.

—Frances A. Carver, '08.

Oration

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

By Neuton Stern

We all have read of Philip Nolan — the man without a country. Listen to him once again as in his deep passion he advises the young lieutenant:

"For your country, boy, and that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the Country Herself, your country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother!"

Such is Dr. Hale's attitude toward patriotism, patriotism which is the most universal, the most inclusive of all virtues.

The greatest men of all the ages have been the patriots. Look down the honor-roll and note the names our country delights to keep in perpetual remembrance—Washington, Samuel Adams, John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln. These are they who have founded and strengthened and preserved our country in times of stress and storm, in hours of upheaval and revolution; when men doubted, hesitated, waited; when the enemies of liberty were ready to cast the shackles of slavery over us, when blood was spilled for the sake of justice. These are the men we delight to honor, the men who have made our history glorious.

Yet in the past, as we read it, we note that the manifestation of patriotism has been war and fighting. It has meant the slaughter of men by the hundreds and thousands. In the future,

the requirements may be the same. We pray not! In the present at least another form of loyalty to country is demanded.

What are the requirements to-day?

The present, then, demands not the tumult and destruction of battle, not the ruthless sacrifice of young lives, not the devastation of homes; but it calls for work, serious, sober, earnest, commonplace work.

Why? To answer that question we must look into the conditions of our country. Glance an instant at the business situation, at politics as they exist to-day.

Take first politics. In Congress there are those who have been shown to have taken bribes, and who have not denied it; who argue that if they do not, some one else will; it's all in the game. It would be easy to mention not only one, but two, three, five, perhaps more who are in the service of some one of the great corporations, who are paid servants and deplore it not. What brings about such a point of view? such moral apathy?

President Hadley of Yale has said that the crying need in the United States to-day is a public conscience. "A public conscience," he said, "must be created, or within twenty-five years there will be an emperor at Washington."

What can we do about it? — we who are soon to go out into the world? Some of us can help prevent it, perhaps all — for who knows how soon the young women in America will be casting votes at national elections? What can we do? We can do our best to see to it that men with as conscientious devotion to their country as that shown by the late Senator Hoar, or by Senator Morgan, be sent to the Congresses of the nation. That is one thing. But let us not dwell too long on a situation that is not extreme. Our state and national governments are as good as any of the governments in Europe, Switzerland excepted.

To what point, then, in politics do we need to turn our attention? You will answer instantly, "To the cities."

In truth, it is in the cities that American politics is at its worst. I need not go into details about the misrule, the bossdom, the corruption, in any of our large cities. I need not tell you how votes are bought and sold by the bosses to put unscrupulous

men in office. I might keep silent concerning the coal grafts, the padded payrolls, the contract grafts, for you know of them as well as I.

But I can tell you how to stop these evils — by following President Hadley's advice. Let us do our part toward creating a public conscience. It is deeds, deeds of honor, of uprightness that will count, not words alone; deeds of honesty that will overcome corruption and lay low the power of might; deeds that make grafters and wrongdoers fear. These are the things that tell. Words the bosses listen to and laugh at. But if you have the gift of speech, make it the supplement of work.

Now, let us glance at the business conditions of to-day.

No sooner is the word business mentioned than our minds revert to the recent panic in the financial world. What caused it? The answers are many and various; but the most noted financiers of the country agree that the unstable conditions, which may or may not have resulted from the direct attack of the chief executive, are due to a lack of confidence, the direct consequence of the amazing disclosures of a year ago.

How startled were the people of the United States to find that the men in whom they had put absolute trust were swindlers! The people trusted implicitly the officers of the three greatest life insurance companies in America. In return for this faith they received tidings that the chief officials had gambled and speculated with their money, or had invested it in unsafe securities. Can you blame the people for losing faith? But no faith means no credit; and with our currency as inelastic as it is, no credit resulted in panic.

What can we do here? Again the answer is the same, we can work. But, you will say, we shall not be bank and insurance presidents for many years to come if at all. What then is the need?

Bank president or street laborer, office boy or manufacturer, it is your work that counts. Your honest industry, your earnest endeavor are what win the respect of your fellow men, are what help to bring back belief in mankind, are the means by which confidence may be restored. Every day's work done honestly,

Mandolin Club, 1908

soberly, conscientiously, will be a more important factor for good than we can estimate. It doesn't sound interesting, does it? It never is interesting to do everyday tasks. But the greatest hero may be the unknown soldier ; one who will work and strive with high and honest purpose, and die unknown, perhaps, but die honestly.

Then as we go forth into the new and undiscovered country, let us go with the idea of the necessity of simple, honest labor firmly fixed in our minds. The world has no place for drones. Let us strive!

Finally, there is need of patriotism in the educational world. Our most eminent scholars declare that America has only begun her great work along this line. Much still remains to be done — much for us to do. How? By making use of the advantages offered us. For do we make use of our advantages? Or do we laugh our way through school and college without serious purpose? You know as well as I. When New England was first settled, beside the church arose the schoolhouse, and the work has increased until today there is no state but offers to her boys and girls good schools, and in almost all instances, college training.

Then note the breadth and the variety of the courses. Besides the colleges and the many correspondence schools, we have correspondence departments attached to some of the larger universities. There is, too, the system of university extension.

So we have opportunities in abundance to raise by education our efficiency for good citizenship. Let us make use of them in the broadest sense. "Let us," as the good Bishop urges us to do, "live in large rooms, and live largely in large rooms. Let us not be afraid to welcome truth wherever we may find it, or whoever may give it to us." By "living largely" he means, obtaining much that we may give much; in other words, service. And what is the object of education if it is not to help our neighbor? For the minister to preach the right, the lawyer to plead it, the engineer to simplify living through invention and construction, the doctor to heal the sick — is there a better way of being patriotic than this? There is no lack of opportunity, either, to those in the home. They too can be patriots by taking an interest in

their civic conditions; by allying themselves to all activities for the good of mankind.

Classmates! wherever we may be — in politics, in business, in the home, whether we speak from pulpit or bar — let us not be afraid of honest labor, and while we work let us keep our ideals high, our faith in all good things strong. Let us be like him

> "... Who never turned his back,
> But marched breast forward:
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right was worsted,
> Wrong would triumph; 'held we fall
> To rise, our battle to fight better,
> Sleep, to wake."

Ivy Oration

By Huntington P. Faxon

Classmates of 1908:—We are about to say farewell! Soon we are to leave for all time this school, which, for four years, has been our home. But that we may not be forgotten by those who follow in our footsteps, we here place in the earth this ivy, entrusting to it a double duty: first, to watch over our numerals here inscribed, to mark forever this one little spot which we may call our own; and, second, to spread up and out over these walls and symbolize the advancement in other fields, of those who plant it now.

But for us, also, it has its message We, too, must look to it for inspiration. Heretofore, this ivy has lived under the watchful care of the gardener. It has been nourished and protected from the storm and wind of the outside world. But now, all is changed. Now, the responsibility for its success is placed entirely upon itself. Its struggle for life has commenced. Battling against the wind and rain, it must win its way upward and outward, until, like its brothers here, it shall have attained its goal and fulfilled its duty.

So we, who have been trained and guarded by those to whose care we are entrusted, must now continue our careers alone. We also, like this ivy, have a duty to perform; and we too must work out our own destinies. Let us, then, always continue our way toward success, endeavoring to overcome the obstacles which we find in our path. Let us win an ultimate goal so high that we shall stand out among our fellow-men, even as this ivy plant is destined to raise its head above its comrades, and be ever conspicuous as the symbol of

THE CLASS OF 1908.

Class Prophecy, 1908

By Kathleen Page and Walter Cady

I had only just that morning told Branton Kellogg that I should "never speak to Walter again," but this unwise decision was soon forgotten when the telephone rang. "Would I go for a walk?" As usual, I said, "I'd just love it!"

Aimlessly strolling about for a while, we noticed a sign:—

"WALK INTO THE FUTURE.
Madame Lizzie Taubautski. Admission, 10 cts."

At once I saw our opportunity to set our troubled minds at rest concerning the futures of our classmates; so, like a flash, I flew up the steps calling for Walter and, incidentally, ten cents. It was a curious little shop in which we found ourselves. There was a suffocating odor of incense. Quaint chairs and tables decorated the room, and on the wall hung lion and tiger skins. The whole atmosphere was one of mystery and gloom. What if the future were like this! Walter was rather disgusted, I think, and for the first time in his life words seemed to fail him. My thoughts were, however, just then interrupted by the entrance, or I should say, the appearance, of a woman; for she seemed to come down from the skies. Walter vowed later that she had come up. That was the most horrible moment of my life, when she appeared bent and haggard before me. I asked her if we could have a glimpse into the future life of our classmates; when, without uttering a word, she raised her eyes, so magical and full of mystic forces, to ours; and as if by a charm the incense became stronger, the lights fainter, and everything was dark.

It seemed an eternity that we groped about, and then, day dawned. There stood Walter; but how he had changed! Instead of a young school boy, I saw him a man of perhaps thirty. His hair was just as curly as ever; but he had grown exceedingly handsome. After I had told him that he was looking especially well, and that his mustache was unusually becoming, he announced

that he had tickets for the Circus. Conducted by a page we descended to the automobile.

To my surprise and delight I found Ralph Hammer acting as chauffeur, and, I suppose, chaperon. "But why are you alone, Ralph?" I asked. "Oh! it's a long, sad story, Kate; suffice it to say that I have decided to 'Bee (a) Batchelder.'"

"Well, how about Rod?" Walter asked. "I haven't seen him for a long time." Just then a number of young women passed us in pursuit of a little man with a stately mien and a wonderfully made pompadour. We caught a glimpse of Rodney Slocum, and heard these words; —

"He's our leader, brave and true,
Faithful, loyal, through and through;
We were chased by him in the year '08,
And we can't shake him now, for we find it's too late."

With tears in our eyes—for we knew what it was to be disappointed in love—we went on, leaving that breathless mob far behind. As we passed down Washington Street, we went by my old friend the Boston Theatre, in front of which stood several people who seemed to be exercising their lungs. I never was in the least curious, but I felt sure that Walter would want to know what was going on; so I asked Ralph to stop. Yes, I was sure I recognized the man who was shouting the loudest—it was nobody else but George Hann; the pink silk socks convinced me. And I saw at once that he was pursuing his old favorite occupation of theatrical press agent. But what was he so excited about?

"Miss Marion Jacobs playing with Wilrose Melson in 'The Road to Paradise!'" I always knew that Marion would go on the stage. Just then I heard a very familiar giggle, and when I looked up, who should I recognize in a tall, slender girl but Jummy Baird. She told us that Marg. Moore was there and that they had front seats for the show.

"But Helen, what are you and Marg. doing now?" Walter asked.

Frantically grasping Marguerite by the hand, she said, "We have lost all faith in mankind and are enjoying a quiet and peaceful life in old maids' quarters on St. Paul Street."

"But what did your mother say?"

"She didn't care—she didn't rage and tear her hair," chanted Jummy in the old familiar tones.

"Ralph, drive on!" I commanded; for I was a little bit afraid of those pink socks.

Nearing the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets, we became aware of a large crowd on Boston Common. Approaching the spot which seemed the centre of excitement, we were at once handed a circular with this inscription on it. "The Woman of the Past, Present and Future. A Discourse on the Fair Sex by the Reverend Harris Reynolds." By this time we were thoroughly excited, and by standing up, we were able to hear our old classmate Harris, expound the beauties, graces and charms of the modern woman, very graciously leaving out their eccentricities and faults. Gazing with rapt attention upon the speaker, held spellbound and almost breathless, stood Cyril Bigelow, Joseph Kittredge and, last but not least, Herbert Greenwood. They, it seems, were faithful disciples who would disseminate Reynolds' theories when he should be able to lecture no more.

"Why, there is Gladys Sampson, Bernice Philbrick, Mildred Thielscher, and Hannah Shepard. Who is the other girl with them?" I asked. "Let's go speak to them."

After the greetings came questions and answers, by which we learned that Gladys was conducting the department of Music at Harvard University. Bernice, after her graduation from the Domestic Science department at Simmons, had become superintendent of a nursery. Mildred Thielscher, who was home on a visit, had been appointed ambassador to the court of the German emperor, owing entirely to her linguistic ability. Hannah Shepard was the matron of a hospital. Alfreda Brennan said she was away on leave, which she later explained by saying, "Why, didn't you know that I'm an army officer? My experience with four young brothers fitted me splendidly for the military career."

While we were talking we were startled by frenzied shrieks. We turned around to see Francis Boyd tearing down the street at a rate that would have bettered the record of 9 1-5 seconds he made at Yale, wailing,

"I can't stand the way he's praising the women!" You know, Francis never did care for the girls. Ralph volunteered the information that Francis had been recently appointed principal of Lasell Seminary.

By this time Harris had finished his speech and was about to leave the rostrum. Many of his listeners followed at his heels, among them Gladys, exclaiming, "Isn't he just too lovely!" and then we heard Harold Read's voice ring out, "Yai oh."

Just then we saw a woman fall headlong into the street. As she picked herself up, she said, "If only some of these people would not have such enormous foundations, we might be able to cross the streets with safety!" In the distance, quite out of harm's way, we saw Dick Lehrburger wearing a blue uniform. Suddenly Walter asked, "Isn't that Fanny Carver?" And it was.

Remembering Fanny's great facility in talking, I stopped her and asked if she could tell me what had become of the rest of our class. She had all the news; for she told us that she was the representative of the Associated Press. We soon learned that Billy Daniels had become a "Mason." We were, of course, "de-" lighted. Wesley Reynolds, it seems, was using his detective ability in trying to discover how to please the women. Owing to his reputation gained in his High School days, we could easily imagine his success. Walter was, as usual, not at all interested in the careers of the fellows and seemed greatly desirous of hearing something of the girls. But Fanny's ideas evidently were fixed on the opposite sex; for she continued by telling us of the wonderful feats she had seen Fred Wesner; the world's champion swimmer, perform at the Brookline Swimming tank. She said that Dick Marble had won great fame by catching, on one of his bird walks, a rare specimen of English Sparrow, and that Alfred Kenrick had gone through "Tech" and was now filling the position of president of the Consolidated Plumbers' League. "And, oh! yes," continued Fanny, "the other day I saw over Branton Kellogg's office, "If anybody wants anything done, call upon me." Walter had by this time become rather discouraged; but at last Fanny said, "Well, only yesterday I saw an advertisement in Faxon's American which read something like this:

"Dancing lessons by Constance Homer. Only good-looking men need apply; doctors preferred."

"The other night I was at Keith's and saw, or rather heard, Hazel Henry sing "School-days." By mistake "Come one, Go all" was placed on the announcement cards; and when Hazel sang, the whole audience obeyed. And they say she receives $200 a week! I must be going along now, so good-bye."

Ralph took us back to the old Touraine, where we sat down to dinner. Suddenly we heard wailings from a little balcony above us—sounds which reminded us of the once famous Brookline Band; and looking up we saw Benjamin Adler, exercising his lungs on a cornet, with Mary Clark accompanying on the fiddle. There were several others with them, whom we did not know. After Walter had given our orders to a very dignified waiter, whom we recognized as Chester Robart, I took time to look about. At a table directly opposite us sat Aimee Barnet, with several men, all of whom I recognized from the very vivid descriptions of long ago. In a far corner of the room, grouped artistically about a table were Margaret Scanlon, Annie Connor, Carrie Creaser, Anna McCue, Sarah Cunniff and Florence Palmer. Chester came with our dinner just in time for Walter to ask him if they were holding a class reunion; and great was our surprise when we learned that they represented "Women's rights." It seemed that soon after graduation they had banded together, elected Florence Palmer as their president, and through their efforts Brookline was on the point of being ruled by woman suffragists. Chester continued by telling us that in direct opposition to the woman's rights association there was another party formed of representative citizens and headed by the famous lawyer, James Carolan. The executive committee of Carolan's party consisted of Hector Koch, Joseph Caton, Timothy Maloney and Stanley White. Conditions between the two parties were such that Brookline's only hope of peace depended on Caton's summoning up enough courage to speak to Sarah Cunniff. "If he only will do that," said Chester, "the two parties will unite and peace will once more reign." As we started to leave the table we saw Chester's hand held out to us, palm upward. Walter looked at him in surprise and

Chet stammered, "Oh, I beg your pardon, but I got so in the habit of dunning the Athletic Association for money and crew suits, that I expect something from everybody." As it was getting late, we decided to go direct to the Circus.

Arriving there we said good-bye to Ralph after complimenting him on the way his Oldsmobile had been going. The circus was a blaze of lights; and the brightness and the swarms of people rather dazzled me. Or was it Claire Stevenson who just then stepped up to us? "Why, Claire, how you have grown!" was all I could say; for truly she had grown since I last saw her. I remembered how Claire had once told me that she made it a special point to choose only tall fellows for her escorts; so I was not surprised to see Gippie Sanford with her. He told us that he was owner of the circus and offered us seats to a performance which was to be given directly after the show, in which Beatrice Taggart was starring. Claire advised us to go; for she said Beatrice was wonderful and her speeches far surpassed the ones with which she used to take the Political Science class by surprise.

We arrived at the tent just in time to fall in at the end of the grand march. Walter said, "Well, I never expected to be part of a circus parade before; but somehow I feel perfectly at home. Reminds me a little bit of Class Day."

Then we were ushered with great ceremony to our seats. As I was gazing with admiration upon the parade, I saw a very gaily dressed clown. It was not until he spoke that I recognized Donald Wilbur. "Behold the world's leading ventriloquist," was all he said. He kept us amused until a loud "toot-toot" was heard, when in came Sterling Warner seated on a toy automobile, the designs for which he made when in High School. Following him came three men in Oriental costume, who took their positions on barrels placed in the center of each ring. We saw that they were to play the part of Whirling Dervishes, and at the sound of a bell, they commenced to turn slowly around, beating upon little tom-toms. In ventured to remark that in order to perform such a feat one must needs have had a scientific education. Upon hearing this remark Walter said, "I'll tell you who those fellows are. They're the two Montgomery brothers and Carl Funk.

As the distinguished friends of our school days continued to whirl around, a man of most imposing appearance announced, "If the most gracious ladies and gentlemen will lend me their ears, I shall be only too glad to introduce two of the greatest marvels of the twentieth century, who, in a most wonderfully alarming manner, will handle balls of fire." This grand burst of eloquence was delivered by no other than Neuton Stern.

The gentlemen introduced now appeared, and at once took their positions on the field. Soon balls of fire were seen dancing about in the air; and, strange to say, they had no effect on the combatants, who were no other than Doc. McInerny and Richard Ricker. The latter was especially "rich." This exhibition was doubtless the outcome of their work in the chemical laboratory.

After enduring the rest of the show, we pushed our way through the crowds and reached the street. Who should we meet here but the old trio, Margaret O'Hearn, Katherine McGillon and Katherine Johnson. "Well, Margaret, what are you doing nowadays?" I asked. And what do you think she told me? That they had opened up dressmaking apartments in town! "for," she said, "I had such a gentle way of giving advice and expressing my ideas when I was a senior that everybody thought I ought to cultivate them." She continued by telling us of the great success Lois Colony had attained in her study of art among the mechanics, and how Helen Canning was serving four years in States Prison. "But what did Helen do?" I asked. "Oh! she prophesied too dark a future for a very dear friend of hers. It was a case of the truth hurts," said Margaret. "And, oh yes, Helen Kinney is head of the English course at Simmons, and Alice Charlton is leading the simple life."

Just as we were about to cross the street, we heard cries of "Clear the road!" Turning around we saw a wild-looking individual bearing down upon us on a motor-bike. For a moment I felt faint and failed to recognize Coburn Smith.

And then we found ourselves descending the steps of Madame Taubautski's, with the keen realization that the next day was Class Day and we must complete the masterpiece of the age—the Prophecy of the Class of 1908!

Annals of the Class of 1908

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE SENIORS

ADLER, Benjamin, 16 High St. English High to B. H. S., '08. Nickname, "Waddles." Favorite occupation, playing the cornet. Harvard '12.

BIGELOW, Cyril W., 566 Pierson Hall, York St., New Haven, Conn. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Winner of Prize speaking, '05. Class Base-ball team, '06, '07. Class Football team, '07, '08. Senior Social play. B. H. S. dramatics '08. Nicknames, "Big" and "Fusser." Favorite occupation, exhibiting new styles of dress. Yale '12.

BOYD, Francis T. Address next year uncertain. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Track team, '06, '07. Athletic Association, '07, '08, president. Hockey team, '08. Nickname, "T." Favorite occupation, collecting quarters. Yale '12.

CADY, Walter H., ΓΔΨ, 69 Griggs Road. Edward Devotion School, '04. Class president, '06, '07, '08. Member B. H. S. A. A.,'08. Member Debating Club, '07, '08. Chairman of Class Day and Photograph committees; Senior Dance committee; Class Prophet. Hockey team, '06; captain, '07. Track team, '06, '07, '08. Class Basket-ball team, '05, '06, '07. Assistant Business Manager of SAGAMORE, '06, '07. Business manager, '08. Nickname, "Wally." Chief amusement, collecting girls. Business next year.

CAROLAN, James Joseph, Franklin St. Lincoln Grammar School, '04; Nickname, "Red." Favorite occupations, practicing law and extinguishing fires. Business next year.

CATON, Joseph F., 784 Boylston St. Heath Grammar School, '04; Class Base-ball team, '05, '06; Class Hockey team, '06

Basket-ball, '05; B. H. S. Hockey team, '07, '08. Nickname, "Cupid." Favorite occupation, making candlesticks. University of Michigan, '12.

DANIELS, Wm. A. A., ΣΦΤ, Harvard Ave. Devotion Grammar School, '03; first in half-mile Interclass meet, '03, '04; sub on Football team, '04, '05; Basket-ball team, '05, '06; Track team, '04, '05, '06, '07; captain, '08; Football team, '06; captain of Basket-ball team, '06; Crew, '07, '08; captain of Football team, '07; Senior Class Day Committee. Nickname, "Billie." Chief aim, to become a Mason.

FAXON, Huntington P., ΓΔΨ, 56 Plympton St., Cambridge. Devotion Grammar School, '04; B. H. S. crew, '06, '07; captain '08; editor of SAGAMORE, '08; Ivy Orator; assistant manager of Hockey team, '07, '08; Class Football team, '07; member of Debating Club, '07, '08. Nickname, "Hunny." Favorite occupation, giving information. Harvard, '12.

FUNK, Carl, 31 Station St. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Nickname, "Flunk." Favorite occupation, acting librarian. M. I. T., '12.

GREENWOOD, Herbert, 41 Harvard St. Pierce Grammar School, '04. B. H. S. Base-ball team, '07, '08; Class Baseball team, '08; Class football team, '07. Nickname, "Lizzie." Favorite diversion, playing baseball and fooling the faculty. Brookline National Bank next year.

HAMMER, Ralph M., ΓΔΨ, 100 Center St. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Nickname, "Bachelor." Chief amusement, taking midnight rides. Yale '12.

HANN, George R., New Haven Station, New Haven, Conn. Devotion Grammar school, '04. Class Basket-ball team, '05, '06, '07, '08; Class Foot-ball team, '06-'08; B. H. S. baseball team, '05, '08; Football, '06-'08; Tennis team, '07, '08. Chairman Senior Social Committee; Class Day Committee, Secretary Debating Club, '08; Class Relay Team, '05, '08; Class Hockey, '05, '08; B. H. S. Dramatics, '08; Track Team, '05, '08. Nickname, "Georgie." Favorite occupation, posing for fashion plates. Yale, '12.

KELLOGG, Branton H., ΓΔΨ, 51 St. Paul Street. Lawrence Grammar School, '04; Class Football, '06; B. H. S. Football team, '07; B. H. S. Crew, '08; Mgr. of B. H. S. Hockey Team, '06 and '07; Class Treasurer, '06, '07; Sagamore Board, '07, '08; Senior social committee, Senior photo. committee, Senior dance committee. Class Historian. Nickname, "Kid." Chief delight, being important. Williams '12.

KENRICK, Alfred F., 26 Bowker St. Pierce Grammar, '04. Class Football, '04-'07; Class Baseball, '05; B. H. S. Baseball, '06, '07; B. H. S. Basket-ball, '06-'08 (capt.). Nickname, "Al." Favorite occupation, shooting baskets(?). M. I. T. '12.

KITTREDGE, Joseph, Jr., 32 Holyoke St., Cambridge. Lawrence Grammar, '04. Debating Club, '08; Rhetorical committee; Sagamore board, '08; Tennis team, '08. Nickname, "Jos." Favorite occupation, bug hunting. Harvard '12.

KOCH, Hector, 39 Kent St. Pierce Grammar, '04. Nickname, "Cotch." Favorite diversion, gentleman athlete. Yale '12.

LEHRBURGER, Richard, 33 Naples Road. Devotion Grammar, '04. Debating Club, '08. Mandolin Club, '08. Nickname, "Bugs." Chief amusement, coining words for Latin translations. Harvard.

MARBLE, Richard M., 32 Holyoke St., Cambridge. Pierce Grammar, '04. Debating Club, '08; Rhetorical committee; Indoor Track team, '08; Tennis team, '08. Nickname, "Dick." Principal recreation, taking wheeling trips. Harvard '12.

MCINERNY, John, Chestnut St. Lincoln Grammar, '03. Class Baseball team, '07; Class Hockey team, '07; B. H. S. Baseball team, '08. Nickname, "Doc." Favorite occupation, doing nothing. Harvard '12.

MONTGOMERY, Edward, 1070 Beacon St. Omaha High to B. H. S. Nickname, "Monty." Chief amusement, grinding. M.I.T. '12.

READ, Harold Comer, 12 Keiffer St. Pierce Grammar, '04. B. H. S. Crew, '07; championship 2d crew, '08; Mandolin Club, '07; manager, '08; Class Hockey, '08; Class Football, '06, '07; Debating Club, '08. Nickname, "Readie." Favorite occupation, going off with other fellows' girls.

REYNOLDS, Harris W., University Road. Lewis Grammar, Roxbury, '04. Debating Club, '07, '08; Senior Relay team, '08; Indoor Track team, '08. Nickname, "Batty." Favorite occupation, fussing(?). Bowdoin, '12, Brunswick, Me.

REYNOLDS, Wesley, North College, Wesleyan, Middletown, Conn. Pierce Grammar, '04. B. H. S. Glee Club, '05, '06; Mandolin Club, '07, '08; Class Teams; B. H. S. Dramatics, '07, '08; B. H. S. Basket-ball team, '07, '08; Class Day Committee. Nickname, "Wes." Favorite occupation, trying for teams. Wesleyan '12.

RICKER, Richard, North Conway, N. H. Holden School, Plymouth, N. H., to B. H. S. Nickname, "Johnny." Favorite occupation, trying to get rich. Harvard '12.

ROBART, Chester Franklin, ΣΦΥ, 5 Holden St. Pierce Grammar '04; Class Baseball team, '04; Class Football team, '05; Class Basket-ball team, '05, '06, '07; B. H. S. Football team, '06; manager of Football team, '07; captain of '08 Class Football team; manager of Basket-ball team, '07; B. H. S. Crew, '06, '07, '08; captain Senior Social committee and play. Nickname, "Chet." Favorite occupation, scheming. Business next year.

SANFORD, Edward A., 15 Saxon Terrace, Newton Highlands. Boston Latin to B. H. S., '03; Debating club, '08; Class Basket-ball, '08. Nickname, "Gippy." Favorite occupation, developing his voice.

SLOCUM, Rodney K., ΓΔΨ, 79 University Rd. Pierce Grammar, '04; B. H. S. Hockey team, '07; captain, '08; B. H. S. 2d Crew, '06; 1st Crew, '07, '08; Class Baseball team, '05, '06, '07; Class Football, '05, '06, '07, '08; Class Hockey, '05, '06;

Class Basket-ball, '06, '07. Nickname, "Sloc." Chief amusement, sending people astray. Business next year.

SMITH, Coburn L., ΣΦΥ, 1547 Beacon St. Devotion Grammar, '04; Class Base-ball team '05; Class Hockey team '05, '06; Assistant manager B. H. S. Track team '06, '07; manager '07, '08; Debating club '08. Nickname, "Schmickles." Chief amusement, riding around school on his motorcycle. Lawrence Scientific '12.

STERN, Neuton, 24 Weld Hall, Cambridge. Memphis High to B. H. S. '06; winner of Wm. H. Lincoln Math. prize, '07; president of Debating club '08; Class orator. Nickname, "Newt." Favorite occupation, talking. Harvard '12.

WARNER, Sterling, Davis Ave. Pierce Grammar '04. Favorite occupation, working in Manual Training Building. Business next year.

WESNER, Fred W., 5 Elm St. Pierce Grammar '04; played on all class teams. Favorite occupation, swimming and putting his knee out. Business next year.

WHITE, Stanley, Naples Road. Devotion Grammar, '03. Nickname, "Stan." Favorite occupation, calling in Roxbury. Harvard '12.

WILBUR, Donald M., Davis Ave. Cranford, N. J. High to B. H. S. '06. Tennis team, '08; Nickname, "Don." Chief occupation, being happy. Address next year probably 505 West 112th Street, New York.

BAIRD, Helen W., TBB. St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Member of Class Day committee and photo. committee. Nickname, "Jummy." Favorite occupation, giggling.

BARNET, Aimee, TBB. 498 Harvard St. Church Street Grammar School, Little Falls, N. Y. to B. H. S. Nickname, "Ame." Favorite occupation, counting up gentlemen acquaintances. School in town next year.

BATCHELDER, Beatrice. 1470 Beacon St. Salem High School

to B. H. S. '08. Nickname, "Batchie." Favorite amusement, "rethiting Engligh."

BRENNAN, Alfreda, 112 Winthrop Road. Designer of SAGAMORE cover for '07-'08. Designer of SAGAMORE cover for graduation number. Favorite occupation, looking after her brothers.

CANNING, Helen M., 346 Walnut St. Pierce Grammar School '04. Prize speaking, '05; winner, '06. Favorite occupation, doing mathematics. Radcliffe '12.

CARVER, Frances, TBB. Strong Hall, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. SAGAMORE Board, '08. Class Poet. Nickname, "Fannie." Favorite occupation, reciting. Vassar '12.

CHARLTON, Alice, 16 Strathmore Road. Pierce Grammar School '04. Favorite occupation, studying.

CLARK, Mary C., TBB. 1213 Beacon Street. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Class Vice-president, '05. Class Secretary, '06, '07, '08. B. H. S. dramatics, '06, '08. Senior Social, Senior Dance and Class Day Committees. Nickname, "Maria." Favorite occupation, prinking. Probably Rosemary Boarding School next year.

COLONY, Lois, TBB., 156 Harvard St. Pierce Grammar School, '04, Class Basket-ball team, '04, '05, Directors' cup, '05. Nickname, "Tiddle-de-winks." Favorite occupation, going to dances at the High School.

CONNOR, Annie, Chestnut St. Lincoln Grammar School, '04. Bryant & Stratton School next year.

COON, Beatrice L., 26 Columbia St. Edward Devotion Grammar School, '03, B. H. S., Dramatics, '07, Photograph Committee, '07. Nickname, "Bee." Favorite occupation, displaying loyalty to "Tech."

CREASER, Caroline L., 71 Perry St. Prince Grammar School, Boston, to B. H. S. Nickname, "Carry." Boston Normal School next year.

CUNNIFFE, Sara A., 11 Hart St. Wm. H. Lincoln Grammar School '04, Basket-ball team, '04, captain Class Basket-ball

team, '05-08, captain Girls' Hockey team, '07. Normal School of Gymnastics next year.

HENRY, Hazel Bell, TBB., 62 Clark Road. Pierce Grammar School, '04, Senior Social Committee; Prize speaking, '08; Class Day Committee. Favorite occupation, singing. Will continue vocal study in Paris next year.

HOMER, Constance, 18 Elm St. Pierce Grammar School, '04. SAGAMORE Board, '08; writer of words for Class Song. Nickname, "Connie." Favorite amusement, studying Latin. Normal Art School next year.

JOHNSON, Katherine, 205 Davis Ave. Pierce Grammar School, '04. Nickname, "Kit." Favorite occupation, coming to school late.

KINNEY, Helen, 104 Coolidge St. Prince Grammar School, Boston, to B. H. S.

McCUE, Anna B., Chestnut Hill Ave. Heath Grammar, '04. Class Basket-ball team, '04, '05; Hockey team, '07, '08. Probably will return as a post-graduate.

McGILLEN, Katherine, 161 Cypress St. Pierce Grammar School, '04. Nickname, "Dippy." Favorite occupation, playing the princess.

O'HEARN, Margaret, TBB., 191 Davis Ave. Pierce Grammar School, '04; Class vice-president, '06, '07, '08; Chairman Senior Dance. Nickname, "Mut." Favorite occupation, giving advice.

PAGE, Kathleen, TBB, 12 Strathmore Road. Lawrence Grammar School, '04; B. H. S. Dramatics, '07, '08; Senior Social, Dance and Photo. Committees, '08; Class Prophetess. Nickname, "Kate." Favorite amusement, running to school. Will study dancing next year.

PALMER, Florence E., Newton St, Heath Grammar School, '04; Wm. H. Lincoln Physics Medal, '07. Nickname, "Flossy." Favorite amusement, singing.

PHILBRICK, Bernice L., 369 Harvard St. Wadleigh Grammar School, Winchester, to B. H. S.; Simmons, '12.

Basket Ball Team, 1908

SAMPSON, Gladys B., TBB. 46 Harris St. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. Composer of class song, '08. Favorite occupation, giving dances.

SCANLON, Margaret H., 160 Chestnut St. Lincoln Grammar School, '04. Will study to be a teacher of sewing.

SHEPARD, Hannah B., TBB. 48 Harvard Av. Lawrence Grammar School, '04. National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., next year.

STEPHENSON, Claire, 10 Park St. Mason School, Newton Centre, to B. H. S. Nickname, "Shorty." Favorite occupation, growing and giggling. Housekeeping next year.

TAGGART, Beatrice Elizabeth, TBB. 683 Washington St. Winner of prize speaking, '07. Nickname, "Bee." Favorite occupation, carrying on discussions. Radcliffe '12.

THIELSCHER, Mildred L., 40 Brook St. Pierce Grammar School, '04. Nickname, "Millie." Faelten Pianoforte School next year.

News and Notes

Clarence Dewey Britten, B. H. S., '06, Harvard, '10, has gained the Second Bowdoin Prize—two hundred dollars—by his essay on "The Temperament of John Dowie."

Charles W. Kellogg, Jr., B. H. S., with his wife is visiting his father and mother at their home on St. Paul Street. At a reception given to Mrs. Kellogg there was such a gathering of the B. H. S. class (on the distaff side of the house) as is seldom seen in Brookline nowadays. The "old girls" and their mothers went to greet the lady from Texas; and, as one who knows says, "It was a goodly sight to see."

It is with real pleasure that we announce that Edwin P. Morey, B. H. S., '05, Tufts, '09, has been chosen a member of the "Tower Cross," the honorary senior society of his college. But six members were elected this year from the Juniors; and the B. H. S. is proud to know that a former member of the school is one of the six to gain the honor of membership in a society the motto of which is, "For the Highest."

A number of the graduates of the school picnicked in South Framingham, at the farm of Miss Olive Belchers, B. H. S. '97.

Sullivan A. Sargent, '06, has succeeded in retaining his position as stroke of the Harvard Crew. His work against Cornell was excellent; and it is hoped that he will stroke a winning race at New London.

Alfred G. Kellogg, B. H. S. '05, has returned from helping Princeton College to carry on their class day successfully.

On May 24, a tea was given to Miss Moulton by Miss Bessie Wiswell, at her home on Columbia Street. In the course of the

afternoon the guests adjourned to the billiard room, where Miss Moulton found a large box containing gifts appropriate for one who means to go to housekeeping. As each package was opened and the poetic effusion was read, shouts of laughter filled the room; for the gifts were many and various. But all conveyed hearty good wishes and pleasant, appreciative greetings for Miss Moulton.

The old saying that "Good Americans when they die go to Paris" should be slightly altered this year; for good Americans while they live are going to Europe if not to Paris in great numbers. Brookline High is well represented among the fortunate ones. Mr. Packard goes abroad for a year of travel and study. Miss Frye is expecting to spend the summer with friends in England. Miss Frye was honored by an invitation to attend the three hundredth anniversary of Milton's birth to be celebrated at Cambridge University, and if possible intends to accept the invitation so courteously extended. Miss Bailey has been granted a year's leave of absence, and has been offered a position on the Moseley Commission, which honor assures her many advantages not usually within reach of the American tourist. Miss Schwindt, Miss Smith and Miss Wiswell are looking forward to a delightful summer in Europe. Miss Wiswell intends to spend several weeks at the University at Grenoble.

Of the students, as has been stated in "Who's Who in the Senior Class," Miss Hazel Henry goes to Europe for a year's study in vocal music. Of the sophomores, Miss Hilda Munroe sails July 3 for Naples and intends making a rather extensive tour of the Italian and Swiss lakes. Miss Munroe goes with her sister.

The editor has been unable to find out where all the teachers, who, staying in this country, are intending to pass the summer. He has, however, learned that Miss Pease will study at Cornell, Miss Adams and Miss Weir at the Harvard Summer School, Miss Stone at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Dr. Roberts will go at once to his summer home at Fal-

mouth, while Mr. Case sojourns in the country and Mr. Snow at the mountains.

Miss Moulton, who has resigned her position, and so will not return to us next year, will remain at home during the summer. Miss Moulton was presented a beautiful loving cup by the members of III French B. We shall all miss Miss Moulton, whose cheery way won for her the friendship of all.

Marjorie Rudolph, '10, will pass the summer in Canada. In October she will attend Miss Windsor's school, and will also continue her violin lessons with Willy Hess, formerly concert master of the Symphony Orchestra.

Charles Hann, '07, has been captain of this year's successful freshman baseball team at Harvard.

Charles Newton, '07, will be employed by the Standard Oil company this summer.

Wellesley Seligman, '07, will spend his summer in the West studying mining engineering.

Miss Olive MacMackin, known professionally as Miss Olive Temple, has assisted in several of the more successful productions of the Boston Theatre Stock Company. She will spend her summer in rest, after which she will be connected with one of the new plays to be presented in the autumn.

Warren Smith is reported to be attaining well earned success as a composer of piano and chamber music.

Robert MacMillan, '07, will enjoy a summer vacation in California.

Gordon Sampson, '06, will attend the session of the Harvard Summer School this summer.

Neuton Stern is to spend the summer months at Memphis, Tenn.

Benjamin Dean has left old Brookline on a trip to Colorado, where he intends to pass his vacation.

Lloyd C. Cooley and L. Gordon Glazier will attend the three weeks of summer school at the Institute of Technology in the attempt to pass off some advance studies.

Misses Kathleen and Elsie Page and Helen Weber will be at Magnolia, Mass., for the summer.

Along this line we see our old schoolmate Duncan Wright, '07, who is sweating his manly brow in the Morse Wool Company in Lowell.

Stanley White, '08, left us at the last moment, and is now laboring in the office of the president of the Telegraph and Telephone Company. Even as our gentle readers peruse these pages, White is probably thinking of those greenbacks which are pressed upon him at the end of each week.

Speaking of grinds, Billy Babcock finishes his course at Yale this year, having worked through the blue "Y" university in three years. That's going some.

Freddie Tufts is now bestowing that bewitching smile upon Lucerne. That smile was ever the sunlight of Room 11.

The Brookline Club, composed of B. H. S. graduates in M. I. T., closed its successful season with a dinner at Lombardy Inn. Everyone had a fine time and the outlook for the coming season is most encouraging.

There will be an informal reception held in the art rooms at the close of the graduation exercises. Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Packard and Miss Weir will receive. The ushers will be: Misses Margaret O'Hearn, Kathleen Page, Mary Clark and Frances Carver, all of the graduating class.

Franz A. Niccolls, '09, was unanimously elected captain of next year's crew at the crew dinner. Congratulations, Nic!

Theodore Bittenbender, '03, leaves for South America in July. He is sent by the New York firm with which he is engaged, and will probably be gone several years.

Our friend Jack Schlemm is employed in a wholesale cotton duck concern.

Not only does Jack pursue the cotton industry, but Ollie Andrews, '07, is doomed to spend the summer in his father's office, which is a cotton broker's firm.

Jokes

An enthusiastic bird student of the Senior class has branded Milton as a "Nature-fakir," because he speaks of a certain bird as bold enough to sing after harvest time, when, in reality, any well-conducted bird would have promptly flown South.

One Senior, evidently with a musical soul, announces that Defoe's famous story dealt with the ship-wreck of Caruso.

A member of I English B says that Richardson's motto was, "Do write that you may prosper in this world and the next." This might do as a motto for the SAGAMORE editorial board.

Harold Reed says he will finish his long vacation before he begins work. Question by interested friends: When did Harold's vacation begin?

Refreshing ideas of youth! "O Miss ——, I saw a man who told me he remembered when Lincoln was president! Do you?"

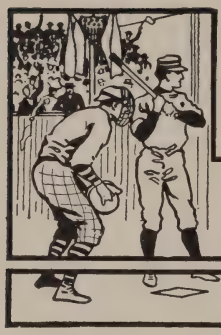
And again: "I suppose you remember when my father was in school, don't you, Miss ——?"

Sentence from a Senior note-book. "She was a high bread woman." She must have taken our Domestic Science course.

Miss Ingram calls our friend Jerry Driscoll, "little boy," and Jerry only weighs — oh, well, keep it dark — you should see him pick up an orange in a spoon and carry it twenty yards! If not, you don't know what you've missed.

Motor cycles are quite the fad in B. H. S. at present, and when you don't own one you can easily borrow. Cutler Hatch has found that they are unsurpassed for making a noise. The one he borrowed makes more noise than Wilson and that's saying a lot.

THE PLEASANTEST WORD OF ALL — VACATION.



ATHLETICS

B. H. S. vs. MALDEN HIGH

One of the first games of the season was played at Malden, where Brookline lost 3 to 4. It was played April 18, and throughout was a hard, fast game. Carr pitched in fine form and struck out eleven men, allowing only five hits. In the ninth inning the score was tie (3 to 3) and in the tenth Malden got the deciding run.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Malden	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1=4
Brookline	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0=3

B. H. S. vs. TECHNOLOGY, '10

This game was played at the Tech. field April 27, and resulted in victory for Brookline to the tune of 7 to 4. Brookline got three runs in the first inning and kept the lead throughout. Brennan pitched, and but for poor support would have done well. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning on account of darkness.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Brookline	3	0	0	1	0	1	2=7
Tech., '10	1	0	1	0	1	0	1=4

B. H. S. vs. VOLKMANN

Twelve innings of fair baseball left the score 8 to 8. The game was played on the Allston field April 30. Volkmann started off with a rush and cleared five runs before Brookline

began. In the seventh inning Brookline made three and tied the score 6 to 6 in the ninth. Three more innings followed, when neither team could win, and finally the game was called off—a tie. Fitzpatrick had the best of it in pitching, and Donahue did some good hitting — one two-base and one three-base hit. The Brookline-Volkmann games are usually close and exciting, and this was no exception.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Volkmann	1	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	=8
Brookline	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	1	0	1	1	=8

B. H. S. vs. DORCHESTER HIGH

On May 6 Brookline played Dorchester and was defeated 6 to 4. Carr's pitching far surpassed that of his opponent; and it was the poor support which he received that lost the game. Brookline made thirteen hits during the game, and not one materialized until the last inning. Then, with the bases full, Elliott smashed out a third-base hit, and was put out trying to make it a home run. Dorchester's runs were all made early in the game, so that it was not exciting until the last inning.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Dorchester	2	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	—	=6
Brookline	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	=4

B. H. S. vs. ENGLISH HIGH

Brookline played her second home game with English High on May 12. The visiting team won 7 to 3. Up to the fifth inning the score stayed 1 to 1. Then, all of a sudden, English took a fancy to Carr's pitching, and five men scored before the inning ended. That finished the game so far as Brookline's chance of winning was concerned. Hallighan, the right-fielder, batted well for English, and Elliott and Johnson played a good game for Brookline.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
English	0	0	0	1	0	5	0	1	—	=7
Brookline	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	=3

FIRST LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. vs. NEWTON HIGH

Although Brookline lost 3 to 1, the first league game on May 22 was by no means dull. Bad weather probably prevented some from journeying over to Dunbar Avenue. However, it may interest those who did NOT see the game to know that the Brookline rooters outnumbered the Newton two to one. The game, notwithstanding that Elliott and McPhee were out, was hard fought from start to finish. Newton scored first in the second inning and again in the sixth and seventh innings, when Brookline also made her run. Carr's pitching was good as usual, and Hann was back at catch.

NEWTON	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2d	4	0	3	2	0
Ryan, 1st	4	2	10	0	0
O'Neil, l f	4	0	1	0	0
Howe, c	4	0	8	2	0
Gallagher, c f	4	1	0	0	1
McCourt, r f	3	0	0	0	1
Hunting, r f, c f	4	2	1	0	1
Barry, s s	3	0	0	2	0
Sanderson, 3d	3	1	3	2	0
Mellen, p	3	2	1	1	0
Totals,	36	8	27	9	3

BROOKLINE	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e
Gallert, r f	4	2	0	1	1
Mason, c f	4	1	3	0	0
Dooley. 3d	4	1	2	1	0
Brennan, 2d	4	0	0	3	0
Carr, p	4	1	0	2	0
Kelley, l f	3	1	1	0	0
Greenwood, s s	4	1	1	1	0
A. Johnson, 1st	3	0	9	0	0
G. Hann, c	3	1	11	5	0
Totals,	33	8	27	13	1

Runs.—Kelley , Ryan 2, Barry; two base hit, Dooley; first base on balls, Carr 2, Mellen 1; struck out, Carr 7, Mellen 7; hit by pitched ball, Kelley, Barry, O'Neil. Time, 1 h. 55 m.; umpires, A. J. Woodlock and Kelley.

SECOND LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. vs. CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Another defeat for Brookline! But, as usual, the team put up a good fight. In the very first inning Cambridge got five

Hockey Team, 1908

runs, which was an awful handicap for Brookline. Yet, before the fifth, the score was 6 to 5 in Brookline's favor. Enthusiasm ran high, but all for nought. Next time up at the bat Cambridge brought in two runs. In the eighth they added another, making the final score 8 to 6. The game was played at Dorchester May 26. Carr's pitching was not up to his usual standard, and was far inferior to that of his opponent. Reeves batted well for Cambridge and Kelley for Brookline.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Crowther, s s	3	0	1	2	0
Lynch, 2d	3	1	2	2	0
Reeves, c	3	2	14	2	0
Coon, 3d	5	1	2	0	0
Volk, 1st	4	2	4	0	0
Blackall, l f	5	2	1	0	0
Babson, p	5	3	1	0	0
Durey, c f	4	1	2	0	1
Robbins, r f	4	1	0	0	1
Totals,	36	13	27	6	2

BROOKLINE	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Gallert, r f	5	4	0	1	0
Dooley, 3d	4	0	5	2	0
Mason, c f	5	1	3	1	1
Kelley, l f	4	2	1	0	0
G. Hann, c	4	0	6	4	2
Greenwood, s s	4	2	1	1	0
L. Johnson, 1st	4	2	4	0	1
Carr, p	4	1	0	0	0
McGrath, 2d	4	1	4	2	1
Totals,	38	13	24	11	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge	5	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	—=8
Brookline	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0=6

Runs.—Gallert, Dooley, Mason, Kelley 2, Greenwood, Crowther, Lynch 2, Reeves, Coon, Volk 2, Blackall; two-base hits, Lynch, Reeves, Coon, Blackall, Babson; three base hits, Reeves; first base on balls, Carr 10, Babson 2; struck out, Carr 5, Babson 13. Umpires, Kelley and Woodlock.

THIRD LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. vs. NEWTON HIGH

The second contest with Newton came off at Newtonville on May 30. Newton won the victory by the small margin of 1 to 0; and it is fair to say that run was not deserved. Carr's pitching was excellent, and he allowed only three hits in the whole game.

Newton got her one run in the seventh inning, and it was only splendid fielding that prevented Brookline from getting several. The game was interesting and exciting, and all those who went up to Newtonville felt amply repaid.

NEWTON	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2d	4	2	6	1	0
Ryan, 1st	4	0	11	0	0
O'Neil, l f	1	0	1	0	0
Howe, c	4	0	4	0	0
Hunting, c f	4	0	0	0	0
O. McCourt, p	2	0	0	1	0
Barry, s s	4	1	3	5	0
Sanderson, 3d	3	0	2	3	0
E. McCourt, r f	2	0	0	1	0
Paul, p	2	0	0	0	0
Holbrook, c f	0	—	0	0	0
Belding, r f	0	—	0	0	0
Totals,	30	3	27	11	0

BROOKLINE	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Gallert, r f	4	1	0	0	1
G. Hann, c	3	0	11	2	1
Kelley, l f	4	0	0	0	0
Dooley, 3d	4	2	2	0	1
McGrath, 2d	4	0	1	0	1
L. Johnson, 1st	3	0	3	0	0
Greenwood, s s	4	2	3	2	0
W. Johnson, c f	2	1	3	1	1
Carr, p	2	0	0	0	0
Totals,	30	6	24	5	5

Runs.—Howe: three base hit, Donahue; first base on balls, Carr 4, O. McCourt 1; struck out, Carr 12, McCourt 2. Umpire, Kelley.

FOURTH LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. vs. CAMBRIDGE LATIN

The last league game of the season was played at the American League Grounds June 4. Cambridge won with a score of 6 to 0. In spite of the one-sided score, the game was interesting from beginning to end. Coon's pitching for the Cambridge team was the feature of the game, for he allowed only two hits in all. Cambridge's hitting was fast and far, and Babson, the left-fielder, knocked two three-baggers. The fielding of the Brookline team was first class and contributed largely to the interest of the game. Cambridge now has only to defeat Newton in one more game to get the championship of the league.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Crowthers, s s	4	2	2	4	0
Lynch, 3d	5	2	1	2	1
Reeves, c	5	1	8	0	0
Coon, p	5	0	0	7	0
Babson, l f	4	3	1	0	0
Volk, 1st	4	0	11	0	0
Blackall, c f	3	2	0	0	0
Durey, r f	4	1	0	0	1
Kimball, 2d	3	0	4	0	1
Totals,	37	11	27	13	3

BROOKLINE	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Gallert, c	4	1	11	1	0
Dooley, 3d	3	0	1	3	0
Mason, c f	3	0	0	0	0
Kelley, l f	4	0	0	1	0
Greenwood, s s	2	0	0	1	1
W. Johnson, r f	4	0	1	0	0
Carr, p	3	0	0	3	0
L. Johnson, 1st	3	1	10	1	0
McGrath, 2d	2	0	1	2	0
Totals,	28	2	24	12	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge	1	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	1=6
Brookline	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=0

Runs.—Crowthers 2, Babson 2, Durey, Blackall; three base hits, Babson 2; first base on balls, Coon 1, Carr 3; struck out, Coon 7, Carr 9; hit by pitched ball, Crowthers. Time, 1h. 55m. Umpires, Hayes and Skilton. Attendance, 200.

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